THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS*, The SON of ULYSSES.

The TWELFTH EDITION.

VOL. II.

To which is added,

The ADVENTURES of *ARISTONOUS.*

LONDON:
Printed for E. SYMON, againſt the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill.* 1728.

143/18

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An Academy of Sciences instituted by Mentor.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XII.

The ARGUMENT.

Nestor, *in the name of the allies, demands succours of* Idomeneus *against the* Daunians *their Enemies.* Mentor, *who has a mind to regulate the government of the city of* Salentum, *and train up the people to agriculture, orders matters so, that the allies are contented with having* Telemachus *at the head of a hundred noble* Cretans. *After his departure,* Mentor *makes an exact review of the city and port of* Salentum, *informs himself of every thing; causes* Idomeneus *to make new regulations for trade, and government, and divide the people into seven classes, whose ranks and qualities he distinguishes by different Habits; and makes him suppress luxury and unprofitable arts, in*

order to employ the artificers in agriculture which he renders an honourable profeſſion.



EAN while, the army of the allies pitch'd their tents, and the field was already cover'd over with rich pavilions of all ſorts of colours, where the fatigu'd *Heſperians* waited for refreſhing ſleep. When the kings together with their retinue were enter'd the city, they were aſtoniſh'd to find that in ſo ſhort a time ſo many ſtately buildings were rais'd; and that the diſtraction of ſo great a war, had not hinder'd this infant city from growing and being embelliſh'd all at once.

They admir'd the wiſdom and vigilance of *Idomeneus*, who was the founder of ſo fine a kingdom, and every one concluded that now they had made peace with him, it would be a great addition of ſtrength to the allies, if he would enter into their confederacy againſt the *Daunians*. They propos'd this to *Idomeneus*; he could not reject ſo reaſonable a thing, and promis'd them his aſſiſtance. But as *Mentor* was ignorant of nothing that is neceſſary to render a ſtate flouriſhing, he was of opinion that the forces of *Idomeneus* could not be ſo great as they ſeem'd to be, wherefore taking him aſide, he thus ſpoke to him:

You

You ſee our care has not been altogether unprofitable to you: *Salentum* is ſecur'd from the evils that threaten'd her; it is now your fault if you don't raiſe her glory as high as the heavens, and equal the wiſdom of *Minos* your grandfather, in the government of your people. I continue my freedom of ſpeech to you, believing you would have me ſo ſo, and that you abhor flattery. Whilſt theſe kings were extolling your magnificence, I was thinking within myſelf all the while upon the raſhneſs of your conduct. At this word *raſhneſs*, *Idomeneus* chang'd colour, his eyes look'd diſorder'd, he bluſh'd, and was going to interrupt *Mentor*, to ſhew him his reſentment. *Mentor* in a modeſt reſpectful one, but yet free and bold, ſaid to him: I ſee you are offended at this Word *raſhneſs*, and if it had been wrong in any one but me to have made uſe of it; for we ought to reſpect kings, and uſe them very tenderly, even when we are reproving them. Truth of itſelf is offenſive enough to them, without the addition of rugged terms; but I thought you could ſuffer me to ſpeak to you without lenitives, to diſcover your error. My deſign was to accuſtom you to hear things call'd by their names, and to underſtand that when others give you their advice about your conduct, they will never care to tell you all their thoughts; and therefore, unleſs you will be deceiv'd, you muſt

always apprehend more than they will ſay t
you in things wherein your conduct has bee
amiſs. For my part, I am willing to ſofte
my words according to your occaſions. Bu
it will be for your advantage, that an im
partial diſintereſted man ſpeak in private t
you, in a plain rough manner. No othe
ſhall ever dare to do it; and ſo you ſha
never ſee truth but by halves, and under fai
diſguiſes.

At theſe words, *Idomeneus*, who had by thi
time maſter'd his paſſion, ſeem'd aſham'd o
what he had done; you ſee, ſaid he to *Men*
tor, what it is to be us'd to flattery. I am
indebted to you for the ſafety of my king
dom, and there is no truth, but I ſhould
think myſelf happy to hear from you
mouth; but pity a prince whom flatter
had poiſon'd, and who could never find
man generous enough to tell him the truth
no, not in his misfortunes. No, I have neve
met with any body who has lov'd me we
enough to diſpleaſe me, by telling me th
whole truth. As he ſpoke theſe words, hi
eyes were bath'd with tears, and he ten
derly embrac'd *Mentor*. Then ſaid the wi
old man to him: it is with grief that I fin
myſelf conſtrain'd to tell you ſome harſ
things; but it is not in my power to betra
you, by hiding the truth from you. Put your
ſelf in my place; if you have hitherto bee

deceiv'd

ceiv'd, it is becauſe you were willing to be
, and becauſe you were afraid of too ſin-
re counſellors. Have you look'd out for
ch as were diſintereſted and moſt like to
ntradict you? Have you made it your bu-
neſs to chuſe men the leaſt forward to pleaſe
ou, the moſt impartial in their conduct,
nd ſuch as would not ſcruple to condemn
our paſſions and your wrong ſentiments of
ings? When you have met with flat-
rers, have you remov'd them from your
reſence? Have you been upon your guard
gainſt them? No, no: you have not done
s they do who love truth, and who deſerve
o know it. Let us ſee if you have now the
ourage to ſuffer yourſelf to be humbled by
he truth that condemns you.

I was ſaying, therefore, that what was the
caſion of ſo much praiſe to you, deſerves
ther to be blam'd. While you had abroad
many enemies that threaten'd your king-
om, as yet but indifferently eſtabliſh'd, you
ought of nothing in your new city, but to
iſe ſtately buildings in it. It is this has
ſt you ſo many uneaſy nights, as you your
lf have own'd to me: you have drain'd your
eaſures; you neither thought of encreaſing
our people, nor of cultivating the fertile
nds upon this coaſt. Ought you not to
ave look'd upon theſe two things, as the
o main pillars of your ſtrength, to have a

great number of able men, and lands well cultivated to maintain them? You should at first have had a long peace, to favour the multiplying of your people. You should have minded nothing but agriculture, and the enacting of wholsome laws. Vain ambition has push'd you on to the brink of a precipice; and by aiming to appear great you had like to have ruin'd your real greatness. Now, therefore, be diligent to repair those over-sights; put a stop to your pompous structures; renounce all luxury, which would ruin your new city; let your people take breath, and enjoy peace; apply yourself to settle them in plenty, to facilitate their marriages. Know, that you are no otherwise a king, than as you have a people to govern, and that your power is not to be measur'd by the extent of the lands you possess, but by the number of the men who shall inhabit those lands, and be bound to obey you. Possess a ground but of an indifferent compass; stock it with numberless multitudes of a laborious disciplin'd people, contrive it so that you get the love of those people, and then you are more powerful, more happy, more glorious, than all the conquerors who lay waste so many kingdoms.

How shall I then behave myself to these kings, reply'd *Idomeneus*? Shall I confess my weakness to them? It is true, I have neglected

lected tillage, nay, and trade likewiſe, which might be ſo commodiouſly carry'd on upon this coaſt: I have thought of nothing but raiſing a ſtately city: muſt I, my dear *Mentor*, diſgrace myſelf amidſt ſo many kings, and betray my indiſcretion? If I muſt, I will, without any heſitation, let them think of it as they pleaſe; for you have taught me that a true King who is made for his people, and owes himſelf wholly to them, ought to prefer the welfare of his people to his own glory.

This ſentiment, reply'd *Mentor*, becomes a father of his people; 'tis this good diſpoſition, and not the vain magnificence of your city, that argues you a true king: but your honour muſt be maintain'd, even for the intereſt of your kingdom. Leave the thing to me, I will go tell thoſe kings that you are engag'd to reſtore *Ulyſſes* if he be ſtill living, or at leaſt his ſon, in *Ithaca*; and that you are reſolv'd to expel thence by force, all the lovers of *Penelope*. They muſt needs be ſenſible that this war requires a great number of troops, and ſo they will agree that you can afford them but ſmall aſſiſtance at firſt againſt the *Daunians*.

At theſe words *Idomeneus* look'd like one that had juſt been eas'd of a mighty burthen. My dear Friend, ſaid he to *Mentor*, you ſave my honour, and the reputation of

this growing city, whose weakness you will thus hide from my neighbours: but how will it look in me to say that I will send forces to *Ithaca*, to restore *Ulysses*, or at least his Son *Telemachus*, since *Telemachus* has engag'd himself to go to the war against the *Daunians*? Be easy, reply'd *Mentor*; I shall tell nothing but the truth. The ships that you send to establish your trade, shall go to the coast of *Epirus*; they will do two things at once, that is, re-invite to your coast the foreign merchants, whom too great impost keep from coming to *Salentum*, and learn news concerning *Ulysses*. If he be yet living, he cannot be far from those seas that divide *Greece* from *Italy*, and it is confidently reported that he has been seen among the *Phæacians*: but even supposing there are no hopes of seeing him ever again, your fleet will do an eminent service to his son, by spreading thro' *Ithaca* and all the neighbouring countries the terror of young *Telemachus*'s name, who was thought to be dead as well as his father. *Penelope*'s lovers will be dismay'd when they hear that he is ready to return with the succours of a poweful ally. The people of *Ithaca* will not have the boldness to think of shaking off the yoke: *Penelope* will be exceedingly comforted, and still refuse to make choice of a new husband. Thus you will serve *Telemachus*, while he is in your place with the

allies

allies of this coaſt of *Italy* fighting againſt the *Daunians*. Here *Idomeneus* cry'd out, Happy is the king who is ſupported by wiſe counſels; a wiſe and faithful friend is more valuable to a king, than victorious armies; but doubly bleſs'd is the king who is ſenſible of his happineſs, and knows how to make his advantage of wiſe counſels; for it often happens that wiſe and honeſt men, whoſe virtue is fear'd, are far remov'd from his truſt, to make room for flatterers, whoſe treachery is not ſuſpected. I myſelf am fallen into this error, and will relate to you all the diſaſters that are come upon me by a falſe friend who flatter'd my paſſions, in hopes that I, in my turn, would flatter his.

Mentor eaſily made the confederate kings ſenſible that *Idomeneus* ought to take care of *Telemachus*'s affairs, while that young prince went along with them. They were ſatisfy'd with having in their army the ſon of *Ulyſſes*, with a hundred of the *Cretan* youths, appointed by *Idomeneus* to accompany him. They were the flower of the young nobility, whom the king had brought with him from *Crete*, and whom *Mentor* had adviſ'd him to ſend to the war. You muſt, ſaid he, during a peace, take care to multiply your people; but for fear the whole nation ſhould grow effeminate and ignorant of the art of war, you muſt ſend the young nobility to foreign

wars. This will ſuffice to keep up the whole kingdom in an emulation of glory, in the love of arms, in a contempt of fatigues, and of death itſelf; and, laſtly, in the practice of the military art.

The confederate kings departed from *Salentum*, well pleas'd with king *Idomeneus*, and charm'd with the wiſdom of *Mentor*; they were overjoy'd that they carry'd *Telemachus* along with them; but he could not controul his grief when he was to part with his friend.

Whilſt the confederate kings were taking their leaves, and ſwore to *Idomeneus* that they would preſerve an eternal alliance with him; *Mentor*, holding *Telemachus* lock'd in his arms, found himſelf bedew'd with his tears. I am inſenſible, ſaid *Telemachus*, of the joy of going in queſt of glory: nothing now affects my ſoul but the grief that I muſt part from you. Methinks I ſee again that unhappy time, when the *Egyptians* tore me from your arms, without the leaſt hope of ever ſeeing you any more.

Mentor return'd an obliging anſwer, the better to comfort and chear him up: This, ſaid he, is a ſeparation of a very different kind: it is voluntary; 'twill be ſhort; you go in ſearch of victory: my ſon, you muſt love me leſs tenderly, and in a more maſculine manner. Accuſtom yourſelf to my abſence,

ſence, for you will not always have me with you. You ſhould let wiſdom and virtue, rather than the preſence of *Mentor*, ſuggeſt to you what you ought to do.

In ſaying theſe words, the goddeſs, conceal'd under the figure of *Mentor*, cover'd *Telemachus* with her *Ægis*, and infus'd into him the ſpirit of wiſdom and foreſight, intrepid valour and gentle moderation, which are ſo rarely found together. Go, ſaid *Mentor*, into the thickeſt dangers, as often as it is neceſſary you ſhould go. A prince diſgraces himſelf more by avoiding the dangers of a war, than by never going into it at all. The courage of him who commands others ought never to be ſuſpected. If it be neceſſary for a people to preſerve their general and king, it is more neceſſary to them not to ſee him in an uncertain reputation of valour. Remember that he who commands ought to be a pattern to all others; his example is to animate the whole army: therefore fear no manner of danger, O *Telemachus*, and rather periſh in the combat, than ſuffer your courage to be queſtion'd. Flatterers who ſhall be moſt eager to hinder you from expoſing yourſelf to danger on neceſſary occaſions, will be moſt forward to tax you privately with want of courage, if they find you eaſy to be reſtrain'd on thoſe occaſions. But then again, run not blindly into danger without

occaſion; for valour can no longer be a virtue, than as it is govern'd by prudence; otherwiſe it is a ſtupid contempt of life, and a brutal ardour. Fool-hardy valour is ever unſecure: he that does not command himſelf in dangers, is rather wild than brave: he's forc'd to be beſide himſelf, that he may be above fear, ſince he cannot ſurmount it by the natural diſpoſition of his heart. In this caſe, if he does not run away, he is at leaſt diſorder'd; he loſes his preſence of mind, which would be neceſſary to him to give proper orders, to lay hold of opportunities to rout the enemy, or ſerve his country. If he has all the warmth of a ſoldier, he has nothing of the diſcretion of a captain; nay, he has not even the true courage of a private ſoldier; for a ſoldier ought in time of battel to preſerve ſuch a preſence of mind, and ſuch a moderation as is neceſſary to obey. He who raſhly expoſes himſelf, diſturbs the order and diſcipline of the troops, ſets an example of temerity, and often brings the whole army into great diſaſters. They who prefer their vain ambition to the ſecurity of the common cauſe, deſerve to be puniſh'd, inſtead of being rewarded.

Beware then, my ſon, not to ſeek glory with intemperance: the ſureſt way to find it, is to wait patiently a favourable opportunity;

virtue

virtue gains the more reverence and reſpect, as ſhe ſhews herſelf plain, modeſt, averſe to pomp; and the greater the neceſſity of expoſing your ſelf to danger grows, the greater ought your courage and foreſight to be. Moreover, remember that you ought never to draw upon your ſelf the envy of others; on your part, be not jealous of their ſucceſs: be the firſt in praiſing what is praiſe-worthy, but praiſe with diſcretion: repeat the good with pleaſure, conceal the bad, and think no more of it but with ſorrow. Be not poſitive before the old commanders, who have that experience which you cannot have; liſten to them with deference; conſult them; deſire the moſt able to inſtruct you, and be not aſham'd to impute to their inſtructions, whatever improvements you ſhall make. In ſhort, give no ear to diſcourſes which may tend to excite your diſtruſt or jealouſy againſt the other chief officers: but converſe with them with confidence and frankneſs. If you think that they have fail'd in point of reſpect to you, unboſom your ſelf to them, and ſet forth your reaſon: if they are capable of underſtanding the generoſity of this conduct, you will charm them, and draw from them all that you have occaſion to expect. If, on the contrary, they have not ſenſe enough to apprehend your meaning, you will learn from ſelf-experience, what unjuſt treatment may be expected

pected from them; you will be cautious not to expose your self again as long as the war lasts; and thus you will have nothing to accuse your self of. But, above all things, be sure you avoid telling any flatterers, who go about to make mischief, the grounds of complaint which you think you have against any of the commanders of the army. I will tarry here, continu'd *Mentor*, to assist *Idomeneus* to procure the happiness of his people; and to retrieve all the faults which his ill councils and flatterers have made him commit in the settlement of his new kingdom.

Hereupon *Telemachus* could not forbear discovering some surprize at, and even some contempt for *Idomeneus*'s conduct. But *Mentor* check'd him for it in a severe tone. Do you wonder, said he, that the most valuable men are still men, and betray some humane frailties amidst the numberless snares and the distractions inseparable from a royal state? It is true, *Idomeneus* was brought up with notions of pomp and loftiness: But where's the philosopher, who, had he been in his place, would have resisted flattery? It is true again, he suffer'd himself to be too much prepossess'd by those he trusted: But the wisest of kings are often deceiv'd, whatever precaution they take to avoid it. A king cannot do every thing, and therefore must have ministers to ease himself

himſelf, and theſe he muſt truſt. Beſides, a king is not ſo well acquainted as private perſons, with thoſe that ſurround him, who are ever mask'd before him, and uſe all manner of artifices to impoſe upon him. Alas! dear *Telemachus*, you will experience it but too much! we do not find in men either the virtues or abilities we look for in them: and the more we ſtudy and ſound them, the farther we find our ſelves to be from our reckoning. Neither is it ever poſſible to make even the beſt of men always to act as they ought, for the publick good: For they, like the reſt, have their prepoſſeſſions, inconſiſtencies, and jealouſies; and are ſeldom to be perſuaded or corrected.

The more nations a prince has to govern, the more miniſters he has occaſion for, in order to do by them what he cannot do by himſelf; and the more need he has of men to entruſt with authority, the more is he expos'd to be deceiv'd in his choice. He who to day unmercifully cenſures kings, would govern worſe than they to morrow, and commit the ſame faults, with other infinitely greater, if he were inveſted with the ſame power. A private condition, together with a tolerable ſhare of wit and good elocution, covers all natural defects, ſets off ſhining parts, and makes a man ſeem worthy of all the employments he is not in: but 'tis authority

authority that puts all natural abilities to a ſevere teſt, and which diſcovers great defects. Greatneſs is like certain glaſſes that magnify objects: All defects ſeem to increaſe in thoſe high ſtations, where the minuteſt things are attended with great conſequences; and where the lighteſt faults have violent effects. The whole world are continually bent upon obſerving one ſingle man, and judge him with utmoſt rigour: but thoſe who judge him have no manner of experience or knowledge of the condition he is in; they are not ſenſible of the difficulties that attend it; and they expect ſo great a perfection in him, that they will not allow him to be a man. However, a king, tho' never ſo good and ſo wiſe, is a man ſtill; his capacity has bounds as well as his virtue; and he has humours, paſſions, and habits, of which he is not abſolute maſter. He is beſet by intereſted and artful men; he meets not with the aſſiſtance he looks for; and ſo he finds himſelf miſtaken every day; ſometimes through his own paſſions, and ſometimes through thoſe of his miniſters. He has ſcarce mended one fault, but he lapſes into another; and this being the condition of the moſt knowing, and moſt virtuous kings, the longeſt and beſt reigns are too ſhort and too defective to repair in the end, what, by inadvertency, has been done amiſs in the beginning

ing. All theſe miſeries are inſeparable from royal ſtate; and as humane nature is too weak to bear ſo great a burden, we therefore ought to pity and excuſe kings. Are they not indeed to be pitied for having it incumbent upon them to govern ſo many men, whoſe wants are infinite, and the well governing of whom is attended with ſo much trouble and difficulty? To ſpeak freely, men are much to be pitied for being ſubject to the government of a king, who is no more than a man like them; for none but Gods can govern men, and ſet them to rights. But then, kings are no leſs to be pitied for being no more than men, that is, weak and imperfect, and yet being obliged to govern a numberleſs multitude of corrupt and deceitful men.

Telemachus readily anſwered: *Idomeneus* has through his fault loſt his hereditary kingdom in *Crete*; and, were it not for your counſels, he would have loſt a ſecond at *Salentum*. I confeſs, reply'd *Mentor*, he has committed great faults; but ſeek in *Greece*, and in all other the beſt govern'd countries, for a king who has not committed inexcuſable ones. The greateſt men have, in their temper and genius, natural defects, by which they are ſway'd; and therefore they deſerve the moſt praiſe, who have the courage to acknowledge and repair their Follies. Think you

you that *Ulysses*, the great *Ulysses* your father, who is the pattern of the kings of *Greece*, has not his weaknesses and faults as well as others? had not *Minerva* conducted him, step by step, how often would he have tripp'd, and been fain to yield, amidst the dangers and intricacies in which fortune sported with him? how often has *Minerva* either restrain'd him, or set him to rights again, in order to conduct him steddily to glory through the path of virtue? do not even expect, when you shall see him reign with so much glory at *Ithaca*, to find him altogether free from Imperfections. Undoubtedly you will find some in him: but yet *Greece*, *Asia*, and all the islands of the sea, have admired him, notwithstanding those defects, which are drown'd and effaced by a thousand admirable qualities. You shall be very happy if you can likewise but admire him, and constantly study him as a pattern for your imitation.

Accustom your self, O *Telemachus!* not to expect, even from the greatest Men, any more than what human nature is capable to perform. Unexperienced youth gives way to a presumptuous humour of censuring and criticizing, which gives it a disgust for all the models it ought to imitate; and throws it at last, into an incurable indocility. You ought not only to love, reverence, and imitate your father, altho' he be not perfect; but

you

you ought likewiſe to have a great eſteem for *Idomeneus*, notwithſtanding what I have found amiſs in him. He is naturally ſincere, upright, equitable, generous, beneficent; his courage is perfect; he abhors fraud, when he is ſenſible of it, and when he is free to purſue his own inclination. All his outward qualities are great, and proportion'd to his dignity. His ingenuity in owning his faults, his good nature, his patience in bearing the harſheſt things from me; his reſolution, with regard to himſelf, in repairing publickly what he had done amiſs; and thereby ſetting himſelf above the cenſures of men: all theſe are indications of a ſoul truly great. Good luck, or the counſels of others, may keep a man of very mean capacity from committing ſome faults; but nothing leſs than an extraordinary virtue can engage a king, long ſeduc'd and intoxicated by flattery, to mend his errors: 'tis far more glorious thus to recover a fall, than never to have fallen. *Idomeneus* has committed ſuch faults as moſt kings commit; but no king does what he has done, in order to mend. For my part, I could not forbear admiring him, at the ſame time that he permitted me to contradict him. Admire him too, my dear *Telemachus*; it is not ſo much for his reputation, as for your own good, that I give you this advice.

By

By this diſcourſe *Mentor* made *Telemachus* ſenſible, how dangerous it is, to be ſo unjuſt as to indulge one's ſelf in a rigorous cenſuring of other men, thoſe eſpecially who ſuſtain the weight, and muſt go through the troubles and difficulties of government. After this he told him, It is time for you to depart: farewel, I will ſtay for you here. O my dear *Telemachus*, remember that thoſe who fear the gods have nothing to fear from men: you will find your ſelf expoſed to the moſt imminent dangers, but know, that *Minerva* will never forſake you.

At theſe words *Telemachus* thought he felt the influence of the Goddeſs's own preſence; and he had certainly known that it was ſhe who ſpoke to him, if ſhe had not recall'd the idea of *Mentor*, by ſaying: Forget not, my ſon, the care I have taken of you in your infancy, that I might make you as wiſe and couragious as your father: do nothing unworthy of his great example, and of the maxims of virtue, which I have endeavour'd to inſpire you with.

The ſun was already riſing, and gilded the tops of the mountains, when the kings came out of *Salentum* to rejoin the troops, which now began to march under their commanders, from the encampment round the city. On every ſide were ſeen the glittering heads of briſtling pikes; the ſplendor of their

ſhields

ſhields dazzled the beholders eyes, and clouds of duſt obſcur'd the face of heaven: *Idomeneus* and *Mentor* conducted into the camp the confederate kings. At laſt they parted, after interchanging the marks of a true friendſhip on both ſides: the allies no longer doubted that the peace would be laſting, now they knew the good diſpoſition of *Idomeneus*'s heart, which had been repreſented to them in a very different light; for they had judg'd of him not by his own natural inclinations, but by the flattering and pernicious counſels which he had ſuffered himſelf to be miſled by.

After the army had march'd away, *Idomeneus* led *Mentor* into all the quarters of the city. Let's ſee, ſaid *Mentor*, how many men you have, both in the town and in the country: Let us take an exact account of them, and examine how many husbandmen there are amongſt them. Let us ſee how much corn, wine, oyl, and other commodities, your lands produce in moderate years; whereby we ſhall know whether the land yields wherewithal to ſubſiſt all its inhabitants, and an overplus beſides to carry on a profitable trade with foreign countries. Let us likewiſe examine the number of your ſhips and mariners: for it is from thence we are to make an eſtimate of your power. Then he went to viſit the port, and going on

on board every veſſel, he inform'd himſelf to what part each of them went to traffick, what merchandize they carry'd, what commodities they brought home in return, what was the charge of the ſhip's voyage, what loans the merchants made one to another, what ſocieties they ſet up among themſelves, to ſee if they were equitably and faithfully maintain'd; finally, of the dangers of ſhipwreck, and other miſchances incident to trade, in order to prevent the ruin of merchants, who, out of a greedy deſire of gain, often undertake things above their ſtrength and ability to go through with.

He appointed ſevere Puniſhments for all Bankrupts, becauſe their breaking is at leaſt owing to their raſhneſs, if not to their diſhoneſty: At the ſame time he made ſeveral regulations in order to prevent bankruptcy, and for that end he appointed magiſtrates to take an account of the merchants effects, profits, expences and ventures. They were never ſuffer'd to ſend ventures of another man's eſtate, nor above half of their own. Furthermore, they carry'd on by companies and joint-ſtock, thoſe undertakings which they could not manage ſingly: and the by-laws of theſe companies became inviolable, through the rigorous puniſhment inflicted on thoſe who infring'd the ſame. Beſides, there was an entire freedom for trade;

rade; and inſtead of cramping it with hard
axes and duties, there was a recompence by
way of bounty, propos'd to all merchants,
hat could draw a trade from any other na-
on to *Salentum*.

By this means there reſorted great multi-
udes of people to them from all parts: the
ommerce of that city was like the flux and
eflux of the ſea: riches came pouring into
t like the rowling waves which are puſh'd
orward by thoſe ſucceeding. There was
ree import and export allow'd to every
hing: whatever was brought in, was uſeful
or ſome purpoſe or other, and whatever was
arry'd out, did but make room for other
iches to come in. Exact juſtice alone pre-
ided in the port among ſo many different
nations: upright dealing, honeſty and can-
dour, ſeem'd to invite, from the top of thoſe
ſtately towers, all merchants from the re-
moteſt corners of the earth. Every one of
theſe merchants, whether he came from the
eaſtern ſhore, where the ſun each day ſprings
forth from the boſom of the deep, or whe-
ther he came from that great ſea, where the
ſame planet, fatigu'd with its courſe, extin-
guiſhes its flames, and goes to reſt: every
one, I ſay, liv'd in as much peace and ſafety
in *Salentum*, as if he had been in his own
country.

As to the inſide of the city, *Mentor* viſited
all

all the magazines, ware-houſes, tradeſmen's ſhops, and all the publick places. He prohibited the importation of all ſuch foreign goods as might introduce luxury and effeminacy. He regulated their apparel, food, houſhold-ſtuff; the dimenſion and embelliſhments of houſes, according to the different conditions of the inhabitants. He baniſh'd all gold and ſilver ornaments, and told *Idomeneus*, I know but one way to make your people frugal in their expences, and that is, by ſetting them an example your ſelf. It is indeed requiſite that you ſhould be diſtinguiſh'd by a certain ſhew of majeſty; but your authority will be ſufficiently diſplay'd by your guards, and the chief officers that are about you. Content your ſelf with a garment of ſuper-fine wool of a purple colour: let the chief men of your ſtate be clad in the ſame wool, with no other difference but that of the colour, and a ſmall embroidery of gold on the ſelvedge of your own robe. The different colours will ſerve to diſtinguiſh the different degrees, without the expence of gold, ſilver, or precious ſtones. Regulate thoſe degrees according to each one's birth, and let thoſe be plac'd in the firſt rank, who are deſcended from a more ancient and illuſtrious ſtock. They who by their merit ſhall have the authority of great employments, will be ſatisfy'd to come

ome after thoſe ancient and illuſtrious fa-
nilies, who have been in ſo long a poſſeſſion
f the firſt honours. Such as are inferior
o them in point of extraction, will eaſily
ive place to them, provided you do not
uffer them to forget themſelves in a high
nd ſudden preferment, and provided you
eſtow commendations on thoſe who know
ow to be moderate in proſperity. The
iſtinction which is the leaſt expos'd to envy,
that which proceeds from a long ſucceſſion
f anceſtors.

As for virtue, it will be ſufficiently excited
nd encourag'd, and men will be forward
nough to ſerve the ſtate, provided you de-
ree crowns and ſtatues to gallant actions,
nd make it a ſource of nobility for the chil-
ren of thoſe that have perform'd them.

Perſons of the firſt rank, next to yourſelf,
hall be clad in white, with a gold fringe
t the bottom of their garments: they ſhall
ear a gold ring on their finger, and a
olden medal with your effigies on their
eck. Thoſe of the ſecond rank ſhall be
lad in blue, with a ſilver fringe, and a
ng without a medal. The third ſort in
reen, without a ring or fringe, but with
medal. The fourth in deep yellow. The
fth in pale red. The ſixth in griſlin. The
venth, that is the lower ſort, in yellow
ix'd with white.

Let theſe be the colours for the ſeven de
grees of freemen. As for ſlaves, they ſha
be clad in dark brown. Thus, without an
expence, every one will be diſtinguiſh'd ac
cording to his degree, and all thoſe art
ſhall be baniſh'd from *Salentum*, which ſerv
only to keep up a vain pomp and luxury
All the artificers who are now employ
about thoſe pernicious ones, ſhall either be
take themſelves to neceſſary arts, which ar
but few, or elſe to merchandize, or to agri
culture. It ſhall never be permitted to mak
any change in the nature of ſtuffs, or in th
faſhion of cloaths; for it is ſcandalous tha
men, who are deſtin'd to a ſerious and nob
life, ſhould amuſe themſelves in ſtudyin
affected ornaments, or ſuffer their wives,
whom ſuch amuſements would be leſs ſham
ful, to be guilty of thoſe extravagances.

Thus *Mentor*, like a skilful gardener, wh
lops off the uſeleſs branches of fruit-tree
endeavour'd to retrench luxury, which v
tiates good manners; and, inſtead there
he recommended a noble and frugal plainn
in all things. He likewiſe regulated the o
dinary food of citizens and ſlaves. What
ſhame is it, ſays he, for men of high co
dition, to place their grandeur in ragou
and kickſhaws, by which they enervate the
faculties, and continually impair the heal
of their bodies. They ought to place the
happin

happiness in their moderation, and in their authority, which enables them to be beneficent to other men, and in acquiring reputation by their good actions. Sobriety makes the plainest food the most palatable; it is temperance that procures the purest and most lasting pleasures, at the same time that it preserves a vigorous constitution of body. Therefore confine your table to the best sorts of meats, but dress'd without any ragoûs: for to provoke mens appetites beyond their natural call, is nothing else but an art of poysoning.

Idomeneus grew very sensible how much he had been to blame in suffering the inhabitants of his new city to soften and corrupt their manners, by departing from the laws of *Minos* touching sobriety. But the wise *Mentor* represented to him, that even the reviving of those very laws would be to no purpose, unless by his own example he gave them that vigour and authority which nothing else could procure them. Thereupon *Idomeneus* began to regulate his table, where he would admit of nothing but excellent bread, wine of the growth of that country, which is strong and palatable, but in very small quantity, with plain meats, such as he us'd to eat with the other *Grecians* at the siege of *Troy*. No person durst open their mouths against a law that the king had impos'd on himself; and thus every

body retrench'd that profuſion, and thoſe dainties, which they had begun to introduce into their repaſts.

After this, *Mentor* ſilenc'd all ſoft and effeminate muſick, which corrupted the youth. He likewiſe condemn'd the *Bacchanalian* ſort of muſick, which is little leſs intoxicating than wine itſelf, and occaſions riots and all manner of irregularities. Therefore he restrain'd all muſick to feſtivals in the temples, there to celebrate the praiſes of the Gods, and of thoſe heroes who have left us patterns of the moſt tranſcendant virtue. He likewiſe confin'd to the temples all the great ornaments of architecture, ſuch as columns, pediments, porticoes. He drew plans of a plain and graceful model, whereby on a ſmall ſpot of ground, one might build a delightful and convenient houſe for a numerous family; always contriving it ſo that the ſituation of it were wholeſome, of ſeveral apartments independent one of another, and that it might be eaſily kept in order and repair at ſmall charge. He ordered, that every conſiderable houſe ſhould have a large hall, and a ſmall *Periſtyle*, with little rooms for all free perſons; but he moſt ſeverely prohibited the ſuperfluous multitude and vain magnificence of apartments. Theſe different draughts of houſes, according to the largeneſs of each family, ſerv'd

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mbelliſh part of the city at ſmall expence, nd to make it regular; whereas the other art, which was already built up according o the caprice and pride of private perſons, hough more magnificent, was far from being o agreeable and commodious. This new ity was built in a very little time, becauſe he coaſt adjoining to *Greece* furniſhes good rchitects; and a great number of maſons ere ſent from *Epirus* and ſeveral other ountries, upon condition that after they ad finiſh'd their works, they ſhould ſettle bout *Salentum*, break up and cultivate a ertain parcel of land, and ſerve to people the ountry.

Painting and Sculpture, were arts which *Mentor* did not think fit to be laid aſide; but e was againſt ſuffering many hands to ap- ly themſelves that way in *Salentum*. He rected a publick ſchool to teach theſe arts, ith maſters who had an excellent taſte, to xamine the young diſciples. Such arts, ays he, as are not abſolutely neceſſary, ought ot to admit of any thing that is ordinary or ndifferent. And therefore none ought to be llow'd to learn them but youths of a pro- iſing genius, and who are likely to attain o the utmoſt perfection. As for others, ho have their capacity turn'd to arts leſs oble, they will be very profitably employ'd bout the ordinary occaſions of the com-

monwealth. The only uſe, ſaid he, that ought to be made of carvers and painters, is to preſerve the memory of great men, and great actions. It is in publick buildings and tombs, where you ought to preſerve the repreſentations of what has been perform'd by an extraordinary virtue for the ſervice of the country. Yet *Mentor* did not carry his moderation and frugality ſo far, as to diſallow thoſe large ſtructures deſign'd for horſe or chariot-races, wreſtlings, fights with the *Ceſtus*, and all other exerciſes which cultivate the human body, and render it more dextrous and vigorous.

He ſuppreſs'd a prodigious number of merchants and ſhopkeepers, who ſold figur'd ſtuffs of remote countries, embroider'd works of an exceſſive price, gold and ſilver vaſes emboſs'd with figures of gods, men and animals, and diſtill'd liquors and eſſences. He order'd likewiſe that the furniture of every houſe ſhould be plain, ſtrong and laſting: ſo that the *Salentines*, who us'd to complain of their poverty, began now to be ſenſible that they enjoy'd a great many ſuperfluous riches; which made them really the poorer, and they became truly rich in proportion as they had the courage to part with them. It is the beſt way, ſaid they themſelves, to grow rich by deſpiſing ſuch riches as exhauſt a ſtate, and by leſſening

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ur wants, in reducing them to the true ne-
eſſary occaſions of nature.

Mentor was very diligent in viewing the ar-
nals and publick magazines, to ſee whether
he arms and other warlike implements were
n good condition: for, ſaid he, we ought
lways to be in a readineſs to make war,
he better to avoid the misfortune of having
begun upon us. He found that there was
reat want of many things; and thereupon
e preſently aſſembled together ſuch artificers
s underſtood to work in iron, ſteel, or
raſs. You might preſently have ſeen fla-
ing furnaces diſcharging whirls of ſmoke
nd fire, like the ſubterraneous eruptions of
ount *Etna*. You might have heard the
nvil groaning under the repeated ſtrokes of
he ſturdy hammer; the adjacent mountains
choing back the ſound. You would have
ncied to be in that fam'd iſland, where
ulcan cheers up the *Cyclops*, and forges thun-
olts for the father of the Gods: and, as
n effect of a wiſe forecaſt, you might have
en all the preparations of war carrying on
a profound peace.

After this, *Mentor* went out of the city with
omeneus, and found a vaſt tract of fertile
nd lying waſte and uncultivated. Others
ere manur'd but by halves, thro' the negli-
ence and poverty of the husbandmen, who
ot only wanted hands, but likewiſe a ſpirit

and industry requisite to bring agriculture to perfection. *Mentor*, beholding these neglected fields, said to the king: This land courts the inhabitants to enrich them, but the inhabitants are wanting to it. Let us therefore take all the unnecessary inhabitants that are in the city, and who follow such trades as only tend to corrupt good manners, and let us set them to cultivate these plains and dales. It is, indeed, a misfortune that those men who are inur'd to such arts as require a sedentary life, are not accustom'd to hard labour; but here is a remedy for it: we must divide among them all the lands that are void of inhabitants, and call to their assistance some of the neighbouring people, who under them will take upon them the hardest labour; which they will do, provided they are allow'd a reasonable recompence out of the product of the lands which they shall begin to grub up: and in time, they may come to enjoy a proportion of the lands, and thereby be incorporated with your people, who are not yet numerous enough. Provided they be laborious and obedient to the laws, they will prove as good subjects as any you have, and make a great addition to your power. Your city-artificers, thus transplanted into the country, will train up their children to labour, and break them to the yoke of a rural life. Moreover, all the masons

maſons and bricklayers of foreign countries, who are employ'd in the building of your city, have engag'd to grub up part of your lands, and turn husbandmen, as ſoon as their work in town is at an end. Being ſtrong and laborious, their example will ſerve to excite to labour the artificers ſent from the city to the country, with whom they ſhall be intermix'd; and thus, in proceſs of time, the whole country round about will be ſtock'd with vigorous ſtrong Men, and well vers'd in husbandry.

As for the multiplication of your people, you need be in no pain about that, for they will ſoon encreaſe beyond meaſure, provided you encourage and facilitate matrimony, which you may eaſily do. Moſt men have an inclination to marry, and it is nothing but a narrowneſs of circumſtances that hinders them from it. If you do not overburthen them with taxes, they will find a way to live at eaſe with their wives and families; for the earth is never ungrateful; She always yields plenty of fruit to thoſe who are careful to cultivate her, and refuſes her favours to none but ſuch as are ſhy of beſtowing any pains upon her. The more children the husbandmen have, the richer they are, provided the prince does not impoveriſh them; for their children, even in their greeneſt years, begin to be a help to them.

The youngeſt tend the flocks in the paſtures, thoſe of riper years drive the herds of cattle; and the eldeſt work at the plough with their father. Mean while, the mother, with the reſt of the family, dreſſes a homely repaſt againſt her husband, and her dear children return home after the fatigues of the day. She takes care to milk the cows, and ſtreams of ſweet nectar o'erflow her cleanly pails: She lights up a large fire, round which the innocent peaceful family divert themſelves in ſinging merry lays, till the hour of reſt invites to bed: She prepares cheeſe, cheſtnuts, and preſerv'd fruits that look as freſh as if they had been juſt gather'd.

And now the ſhepherd comes home again with his flute, and ſings to the aſſembled family ſuch new ſongs as he learnt in the neighbouring villages. The husbandman comes in with his plough, and his fatigu'd oxen walk with bending necks, and a ſlow pace, notwithſtanding the goad that urges them along. All the hardſhips of labour conclude with the day: The poppies which *Morpheus*, by the command of the Gods ſcatters over the earth, appeaſe all gnawing cares, lull nature into a ſoft enchantment, and every one falls aſleep, without being ſolicitous for what the next day may produce. Happy are the men that live without ambition

pition, diffidence or diſguiſe, provided the Gods beſtow on them a good king, who never diſturbs their innocent joys! But what a cruel piece of inhumanity it is, out of pride and ambition, to wreſt from them the agreeable fruits of the earth, which they owe to none but bounteous nature, and the ſweat of their own brows! Nature alone, out of her own fruitful boſom, would afford ſufficient maintenance for an infinite number of moderate and laborious men: But 'tis the pride and luxury of ſome men that reduces ſo many others to the dreadful hardſhips of poverty.

But what ſhall I do, ſaid *Idomeneus*, if thoſe people that I diſperſe about this fruitful country, neglect to cultivate it? Follow juſt a contrary Method to what is uſually obſerv'd, anſwer'd *Mentor*. Greedy and inconſiderate princes, make it their ſole buſineſs to lay heavy taxes on ſuch of their ſubjects, as are moſt diligent and induſtrious in improving their eſtates, becauſe they think they can raiſe thoſe taxes upon ſuch people with moſt eaſe: And at the ſame time they favour thoſe whom nature makes more miſerable. Invert this bad method, which oppreſſes the good, encourages vice, and introduces a negligence no leſs fatal to the king than to the whole ſtate. Award taxes, fines, nay, if need be, ſevere penalties on thoſe who neglect the

culture of their lands, juſt as you would puniſh ſoldiers who abandon their poſt in war. On the contrary, grant favours and exemptions to ſuch families as multiply, and in proportion to their induſtry, augment the extent of their lands. By this means their families will ſoon encreaſe, and every body will be ſpirited up to labour, which will become even honourable. The profeſſion of a husbandman will be no longer deſpiſed, it being no longer under ſuch dreadful preſſures. The plough will be again in eſteem, guided by thoſe victorious hands that defended the country. Nor will it be leſs creditable to cultivate one's own lands during a happy peace, than gallantly to have defended the ſame during the troubles of war. The whole country will flouriſh and ſmile again: *Ceres* will be crown'd with golden ears of corn; *Bacchus*, preſſing the grapes with his feet, ſhall cauſe rivulets of wine ſweeter than nectar, to ſtream down from the ſloping hills: The hollow vallies ſhall ring again with the conſorts of ſhepherds, who along the purling brooks ſhall ſing to their pipes, whilſt their skipping flock ſhall crop the graſs enamell'd with flowers; unapprehenſive of the ravenous wolves.

Will it not be a great happineſs for you, O *Idomeneus!* to be the inſtrument of ſo many bleſſings, and to cauſe ſo many people to

ve in a delightful tranquillity, beneath the adow of your auſpicious name? Is not is glory more deſirable than that of rava- ing the earth, and ſpreading every where nay, even at home in the midſt of one's ictories, as well as among the vanquiſh'd broad) ſlaughter, devaſtation, miſery, hor- or, cruel famine and deſperation?

Happy, thrice happy that king, who is ſo eloved of the Gods, and has ſo great a ſoul, s to endeavour to make himſelf in this man- er the delight of his people, and to ſhew his reign to all ages ſo charming an ex- mple! The whole earth, inſtead of oppoſing im, would come and throw themſelves at his eet, to beg him to be their king.

But, reply'd *Idomeneus*, when my people ave this affluence of peace and riches, leaſures will ſoon corrupt them, and they ill turn againſt me that very power which have made them maſters of. Fear not, id *Mentor*, any ſuch inconvenience. It is a eer pretence, which is always brought in flatter prodigal princes, who overcharge eir people with taxes. Beſides, this may be ſily remedy'd; the laws which we juſt now ttled for husbandry, will inure them to a borious way of living, and even in plenty, ey ſhall have nothing beyond what is ne- ſſary, becauſe we baniſh all arts that ſerve ly to furniſh ſuperfluities. Nay, that very

plenty

plenty ſhall be moderated, by encouraging matrimony, and by the great encreaſe of families. Each family, being grown numerous, and poſſeſſing but a narrow portion of land, will be oblig'd to beſtow an inceſſant labour in tilling it. It is a wanton idleneſs which makes the people inſolent and rebellious: They ſhall have bread in abundance, but then they ſhall have nothing elſe except the fruits of their own land, gotten by the ſweat of their brows.

To keep your people within ſuch a moderation as we have been ſpeaking of, you muſt forthwith regulate the extent of the ground which each family is to poſſeſs. You know that we have divided all your people into ſeven claſſes, according to their different conditions: Now every family in every claſs muſt be reſtrain'd from enjoying more land than is abſolutely neceſſary for the ſuſtenance of thoſe perſons of whom it is compos'd. This rule being inviolable, the nobles will not be able to purchaſe from the poor. All ſhall have lands, but each ſhall have but a very ſmall ſhare, which will excite them to make the moſt of it by manuring. If by a long proceſs of time the lands ſhould be overſtock'd with people, you may ſend colonies abroad, which will encreaſe the power of this ſtate.

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Furthermore, 'tis my opinion you ought never to ſuffer wine to grow too common in your dominions; and if too many vines have been planted, you muſt command them forthwith to be pluck'd up: Wine is the ſource of the greateſt miſchiefs among the people: it occaſions diſtempers, quarrels, ſeditions, idleneſs, averſion to labour, diſorders in families. Let wine therefore be preſerved as it were for a cordial, or a choice liquor, to be employ'd only in ſacrifices or extraordinary feſtivals. But do not think you can ever reduce ſo important a rule into practice, unleſs you inforce it by your own example. Again, you muſt ſee that the laws of *Minos* be ſtrictly obſerv'd, in relation to the educating of children: Publick ſchools muſt be ſet up, where they may be taught to fear the Gods, to love their country, to reverence the laws, and to prefer honour before pleaſures or life itſelf.

There muſt be magiſtrates to ſuperintend the families, and have an eye to the manners of private perſons; nay, be you your ſelf their overſeer, ſince you are king, that is, the ſhepherd of the people, whoſe ſole duty is to watch over your flock night and day. By that means you will prevent a thouſand crimes and diſorders; and what you cannot prevent, you muſt be ſure to puniſh at firſt with very great ſeverity; for 'tis an act of clemency to ſtop the

the courſe of iniquity, by making early examples. A little blood, ſpilt in due time, ſaves the ſpilling of a great deal, and makes a prince fear'd, without uſing ſeverity too often. But how deteſtable a maxim it is for a king to place his ſafety in the oppreſſion of his people! How barbarous it is never to cauſe them to be inſtructed; not to lead them gently in the path of virtue; nor to uſe methods to win their love; but to drive them by terror to deſpair; and to reduce them to the dreadful neceſſity either to renounce their liberty for ever, or to ſhake off the yoke of tyranny by force! Is this the true method to reign peaceably? Is this the way that leads to glory?

Let me tell you, That where-ever the command of a prince is moſt abſolute, there the prince is leaſt powerful; he takes all, ruins every thing, and is the only poſſeſſor of his whole ſtate: But then the ſtate languiſhes, the country is uncultivated and almoſt deſart; the city decays every day, and trade ſickens and dies. The king, who cannot poſſibly be ſuch by himſelf, and who is great only by means of his ſubjects, annihilates himſelf by degrees, in proportion as he annihilates his people, to whom he owes both his riches and his power. His kingdom is drain'd of money and men, and the loſs of the latter is the greateſt and moſt

irreparable

reparable of all losses. His despotick power makes as many slaves as he has subjects: they all seem to adore him; they all tremble at the least glance of his eye: but see what will happen upon the least revolution; his monstrous power, wound up to too excessive a heighth, cannot be durable. It is destitute of supplies from the hearts of the people; and having tired out and provoked the several degrees of men in the state, it forces all the members of that body to sigh with equal ardour for a change. At the very first blow the idol is thrown down, broken in pieces, and trampled under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, distrust; in short, all the passions unite themselves against so obnoxious an authority. The king, who during the time of his vain prosperity, could find no man that durst speak the truth to him, shall not find in his misfortunes any one man that will vouchsafe to excuse him, or defend him against his enemies.

After these discourses, *Idomeneus*, being prevail'd upon by *Mentor*, presently fell to distributing the waste lands to useless and unprofitable artificers, and likewise put in execution whatever had been resolv'd on before. He only reserved for the masons the lands he destin'd for them; and which they could not cultivate, till the buildings they were about in the city were finish'd.

THE

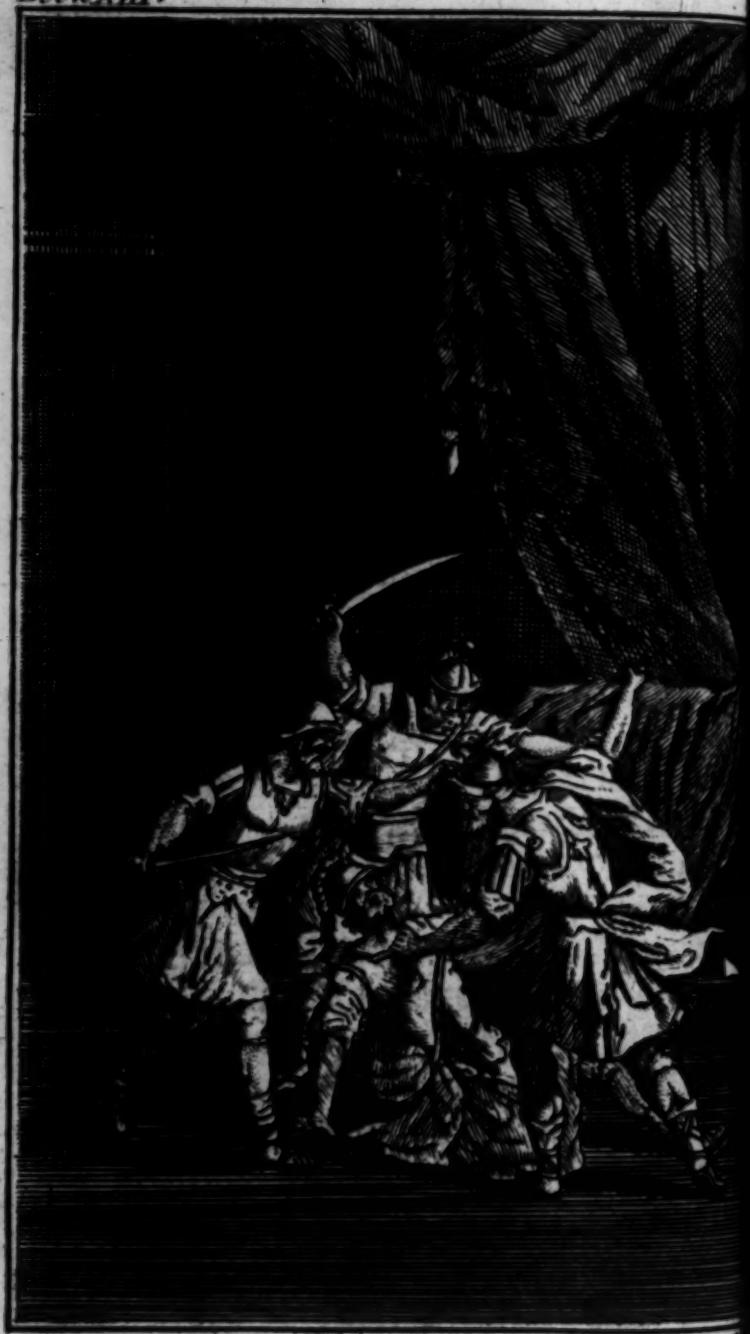
THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus *relates to* Mentor *what confidence he repoſed in* Proteſilaus, *and the arts of that favourite, who had concerted with* Timocrates *the ruin of* Philocles, *and the betraying of* Idomeneus *himſelf. He owns, that being prejudic'd by thoſe two men againſt* Philocles, *he had charg'd* Timocrates *to go and kill him in an expedition wherein he commanded his fleet; That* Timocrates *having miſcarried in that attempt,* Philocles *had ſpared his life, and was retired to the iſle of* Samos, *having reſign'd the command of the fleet to* Polymenes, *whom* Idomeneus *had appointed by an order under his hand; and that, notwithſtanding* Proteſilaus's *treachery, he had not the reſolution to part with him.*


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Philocles *disarms his Assassins.* J. Clark Sc

BY this time the fame of *Idomeneus*'s mild and eaſy government brings, from all parts, multitudes of people, who come to incorporate with his ſubjects, and ſeek their ppineſs under ſuch an excellent adminiation.

And now the fields, which had for ſo long me been over-run with brambles and orns, begin to promiſe plentiful harveſts, d fruits, till then unknown. The earth ens her boſom to the plough-ſhare, and epares her riches to recompence the laour of the husbandman. Hope revives d ſmiles again on every ſide. You might e in the vallies, and on the hills, numeous flocks of ſheep skipping on the graſs, nd great droves of horned cattle making the gh mountains reſound with their lowings. hefe flocks and droves ſerve to fatten the elds and meadows; and all this is owing to *ſenitor*, who had adviſ'd *Idomeneus* to make n exchange with the *Peucetes*, a neighouring nation, of all the ſuperfluous things hat were in *Salentum*, for thoſe ſheep, cows, nd oxen which the *Salentines* had not of heir own.

At the ſame time both the city and vilges round about were filled with ſprightly youth,

youth, who long had languiſh'd in miſery, and durſt not marry for fear of encreaſing their misfortunes. When they ſaw that *Idomeneus* began to aſſume ſentiments of humanity, and was willing to become their father, they were no more in dread of hunger, or the other plagues with which heaven afflicts the earth. Nothing now was heard but ſhouts of joy, and the rural ſongs of ſhepherds and husbandmen celebrating their nuptial ties. One would have thought that the God *Pan* was there with his ſatyrs and fauns, and mingled with the nymphs dancing to the flute's mellow ſound, beneath the ſpreading boughs: all was peaceful and ſmiling; not that the joy was in the leaſt immoderate; and as thoſe pleaſures ſerv'd only to eaſe tedious labours, ſo they were ſtill the more affecting and more pure.

The old men, amaz'd to ſee what they durſt not ſo much as hope for in the long courſe of their lives, wept through an exceſs of joy, mix'd with tenderneſs; and lifting up their trembling hands to heaven, O *Jupiter*, ſaid they, bleſs the king who reſembles thee, and is the greateſt gift thou ever beſtow'dſt on us. As he is born for the good of mankind, return him all the good which we receive from him. Our childrens children, ſprung from thoſe happy marriages which he encourages, ſhall be indebted to him

even

even for their very birth, and he will be truly the father of all his ſubjects. The young men and maidens in conjugal couples joyfully ſhouted the praiſes of him to whom they ow'd that pleaſing joy. All mouths, nay more, all hearts, were inceſſantly fill'd with his praiſes. The ſight of him was accounted a great happineſs, and his abſence was the only thing they fear'd; the loſing of him had been the deſolation of every family.

And now *Idomeneus* confeſs'd to *Mentor* that he never felt ſo ſenſible a pleaſure as that of being belov'd, and making ſo many people happy. I could never have believ'd it, ſaid he: I thought all the greatneſs of princes conſiſted in making themſelves be fear'd; that the reſt of mankind were only made for them; and all that I had heard concerning thoſe kings, who were the darlings and delight of their people, appear'd to me as a meer fable. I am now ſenſible of the contrary. But pray let me relate to you how, from my very infancy, I was poiſon'd with wild notions about kingly authority, which was the occaſion of all the misfortunes of my life. Hereupon *Idomeneus* thus began:

Proteſilaus, who is ſomewhat older than my ſelf, was of all other young men the perſon whom I moſt lov'd. His lively and forward temper ſuited my genius: he enter'd into my

my pleaſures: he indulg'd my paſſions, and inſtilled into me a diffidence and jealouſy for another young man, whom I lov'd alſo, and whoſe name was *Philocles*. This latter rever'd the Gods, and had a great, but well govern'd ſpirit: he plac'd greatneſs not in raiſing, but in conquering himſelf, and in doing nothing that was mean and unhandſom. He talk'd to me freely of my faults, and even when he durſt not ſpeak to me, his ſilence and the uneaſineſs of his countenance, gave me ſufficiently to underſtand what he meant to reproach me with.

At firſt this ſincerity pleas'd me, and I often proteſted to him that I would ever hear him with confidence, to ſecure me againſt flatterers. He told me what meaſures I ought to take to tread in the ſteps of *Minos*, and make my ſubjects happy. His wiſdom was leſs profound than yours, *O Mentor*, but his maxims were ſound and good, as I now perceive. By degrees the cunning inſinuations of *Proteſilaus*, who was jealous and ambitious, were ſo prevailing as to give me a diſguſt to *Philocles*, who being no forward man, let the other get the aſcendant, and contented himſelf with telling me the truth whenever I had a mind to hear it; for it was my good, and not his own fortune that he ſought.

Proteſilaus inſenſibly perſuaded me to be-

liev

ve that *Philocles* was a moroſe man, and a oud cenſurer of all my actions; that he k'd no favour of me, becauſe he was too aughty to bear the thoughts of being oblig'd me; and that he ambitiouſly aſpir'd to be ought ſuperior to all honours. He added, at that young man ſpoke of my faults to very body with the ſame freedom as to my lf; that he gave ſufficiently to underſtand, hat a ſmall eſteem he had for me; and that y leſſening and detracting from my repu- tion, and by making a ſhew of an auſtere irtue, he meant to open himſelf a way to e throne.

At firſt I could not tell how to believe at *Philocles* had any ſuch deſign; for there a certain candour and ingenuity in true irtue which cannot be counterfeited, and hich cannot be miſtaken, if attentively con- der'd: Yet *Philocles* continuing obſtinately ent to condemn my follies, I began to grow eary of him. The complaiſance of *Proteſi- aus*, and his unexhauſted induſtry to find ut new diverſions for me, made the other's uſterity more and more intolerable to me.

In the mean while *Proteſilaus*, being vex'd at I did not believe all he told againſt is rival, reſolved to ſpeak no more to me bout him, and to uſe ſomething ſtronger han words to perſuade me, and thus it as he impoſed upon me. He adviſed me

to

to ſend *Philocles* to command the ſhips which were going to attack thoſe of *Carpathus*, and to induce me to it; You know, (ſaid he) that my commendations of him cannot be ſuſpected of partiality: I own he has courage and a genius for war; he will ſerve you better than any man, and I prefer the intereſt of your ſervice to all my reſentment againſt him.

I was extreamly pleaſed to find ſuch equity and uprightneſs in the heart of *Proteſilaus*, whom I had entruſted with the adminiſtration of my moſt important affairs. I embrac'd him in a tranſport of joy, and thought my ſelf too happy in having repos'd all my confidence in a man, who ſeem'd to be ſo much above paſſion and ſelf-intereſt. But, alas! how much are princes to be pitied! this man knew me better than I knew my ſelf; he knew that kings are generally diſtruſtful and unattentive; diſtruſtful, by having continually about them ſuch men, whoſe artful inſinuations they are too often expos'd to: unattentive, or heedleſs, becauſe pleaſure gets the dominion over them, and they are us'd to have others think for them, without being at the trouble of it themſelves. Therefore *Proteſilaus* was ſenſible it was no hard matter to make me jealous of a man who would not fail to perform great actions, and eſpecially ſince his abſence gave him a full opportunity to lay ſnares for him.

Philocles, when he departed, foreſaw what was likely to befal him. Remember, ſaid he, that I ſhall be no longer able to defend myſelf; that my enemy alone will have your ear, and that while I expoſe my life in your ſervice, I run the hazard of having no other recompence but your indignation. You are miſtaken, ſaid I to him; *Proteſilaus* ſpeaks not of you, as you do of him; nay, he praiſes you, eſteems you highly, he thinks you worthy of the moſt important employments: if ever he opens his mouth againſt you, he from that moment loſes my confidence: therefore fear nothing, but go, and think only how to ſerve me well. He went, and left me in a ſtrange perplexity.

I muſt now confeſs to you, *Mentor*, that I ſaw plainly how neceſſary it was for me to have ſeveral perſons to conſult with, and that nothing was more detrimental, either to my reputation, or the ſucceſs of my affairs, than the leaving all to one ſingle man. I found that the wiſe counſels of *Philocles* had kept me from many dangerous miſcarriages which *Proteſilaus*'s haughtineſs would have made me run into. I was ſatisfied that *Philocles*'s mind was fill'd with equitable and honeſt principles, which I did not find in *Proteſilaus*: however, I had ſuffered him to aſſume ſo peremptory a way with me, and to carry things with ſo high a hand, that it

was hardly now any longer in my power t
contradict him. I was tir'd out with ha
ving on each ſide of me two men whom
could not reconcile: and in this laſſitude
choſe rather to hazard ſomething at the ex
pence of my affairs, than not to enjoy a lit
tle liberty. I durſt not even whiſper to m
ſelf the ſhameful reaſon of the courſe I ha
taken; but that ſhameful reaſon, which
was afraid to diſcover, did, however, wo
ſecretly at the bottom of my heart, and w
the true motive of all my actions. *Philocles* fe
unawares upon the enemy, won a comple
victory, and was haſtening home in orde
to prevent the ill offices he fear'd from h
rival; but *Proteſilaus*, who as yet had n
had an opportunity to deceive me, wrote
him that 'twas my pleaſure he ſhould purſ
his victory, and make a deſcent upon t
iſland of *Carpathus*. He had indeed pe
ſuaded me that that iſland might be eaſi
conquer'd; but he manag'd it ſo, that *Phil*
cles wanted many neceſſary things for h
undertaking, and ty'd him up to ſuch orde
as occaſion'd many diſappointments in t
execution of it.

In the mean while, he made uſe of
very corrupt ſervant of mine, whom I a
ways had about me, and who took notice
every thing I did, to give him an account
it; though to outward appearance they h

o great correſpondence together, and ſeem'd ways to be at variance with each other. his ſervant, *Timocrates* by name, came to e one day, and told me as a great ſecret, at he had diſcover'd a very dangerous buneſs. *Philocles*, ſaid he, intends to make e of your naval forces to make himſelf ng of the iſland of *Carpathus*. The comanders of the troops under him are his eatures, and he has gain'd all the ſoldiers his large donatives, and yet more by the rnicious licentiouſneſs which he allows in em. His victory has puff'd him up, as u may ſee by a letter (here it is) which writ to one of his friends about his oject of making himſelf king, which is impoſſible to doubt of after ſo evident proof.

I perus'd the letter, and it ſeem'd to me be *Philocles*'s hand, ſo exactly had *Proteſi*s and *Timocrates* forg'd it between themves. This letter threw me into a great prize; I read it again and again, and ld not tell how to think that it was wrote *Philocles*, when I recall'd to my diſorder'd nd all the ſenſible and affecting demonſtrans he had given me of his diſintereſtedneſs integrity: And yet, what could I do? w could I contradict a letter which I nowledg'd to be written by *Philocles*? hen *Timocrates* perceived I could no longer

withſtand his artifice, he puſh'd it on further. Give me leave, ſaid he, faltering in his ſpeech, to point out to you one particular paſſage in this letter: *Philocles* tells his friend, that he may ſpeak in confidence to *Proteſilaus* concerning a certain thing which he only makes by cypher. Certainly *Proteſilaus* muſt be privy to this deſign of *Philocles*, and they have reconcil'd themſelves at your expence. You know 'twas *Proteſilaus* who preſs'd you to ſend *Philocles* againſt the *Carpathians*: of late he has forbore to ſpeak to you against him, as he frequently uſed to do formerly; on the contrary, he cries him up upon all occaſions, and they often pay one another civil viſits. Doubtleſs *Proteſilaus* has concerted meaſures with *Philocles*, in order to divide between them the iſland of *Carpathus*: you ſee yourſelf that he has put you upon this enterprize againſt all prudential rules, and cares not if he ruins all your naval force, ſo he gratifies his own ambition. Do you think that he would thus be ſubſervient to *Philocles*'s towring thoughts, if they were ſtill at variance? No, no, 'tis no longer to be doubted that they are reconcil'd, in order to raiſe themſelves jointly to a great authority, and perhaps to overturn the throne you ſit on. I know that by ſpeaking thus freely to you, I make myſelf obnoxious to their re-ſentment, if, notwithſtanding what I have ſaid

id, you continue them in power. But no atter, ſo long as I tell you nothing but uth.

Theſe laſt words of *Timocrates* made a ep impreſſion upon me: I no longer doubt- the treachery of *Philocles*, and grew jea- us of *Proteſilaus*, as one that was his friend. lean while, *Timocrates* was continually buz- ng in my ears; If you ſtay till *Philocles* has ade himſelf maſter of *Carpathus*, it will en be too late to put a ſtop to his deſigns; herefore haſten to ſecure him whilſt you may. ſhook with horror at the deep diſſimulation f men, nor did I any longer know whom truſt: for after I had found *Philocles* falſe, did not know one man upon the face of e earth, whoſe virtue was able to cure me f my jealouſy: I reſolv'd to deſtroy that rfidious wretch forthwith; but I fear'd *roteſilaus*, and was at a loſs how to act ith reſpect to him: I dreaded to find m guilty, and yet no leſs dreaded to truſt m.

At laſt, in my diſorder, I could not for- ar telling him that I was grown jealous of *hilocles*. He look'd with an air of ſurprize it, and repreſented to me how upright and gular his conduct had been; he magnify'd s ſervices; in ſhort, he manag'd the mat- r ſo well, that I could not but believe that ere was an underſtanding between them. On

the other ſide, *Timocrates* let no opportunity ſlip to make me ſenſible of their good underſtanding, and to induce me to deſtroy *Philocles*, whilſt it was yet in my power to ſecure him. Mark, dear *Mentor*, how unhappy princes are, and how they are expos'd to be made the property of other men, even when thoſe men ſeem to lie trembling at their feet.

I thought it a piece of deep policy to break *Proteſilaus*'s meaſures, by ſending *Timocrates* privately to the fleet, with orders to diſpatch *Philocles* out of the way. *Proteſilaus* carry'd on his diſſimulation to the laſt, and deceiv'd me ſo much the more effectually, in that he look'd like one who ſuffers himſelf to be deceiv'd. *Timocrates* put to ſea, and found *Philocles* under very great difficulties in making the deſcent: he was in want of every thing for *Proteſilaus*, not knowing whether the ſuppos'd letter was ſufficient to ruin his enemy, was willing, at the ſame time, to have another ſtring to his bow; namely, the miſcarriage of an enterprize which he had ſo cry'd up, and which would not fail to incenſe me againſt *Philocles*, who maintain'd ſo difficult a war by his own courage, by his genius, and the affection the ſoldiers had for him. Tho' all the army was ſenſible that this deſcent was raſhly undertaken, and would prove fatal to the *Cretans*, yet all endeavour

o bring it to a happy iſſue, as if their welare and happineſs depended on the ſucceſs of , and every one was contented to venture is life every moment under ſo wiſe a geeral, and one who always ſtudy'd to make imſelf belov'd.

Timocrates expos'd himſelf to very immient dangers, by attempting to deſtroy that ommander amidſt an army which ſo fondly ov'd him; but fierce ambition is blind: *Timocrates* thought nothing difficult to gratify *Proteſilaus*, with whom he expected to ſhare he abſolute management of affairs after the eath of *Philocles*. *Proteſilaus* could not enure a good man, whoſe very ſight ſecretly eproach'd him with his crime, and who, by pening my eyes, might overthrow his proects.

Timocrates engag'd two captains, who were ontinually near *Philocles*'s perſon, and proiis'd them great rewards from me. Afterards he told *Philocles* he was come by my rder to deliver a ſecret meſſage to him, hich was not to be diſcloſed but in the reſence of thoſe two captains. *Philocles* haing lock'd himſelf in with them, *Timocrates* ull'd out a dagger and ſtabb'd him; but it appen'd to ſlant aſide, and not go deep into is body. *Philocles*, with undaunted couage, wrung the dagger out of his hand, and s'd it againſt him and the other two: at

the ſame time he cry'd out for help; thoſe without ran to the door, and having broke it open, they diſengaged him from the hands of thoſe three ruffians, who being in diſorder, had attack'd him but faintly. They were diſarm'd, and would have been torn in pieces upon the ſpot by the enraged army, if *Philocles* had not ſtept between. Afterwards he took *Timocrates* aſide, and mildly ask'd him, Who had put him upon committing ſo black a deed? *Timocrates* frighted with the apprehenſions of death, preſently ſhew'd him the order I had given him in writing to diſpatch *Philocles*; and as all traytors are cowards, he reſolv'd to ſave his life, by revealing to *Philocles* the whole ſtory of *Proteſilaus*'s treachery.

Philocles amaz'd, and frighted to find ſo much wickedneſs in men, took a courſe that was full of moderation: he declared to the army, that *Timocrates* was innocent; and having skreen'd him from their violence, he ſent him back to *Crete*. He then reſign'd the command of the army to *Polymenes*, whom by my written order I had appointed general after *Philocles* was kill'd: laſt of all, he exhorted the troops to continue faithful, and true in their duty to me, and in the night-time went in a ſmall bark to the iſland of *Samos*, where he lives in a peaceful poverty and ſolitude, making ſtatues and images for

for a livelihood, being resolved to have nothing more to do with unjust and treacherous men, but especially with princes, whom of all mortals he thinks to be the most blind and most unhappy.

Here *Mentor* stopping *Idomeneus*; Well, said he, was it long before you discovered the truth? No, reply'd *Idomeneus*, I by degrees found out the artifices of *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*: They quarrell'd with each other; for wicked men are seldom long united. Their falling out discover'd to me the dreadful abyss into which they had thrown me. Well, said *Mentor*, and did you not resolve to get rid of them? Alas, answer'd *Idomeneus*, are you ignorant how weak and how perplex'd the condition of princes is? When once they have reposed an intire confidence in men who have the art of making themselves necessary, they can no longer hope for liberty; those they despise most in their hearts, are those whom they use best, and on whom they bestow all their favours: I abhorr'd *Protesilaus*, and yet I left all my authority in his hands. Strange illusion! It was a kind of satisfaction to me that I knew him; but yet I had not the resolution to resume the authority which I had given him. Besides, I found him easy, complaisant, studious to gratify my passions, zealous for my service; in short, I found reasons to excuse my weak-

neſs to my ſelf, becauſe I was unacquainted with true virtue: My want of chuſing good miniſters to manage my affairs, made me believe there was no ſuch thing as a good man upon earth, and that honeſty was but a gaudy phantom. Why, ſaid I to myſelf, ſhould I be at the pains to deliver my ſelf from the hands of one corrupt man, to fall into thoſe of another, who ſhall be full as ſelfiſh and knaviſh as he? In the mean while, the fleet commanded by *Polymenes* return'd home. I laid aſide the thoughts of conquering the iſland of *Carpathus*, and *Proteſilaus* could not play the hypocrite ſo well, but that I plainly ſaw how much he was vex'd to hear that *Philocles* was ſafe in the iſland of *Samos*.

Mentor again interrupted *Idomeneus*, to ask him, Whether, after ſo black a treachery, he continued to entruſt *Proteſilaus* with his affairs? I was, anſwered *Idomeneus*, too great an enemy to buſineſs, and too indolent, to be able to get out of his hands. I muſt have diſturb'd the method I had eſtabliſh'd for my own eaſe, and have been at the pains of inſtructing a new man. This is what I had not reſolution enough to undertake, and ſo I willingly ſhut my eyes to the artifices of *Proteſilaus*: Only I comforted my ſelf with letting ſome of my intimate Friends know that I was no ſtranger to his diſhoneſty. The

I fanſied my ſelf cheated but by halves, as long as I knew I was cheated: Nay, I now and then made *Proteſilaus* ſenſible of my being uneaſy under his yoke. I often took delight in contradicting him, in blaming publickly ſomething he had done, and in deciding matters contrary to his opinion: But as he knew full well my ſupineneſs and ſloth, he was not at all uneaſy at my diſguſts. He purſued his point obſtinately, uſing ſometimes a very preſſing peremptorineſs, and ſometimes ſupple and fawning inſinuations: And eſpecially when he perceived that I was offended with him, he doubled his diligence to procure me new amuſements to mollify me, or embark me in ſome affair, wherein he might be neceſſary, and ſhew his zeal for my reputation.

Though I ſtood upon my guard againſt him, yet this way of flattering my paſſions always prevail'd: He knew all my ſecrets, eaſed me in my trouble, and made every body tremble by means of my authority: In fine, I could not reſolve to part with him; but by maintaining him in his poſt, I put all honeſt Men out of a capacity of repreſenting to me my true intereſt. And now from this moment no man ſpoke his mind freely when I conſulted him: truth fled far from me; error, which is the forerunner of the fall of princes, began to ſtare me in the face, and I ſaw how

very much I was to blame for ſacrificing *Philocles* to the cruel ambition of *Proteſilaus*. Thoſe very men who were moſt zealous for my government and perſon, did not think themſelves obliged to undeceive me, after ſo terrible an example. I myſelf, dear *Mentor*, was afraid leſt truth ſhould break thro' the cloud, and reach me in ſpight of all my flatterers; for not having fortitude to follow it, its light became troubleſome to me; and I was aware that it would have rais'd bitter compunction in my mind, without being able to reſcue me from ſo fatal an engagement. My want of ſpirit, and the dominion which *Proteſilaus* had gain'd over me, threw me into a ſort of deſpair of ever recovering my liberty; I was ſhy either of viewing my wretched ſtate, or letting others ſee it. You know, *Mentor*, the vain pride and falſe glory wherein princes are brought up: They will never be perſuaded that they are in the wrong; to palliate one fault they commit a hundred: Rather than own they have been deceived, and give themſelves the trouble of amending their error, they will ſuffer themſelves to be cheated all their lives long. Such is the ſtate of weak and inadvertent princes, and it was exactly my own, when I was oblig'd to ſet out to the ſiege of *Troy*.

At my departure I left *Proteſilaus* ſole regent, and in my abſence he govern'd my people

people with haughtineſs and inhumanity: The whole kingdom of *Crete* groan'd under his tyranny: But yet no body durſt ſend me information how the people were oppreſs'd. They knew that I was afraid to be told the truth, and that I gave up to the cruelty of *Proteſilaus* all thoſe who preſumed to ſpeak againſt him. But the more the evil was ſmothered, the more violent it grew. He afterwards obliged me to turn out the valiant *Merion*, who had ſo glorioufly attended me at the ſiege of *Troy*: For, at my return, he grew jealous of him, as likewiſe of all thoſe whom I loved, and who ſhew'd any ſigns of virtue.

You muſt know, my dear *Mentor*, that from thence all my misfortunes had their riſe. It was not ſo much my ſon's death that occaſion'd the *Cretans* to revolt, as the vengeance of the Gods, provoked againſt me for my follies, and the hatred of the people, which *Proteſilaus* had brought upon me. When I ſpilt the blood of my ſon, the *Cretans*, now tired out with a deſpotick government, had loſt all patience; and the horror of that laſt action ſerved only to give birth to what had long lain hid in the bottom of their hearts.

Timocrates follow'd me to the ſiege of *Troy*, and ſecretly, by letters, gave *Proteſilaus* an account of every thing he could come to the know-

knowledge of. I plainly perceived that I was in ſlavery, but endeavour'd not to think of it, deſpairing to remedy it. When the *Cretans*, at my arrival, revolted, *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates* were the firſt that ran away. They had undoubtedly deſerted me, if I had not been forced to fly almoſt as ſoon as they. Be aſſured, my dear *Mentor*, that men who are inſolent in proſperity, are ever timorous and faint-hearted in adverſity. Their head turns giddy as ſoon as they are diveſted of their abſolute authority; they are then as abject and cringing as they were proud before, and in a moment's time they paſs from one extreme to another.

How comes it then, ſaid *Mentor* to *Idomeneus*, that knowing theſe two men ſo thoroughly, you ſtill keep them near you, as I ſee you do? I am not ſurprized they followed you, becauſe nothing could have been more for their own intereſt: And I am not inſenſible that you have done a generous action in affording them refuge in your new ſettlement. But why will you again ſurrender your ſelf up to them, after ſo many fatal trials you have made of them?

You don't know, ſaid *Idomeneus*, how unprofitable all experiments are to eaſie inconſiderate princes: every thing makes them diſcontented, and yet they have not courage to redreſs any thing. The habit of ſo many

years

ears was like ſo many iron chains that ty'd
ne to thoſe two men, and they beſieged me
very hour: Since I came here, they have
ut me upon all the extravagant expences you
ave taken notice of. They have exhauſted
his infant ſtate; they drew upon me this
ar, which would have ruin'd me; had it
ot been for you, I ſhould have ſoon met at
alentum the ſame misfortunes I felt at *Crete*;
ut you have at laſt open'd my eyes, and in-
pired me with the courage I wanted, to ſet
ny ſelf at liberty. I don't know how it is,
ut ſince you are here, I find myſelf quite
nother man.

Mentor then ask'd *Idomeneus* how *Proteſilaus*
ad behaved himſelf in this change of affairs?
Nothing, ſays he, was ever more artful than
is conduct ſince your arrival here. At firſt,
e omitted not the leaſt opportunity to make
ne jealous of you; 'tis true, he ſaid nothing
irectly againſt you, but ſeveral others buzz'd
n my ears, that thoſe two ſtrangers were
ery dangerous men. One, ſaid they, is
he ſon of the trickſter *Ulyſſes*, and t'other is
cloſe ſharp Man; they are uſed to wan-
er about from kingdom to kingdom;
nd who knows but they have hatch'd
ome deſign againſt this? Theſe adventu-
ers ſay themſelves, that they occaſion'd
reat troubles in all the countries they paſs'd
hro': Ours is but a feeble, unſettled, in-

fant

fant State, ſo that the leaſt Commotion may overturn it.

Proteſilaus ſaid nothing, but endeavour'd to make me ſenſible of the danger of all thoſe reformations which you put me upon: He took me by the handle of my own intereſt: If, ſaid he, you let the people live in plenty, they will work no more; but grow proud, indocile, and daily more apt to revolt: 'Tis only weakneſs and miſery that makes them humble, and hinders them from reſiſting authority. He often endeavour'd to re-aſſume his former aſcendant over me, covering it with a pretence of zeal for my ſervice. By endeavouring to eaſe the people, ſaid he, you derogate from the regal power, and thereby do an irreparable damage to the people themſelves; for it is neceſſary they ſhould be always kept low for their own quiet and ſafety.

To all this I anſwer'd, That I knew how to keep the people in their duty to me, by making myſelf beloved by them, by not remitting any thing of my authority, though I eaſed them; by puniſhing ſeverely all offenders; in a word, by giving to children good education, and keeping all the people to an exact diſcipline, in a plain, ſober and laborious courſe of life. For, ſaid I, are not the people to be kept in ſubjection without ſtarving them to death? O inhumanity! O brutil

rutiſh policy! how many people do we ee govern'd with a gentle hand, and yet oyal to their princes? that which occaſions ebellions, is the ambition and reſtleſsneſs of he grandees of the ſtate, when they have een allow'd too great a liberty, and been uffer'd to give a looſe to their paſſions. It the multitude of the great and the little ho live at eaſe in luxury and lazineſs: It the over-increaſe of military men, who ave neglected all ſuch uſeful employments they ſhould betake themſelves to in time f peace: in ſhort, 'tis the deſperation of a eople tired out with oppreſſion; 'tis the everity, haughtineſs, and indolence of prin-es, that makes them uncapable of overſee-ng all the members of the ſtate, to prevent ny trouble: this is it that occaſions revolts, nd not the bread which the labourer is uffer'd to eat in peace, after he has earn'd it y the ſweat of his brow.

When *Proteſilaus* ſaw that I was immovea-ly fixed in theſe principles, he took a courſe uite contrary to his former, and began to ollow thoſe maxims he could not deſtroy: He ſeem'd to reliſh them, to be convinced y them, and to own himſelf obliged to me or having made him ſo wiſe. He anticipates ven all my wiſhes to eaſe the poor; he is orward to repreſent their wants to me, and o cry out againſt extravagant expences.

You

You know your ſelf that he commends you, that he ſeems to have great confidence in you, and omits nothing to pleaſe you. As for *Timocrates*, he begins to loſe the good graces of *Proteſilaus*, and caſts about how to make himſelf independent; *Proteſilaus* is jealous of him, and 'tis partly through their differences, that I have diſcover'd their perfidy.

Said *Mentor* to *Idomeneus* ſmiling, Have you been ſo weak as to ſuffer your ſelf to be tyranniz'd over for ſo many years by two traytors, whoſe villainies you were all the while acquainted with? Alas! reply'd *Idomeneus*, you do not know how far men of artifice can work upon a weak indolent king, who ſuffers himſelf to be guided by them in all his affairs: beſides, I told you before, that *Proteſilaus* now comes into all your projects for the publick good.

Hereupon *Mentor* reſum'd the diſcourſe, and with an air of gravity ſaid: I ſee but too well how prevalent the wicked are above the good, eſpecially in the courts of kings, of which you are a ſad example. But you ſay I have open'd your eyes as to *Proteſilaus*, and yet they are ſo far ſhut, as to leave the conduct of your affairs to this man, who is unworthy to breathe vital air. Know that the wicked are ſometimes capable of doing good; 'tis equally the ſame thing to them as to do ill

ill, when they can ſerve their ambition: to do evil ſtands them in no pains, becauſe they are not reſtrain'd by any ſentiment of goodneſs or principle of virtue: and juſt ſo it is that they do well; becauſe their natural depravity leads them to it, that they may be thought good men, and ſo deceive the reſt of their fellow-creatures. Strictly ſpeaking, they are not capable of virtue, though they ſeem to practiſe it; but they are capable of adding to all other vices the moſt horrible of vices, namely, hypocriſy. So long as you inflexibly reſolve to do good, *Proteſilaus* will be ready to do it with you, in order to preſerve his authority; but if he perceives in you the leaſt tendency to a relaxation, he will forget nothing to make you relapſe into your errors, and to reſume the free uſe of his natural deceit and inſolence. Can you live in honour and repoſe while you are beſet day and night by ſuch a man, and know all the while that the wiſe and faithful *Phocles* lives poor, and in diſgrace, in the iſle of *Samos*? You acknowledge, O *Idomeneus*, that bold and inſinuating men, when present, predominate over weak princes; but you ought to add, that princes have likewiſe another unhappineſs, no ways inferior; and that is, eaſily to forget vertue, and the ſervices of an abſent man. The multitude of them who ſurround princes, is the occaſion that

that no one among them can make a deep impreſſion upon them: nothing touches them but what is preſent, and flatters them; all the reſt ſoons wears off. Virtue eſpecially is what they are little affected by, becauſe, inſtead of flattering them, it contradicts them, and condemns them for their follies. Is it any wonder then that they are not belov'd, when they are fond of nothing but their own grandeur and pleaſure?

THE

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MUSEUM



Philocles *recalled from Baniſhment by* Idom

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XIV.

The ARGUMENT.

Mentor *prevails with* Idomeneus *to cauſe* Proteſilaus *and* Timocrates *to be tranſported to the iſle of* Samos, *and to recal* Philocles, *in order to take him again into favour.* Hegeſippus, *who was charg'd with this commiſſion, executes it with joy; and arrives with thoſe two men in* Samos, *where he ſees again his friend* Philocles, *who led a poor, ſolitary, but contented life.* Philocles *ſhews great reluctance to return to his country and relations: But being ſatisfy'd that it was the will of the Gods, he embarks with* Hegeſippus *and lands at* Salentum, *where* Idomeneus, *who was quite another man, receives him as a friend.*

AFTER

AFTER this, *Mentor* perſuade *Idomeneus* immediately to diſcar *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, an recal *Philocles*. That which ſtuc moſt with the king was the ſeve rity of *Philocles*: I muſt own, ſaid he, can't help being ſomewhat afraid of his re turn, though I love and eſteem him. I hav ever ſince my infancy been accuſtom'd to b commended, to be courted, and to be treat ed with that complaiſance and indulgence which I cannot expect from this man. Whe ever I did any thing that he diſlik'd, his cha grin countenance gave me ſufficiently to un derſtand that he condemn'd me; when h was in private with me, his behaviour was re ſpectful and grave, but dry and unpleaſant.

Do you not ſee, ſaid *Mentor*, that prince who are ſpoil'd by flattery, think every thing harſh and auſtere that is free and ingenuous They even go ſo far as to imagine, that man wants zeal for their ſervice, and averſe to their authority, when he is not ſ ſlaviſh as readily to flatter them in the mo unjuſt exerciſe of their power. Any fre and generous counſel appears to them haugh ty, cenſorious, and ſeditious. They grow ſ very nice, that every thing that is not flat tery, offends and provokes them. But le us go yet a little farther: Suppoſing that *Phi-*

locle

cles is really harſh and auſtere, is not that
etter than the deſtructive flattery of your
unſellors? Where will you find a man
thout faults? And ought not you to fear
ſt of all the fault of one that tells you the
th a little too freely? nay, is not this a
lt neceſſary to the correction of your
n faults, and to the conquering that
erſion to truth, which flattery has begot
you? you ought to have a man about
u, who loves nothing but truth, and who
ves you better than you know how to love
ur ſelf; who will tell you the truth in
ite of you; who will break through all
ur intrenchments; and this neceſſary man
Philocles. Remember that a prince is
tream happy, when but one man of
ch a greatneſs of mind is born in his
ign, who is by far the moſt valuable
eaſure in his kingdom; and that the
eateſt puniſhment he ought to fear from
e Gods, is to be depriv'd of ſuch a man,
he renders himſelf unworthy of him, by
t knowing his true value, and how to
ake uſe of him. As to any faults or over-
hts of good men, you ought not to be
nd to them; but however, you ſhould
ake uſe of their ſervice. Set them right,
t be not implicitly govern'd by their in-
creet zeal; give them a favourable ear,
nour their virtue, let the publick ſee that
you

you know how to diſtinguiſh it; and abo
all, take care not to be any longer as y
have been hitherto. Princes that are ſpoil
as you were, contenting themſelves with on
deſpiſing corrupt men, do however empl
them, confide in them, and heap favours
them; and on the other hand, pretendi
not to want diſcernment to know virtuo
men, yet give them nothing but emp
praiſes; not daring to truſt them in a
employments, nor to admit them into th
familiar converſation, nor to beſtow any ki
neſſes on them.

Hereupon *Idomeneus* ſaid, That he was
ſham'd he had ſo long delay'd the deliveran
of oppreſs'd innocence, and the puniſhm
of thoſe who had abus'd him. Nor
Mentor meet with any difficulty in perſuadi
the king to part with his favourite: For
ſoon as ever favourites are render'd ſuſpect
and obnoxious, princes are tired with the
and have no other thoughts but to get rid
them: Their friendſhip vaniſhes away; p
ſervices are forgotten; and the fall of a
vourite gives them no manner of uneaſine
as ſoon as he is out of ſight. The king
ſtantly gave private orders to *Hegeſippus*, w
was one of the chief officers of the hou
hold, to arreſt *Proteſilaus* and *Timocra*
and to carry them under a guard to the
of *Samos*, there to leave them, and to br
ba

ck *Philocles* from that place of exile. *He-ſippus*, ſurpriz'd at theſe orders, could not rbear weeping for joy: Now, ſaid he to e king, you are going to gain the hearts all your ſubjects; for theſe two men have en the ſource of all your misfortunes, as ll as of thoſe of your people; for theſe enty years have they caus'd all good men groan, and it was even dangerous to be ard to groan; ſo cruel was their tyranny: ey cruſh all who attempt to come at you any other canal than their own.

Afterwards *Hegeſippus* diſcover'd to the king reat many treacheries and acts of inhu-nity committed by thoſe two men, which ver came to the king's ears, becauſe no dy durſt accuſe them: he likewiſe gave n an account of a ſecret plot which he had covered, and which was laid againſt *Men-*s life. The king ſhiver'd with horror at relation.

In the mean while *Hegeſippus* haſten'd to go ſeize *Proteſilaus* in his houſe: it was not arge, but was more convenient and plea-ter than the king's, and the architecture of a better guſto: *Proteſilaus* had embel-d it with great expences, drawn from blood of thoſe whom he had made mife-le. *Proteſilaus* was at that time in a par- of marble near his baths, lying care-on a couch of purple embroider'd with

gold. He ſeem'd weary, and ſpent with his labours; his eyes and eye-brows diſcover'd a ſort of diſorder, and ſullen wildneſs. The prime men of the kingdom ſate round him on carpets, compoſing their looks to thoſe of *Proteſilaus*, which they obſerv'd even to the leaſt glance of his eye. Scarce had he open'd his mouth, e'er all of them broke out into accents of admiration at what he was going to ſay. One of the principal of the company repeated to him, with ridiculous exaggerations, what he had done for the king: another told him, that *Jupiter* having impoſed on his mother, was the author of his life, and that he was ſon to the father of the Gods. Among the reſt, a poet ſung verſes to him, wherein he recited that *Proteſilaus* being inſtructed by the muſes, had equall'd *Apollo* in all ingenious performances. Another poet, more mercenary and impudent, call'd him in his verſes, the inventor of the liberal arts, and the father of the people whom he had made happy, deſcribing him with *Cornucopia*, or a horn of plenty in his hand. *Proteſilaus* hearken'd to theſe praiſes, with an air of moroſeneſs and diſdain, like one who knows well enough that he deſerves even far greater, and who thinks he ſhews great condeſcenſion when he ſuffers you to praiſe him. There was a flatterer who took the liberty to whiſper him in the ear

ar ſome merry obſervations touching *Men-*
or's new polity, at which *Proteſilaus* ſmil'd,
nd preſently the whole aſſembly burſt out
nto a loud laugh, though the greateſt part
f them knew not the leaſt tittle of what had
een ſaid; but *Proteſilaus* ſoon recovering a
evere haughty air, every one put on their
ormer ſolemn look, and became ſilent.
Many of theſe nobles were watching the
appy opportunity when *Proteſilaus* would
ook towards them, and give them a hear-
ng; they faulter'd, and were diſorder'd,
ecauſe they had ſome favours to beg of
im; their ſuppliant poſtures ſpoke for them,
nd they appear'd as ſubmiſſive as a mother
t the foot of an altar, when ſhe begs of the
Gods to reſtore her only ſon to his health.
very one ſeem'd pleas'd with, and full of
enderneſs and admiration for *Proteſilaus*,
hough in their hearts they mortally hated
im.

At this very moment enters *Hegeſippus*,
izes his ſword, and tells him from the
ing, that he is come to carry him to the iſle
f *Samos*. At theſe words, all the arrogance
f *Proteſilaus* fell down, like a rock that
reaks off from the top of a ſteep mountain:
ow he throws himſelf trembling at the
et of *Hegeſippus*, he weeps, he faulters, he
ammers, he quakes, he embraces the knees
that man whom, not an hour before, he

would not vouchſafe to honour with a look. All thoſe who had juſt now been paying their adorations to him, ſeeing him loſt beyond recovery, chang'd their flatteries into mercileſs inſults.

Hegeſippus would not allow him ſo much time, as either to take his laſt farewel of his family, or to fetch certain private writings; all was ſeiz'd and carried to the king. *Timocrates* was arreſted at the ſame time, to his great amazement; for being fallen out with *Proteſilaus*, he thought he could not be involv'd in his ruin. They are both clapt on board a veſſel that was prepar'd for that purpoſe: they arrive at *Samos*, where *Hegeſippus*, to compleat their misfortunes, left the two miſerable wretches together; who with the greateſt rage reproach'd each other with the crimes they had committed, and which now occaſion'd their fall. They are now paſt hopes of ever ſeeing *Salentum* again, condemn'd to live far from their wives and children, I don't ſay far from their friends, for they had none. They are now in an unknown land, where they have no means of living but by their labour: they who had paſs'd ſo many years in pleaſure and pride, were now like two wild beaſts, ready to tear one another to pieces every moment.

Mean while *Hegeſippus* enquires in what part of the iſland *Philocles* dwelt; they told him

him a great way from the town, in a grotto that ſerv'd him inſtead of a houſe, upon the top of a mountain. Every body mention'd this ſtranger's name with great admiration. All the time he has been in the iſland, ſaid they, he has not ſo much as once given the leaſt offence to any body. Every man wonders at his patience, his application to work, and his peace of mind. He ſeems always contented, though he has nothing; and though he be here far from buſineſs, without wealth, and without authority, yet he is inceſſantly obliging thoſe who deſerve it, and has a thouſand ways to do all his neighbours ſome ſervice or other.

Hegeſippus continues his way towards the grotto, which he finds empty and open, for the poverty and ſimplicity of *Philocles's* manners never oblig'd him to ſhut his door when he went out: a plain mat of ruſhes ſerv'd him for a bed: he rarely kindled a fire, becauſe he never ate any thing dreſs'd: all the ſummer he liv'd upon new gather'd fruits, and in winter upon dates and dry'd figs. He us'd to quench his thirſt at a cryſtalline ſpring of water, which fell in ſheets from a high rock: he had nothing in his grotto but carving tools, and ſome few books, which he read at certain hours, not to embelliſh his mind, or to gratify his curioſity, but to teach him to be good and wiſe

at the ſame time that it eaſed his labours. As for ſculpture, he apply'd himſelf this way only to exerciſe his body, and to pick up a livelyhood, without being obliged to any body.

As *Hegeſippus* enter'd the grotto, he was ſurprized to ſee the works which he had begun: he took notice of a *Jupiter*, whoſe ſerene countenance was too full of majeſty not to be known to be the father of the Gods and men: in another place he obſerv'd a *Mars*, with a rugged threatning fierceneſs: but what was moſt affecting, was a *Minerva* who gave life to theſe arts; her aſpect was noble and mild, her ſhape free and lofty, and ſhe was in ſo lively a poſture, that one would have thought ſhe would immediately walk. *Hegeſippus* having with a great deal of pleaſure taken a view of theſe ſtatues, went out of the grotto, and at ſome diſtance from it, under a large tree, ſpy'd *Philocles* reading a book on the graſs: he goes directly towards him, and *Philocles*, who perceiv'd him, knew not what to think. Is not that *Hegeſippus*, ſaid he to himſelf, with whom I liv'd ſo long in *Crete*? but 'tis not likely that he ſhould come into ſo remote an iſland: perhaps 'tis his ghoſt come to earth from the *Stygian* banks after his death.

Whilſt he was in this uncertainty, *Hegeſippus* came ſo near him, that he could not but know

know him again, and embrace him: And is it you yourſelf, my dear old friend, ſaid he? What danger, what ſtorm has thrown you on this ſhore? why have you left the iſland of *Crete*? has ſome diſgrace, like mine, forc'd you from your country?

Hegeſippus anſwer'd: 'Tis no diſgrace has brought me hither, but, on the contrary, the favour of the Gods. Then inſtantly he recounted to him the long-continued tyranny of *Proteſilaus*, his intrigues with *Timocrates*, the misfortunes they had plung'd *Idomeneus* into, that prince's fall, his flight to the *Heſperian* coaſt, the founding of *Salentum*, the arrival of *Mentor* and *Telemachus*, the wiſe maxims with which *Mentor* had imbu'd the king's mind, and the downfal of thoſe two traytors. He added, that he had brought them to *Samos*, there to ſuffer the like baniſhment which they had caus'd *Philocles* to ſuffer; and concluded his diſcourſe with telling him, that he had it in command to bring him to *Salentum*, where the king, who now fully knew his innocence, was reſolv'd to commit the management of his affairs to him, and to heap riches on him.

Do you ſee this grotto, anſwer'd *Philocles* to him, fitter to harbour wild beaſts, than to be inhabited by men? here have I taſted for theſe many years, more ſweetneſs, more repoſe, than ever I did in the gilded palaces

of the iſland of *Crete*. Men no longer deceive me, for I no longer ſee them; I no longer hear their flattering and poiſonous diſcourſes; I have no longer any need of them; my hands, inur'd to labour, afford me a plain nouriſhment, and ſuch as is neceſſary for the ſuſtenance of life. You ſee this ſlight ſtuff is ſufficient to cover me, and I want nothing further: I enjoy a calm undiſturb'd reſt, and a ſweet freedom, which the wiſdom I find in my books teaches me how to make a good uſe of. What then have I further to look for among jealous, tricking, inconſtant men? No, no, my dear *Hegeſippus*, envy not my good fortune: *Proteſilaus* betray'd himſelf, in going about to betray the king and deſtroy me: but he has done me no manner of hurt; on the contrary, he has done me the greateſt kindneſs: he has deliver'd me from the hurry and ſlavery of buſineſs. To him I am beholden for my precious ſolitude, and all the innocent pleaſures I here enjoy. Return, *Hegeſippus*, return to the king, aſſiſt him to ſupport the miſeries of greatneſs, and be that to him which you would have me be. Since his eyes, ſo long ſhut againſt truth, have at laſt been open'd by that wiſe man you call *Mentor*, let the king retain him near his perſon. As for me, I ought not, after ſhipwreck, to quit the haven where the

ſtorm

torm has happily thrown me, to commit my ſelf again to the mercy of the winds: O how much are kings to be pitied! How worthy of compaſſion are thoſe who ſerve them! If they are wicked, how much does mankind ſuffer by them, and what torments are prepar'd for them in the darkeſt hell! If they are good, what difficulties have they not to encounter and overcome! How many ſnares to avoid! How many evils to ſuffer! Once more, my dear *Hegeſippus*, leave me in my happy Poverty.

Whilſt *Philocles* was thus delivering himſelf with great earneſtneſs, *Hegeſippus* look'd on him with aſtoniſhment. He had ſeen him formerly at *Crete*, during the time he adminiſter'd the greateſt affairs of ſtate, lean, languid, wither'd, and almoſt ſpent; the ardency and ſeverity of his mind conſum'd his body through care and application to buſineſs; he could not without indignation behold vice unpuniſh'd; he requir'd in the management of affairs ſuch an exactneſs as is hardly ever to be met with; and thus his employments impair'd his health. But at *Samos*, *Hegeſippus* found him plump and vigorous; for all his age, a florid blooming youth ſeem'd to be renew'd in his face; a ſober, quiet, and laborious life had, as it were, given him another conſtitution.

You wonder, said *Philocles* to him smiling, to see me so chang'd: This freshness and perfect health are owing to my Solitude. My enemies have given me what I could never have found in the heighth of my fortune; and would you have me part with true happiness, to plunge my self again into my former miseries? I beg you would not be more cruel than *Protesilaus*; at least envy me not the happiness for which I am indebted to him.

Hereupon *Hegesippus* urg'd to him, but in vain, all that he thought might move him. Are you then, said he to him, insensible of the pleasure of seeing your friends and relations, who sigh for your return, and whom the sole hope of embracing you fills with joy? Do you, who fear the Gods, and love to do your duty, reckon as nothing the service of your king, and the assisting him in all the good he designs in order to make so many people happy? Is it allowable for a man to abandon himself to a wild and savage philosophy, to prefer his single self to all the rest of mankind, and to be fonder of his own quiet, than the happiness of his fellow citizens? Besides all this, 'twill be thought that 'tis out of resentment you refuse to see the king. If he design'd any ill to you, 'twas because he did not then know you: It was not the true, the honest, the

just

ſuſt *Philocles*, whom he went about to deſtroy; no, 'twas quite another man he deſign'd to puniſh; but now he knows you, and miſtakes you not for another, he feels all his former friendſhip revive in his heart; he waits for you; he already holds forth his arms to embrace you; he impatiently counts the days, the hours, 'till you come, and can you be inexorable to your king, and to all your deareſt friends?

Philocles, who at firſt melted away at the ſight of *Hegeſippus*, re-aſſum'd his grave auſtere look at this diſcourſe; like a rock which the winds aſſault in vain, and againſt which the roaring billows break, ſo did he ſtand unmov'd; nor prayers, nor reaſons could find the leaſt acceſs to his heart: But in the moment when *Hegeſippus* began to deſpair of prevailing over him, *Philocles*, having conſulted the Gods, found by the flight of birds, the entrails of victims, and by ſeveral other preſages, that he muſt follow *Hegeſippus*.

Hereupon he no longer reſiſted, but prepared to go; 'tho' not without regret for leaving the ſolitude where he had paſs'd ſo many years. Alas! ſaid he, muſt I then quit thee, O lovely grotto, where peaceful ſlumber came every night to eaſe the labours of the day! Here, in the midſt of poverty, did the deſtinies ſpin the thread of my life

with gold and ſilk! Then weeping, he proſtrated himſelf to adore the *Naiad* who had ſo long quench'd his thirſt with her clear flood, and the nymphs likewiſe that inhabited the neighbouring mountains. *Eccho* heard his lamentations, and with a mournful voice repeated them to all the rural Deities.

Afterwards *Philocles* went to the town with *Hegeſippus* to take ſhipping. He could not believe that the wretched, the miſerable *Proteſilaus* would have the face to ſee him; but he was miſtaken; for ill men have no ſhame, and are ever ready to make the meaneſt ſubmiſſions. *Philocles* modeſtly avoided being ſeen by that miſerable wretch; fearing indeed to heighten his misfortune by ſhewing him the proſperity of an enemy, who was going to be rais'd on his ruins: But *Proteſilaus* was very eager and earneſt to find out *Philocles*, with a deſign to move his compaſſion, and engage him to beg the king to let him return to *Salentum*. *Philocles* was too ſincere to promiſe to ſollicit his return, for he knew better than any man how pernicious ſuch a thing would be to the publick. But he ſpoke very mildly to him, teſtify'd a great compaſſion of his misfortunes, endeavour'd to comfort him, admoniſh'd him to pacify the Gods by a pious life, and an exemplary patience under his

his affliction: And having underſtood that the king had ſtript him of all his ill-gotten riches, he promis'd him two things, which he afterwards faithfully perform'd. One was, to take care of his wife and children, who were left at *Salentum* in a wretched poor condition, expos'd to the indignation of the populace: And the other was, to ſend him ſome little ſupply of money to alleviate his misfortunes.

And now a favourable wind fills the ſpreading ſails. *Hegeſippus* grows impatient for *Philocles*'s departure. *Proteſilaus* ſees them embark; his eyes remain fix'd and immoveable on the ſhore; they follow the veſſel that cuts the waves, and which the wind ſtill carries further and further; and when at laſt he could ſee them no more, he again paints the image of them in his mind. Then grown diſtracted, furious, and abandon'd to his deſpair, he tears off his hair; rowls about the ſand; he accuſes the Gods of ſeverity; he in vain calls cruel death to his aid; ſhe, deaf to his prayers, deigns not to deliver him from his miſeries, nor has he the courage to make away with himſelf.

Mean while, the ſhip, favour'd by *Neptune* and the winds, ſoon arrived at *Salentum*; the king being inform'd that it was juſt entering the port, he inſtantly ran with *Mentor*

tor towards *Philocles*, and affectionately embrac'd him, expreſſing a deep concern for having ſo unjuſtly perſecuted him. This ingenuous confeſſion, inſtead of looking like a weakneſs in a prince, was deem'd by all the *Salentines* as the act of a great ſoul, which raiſes it ſelf above paſt miſcarriages by freely owning them, in order to redreſs them. Every one wept for joy to ſee again this honeſt man, who lov'd the people, and to hear the king ſpeak with ſo much diſcretion and humanity.

Philocles, in a reſpectful modeſt manner receiv'd the king's careſſes, and was very impatient to ſteal away from the acclamations of the people: He follow'd the king to the palace, where *Mentor* and he were preſently grown as intimate as if they had paſs'd their whole life together, tho' they had never ſeen one another before; for the Gods, who have deny'd eyes to the wicked to diſcern good men, have given eyes to good men whereby to know one another. Thoſe who have any reliſh of virtue, cannot be long together without contracting a friendſhip. Not long after, *Philocles* begg'd of the king, that he might retire to ſome private place near *Salentum*, where he might continue to live in the ſame manner he did at *Samos*. The king and *Mentor* us'd to go and ſee him almoſt every day in his ſolitude; and there they conſulted the proper means of ſtrengthening

ening the laws, and of eſtabliſhing a ſolid rm of government for the publick good.

The two principal things they conſider'd, ere the education of children, and the way f living in time of peace. As for children, *entor* ſaid, they belong leſs to their pants than to the publick; they are the ildren of the people; they are the hope d ſtrength of the body politick: It is too te to correct them when they are ſpoilt; is inſignificant to exclude them from emloyments, when they have made themſelves nworthy of them; it is better by far to preent the miſchief, than be forc'd to puniſh . A king, added he, who is father of all is people, is yet more particularly the faer of all the youth, who are the bloſſom of nation; and it is in the bloſſom that fruits e prepar'd. Let not the king therefore ſdain to watch over them himſelf, and to uſe others to do the like in the educating f them: Let them ſee that the laws of *ſinos* be ſtrictly obſerv'd, which ordain, that ildren be bred up to deſpiſe pain and eath; that honour be plac'd in a neglect f pleaſures and riches; that injuſtice, lyg, ingratitude, and ſlothfulneſs be acounted infamous; that from their tendereſt fancy they be taught to ſing the praiſes of e heroes who were belov'd of the Gods, ho have perform'd generous actions for

their

their country, and who have diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in battle: Let the charms of muſick ſeize their ſouls, in order to ſoften and purify their manners; let them learn to be tender of their friends; faithful to their allies, equitable to all men, even to their moſt cruel enemies; let them learn to be more afraid of the ſtings of conſcience than of death itſelf, and all manner of torments. If children early imbibe theſe noble maxims, and if thoſe are inſtill'd into them with the charms of muſick, there will be but few who ſhall not be inflam'd with the love of glory and virtue.

Mentor added, That it was of the greateſt importance to inſtitute publick ſchools, to accuſtom the youth to manly exerciſes of the body, that they might not grow tender and lazy, which ſpoils the beſt diſpoſitions. He further adviſ'd to have a great variety of games and ſhows to animate the people, but more eſpecially to exerciſe their bodies, to render them active, ſupple, and vigorous, with rewards and prizes to ſtir up a noble emulation: But what he moſt deſir'd, for the encouragement of good manners, was, that young people ſhould marry betimes, and that their parents, without any ſordid views, ſhould leave them to chuſe their wives themſelves, ſuch as they thought moſt agreeable both in mind and body, and to whom they might be conſtant.

But while they were thus contriving to eep the youth chaſte, innocent, laborious, ractable, and fond of glory, *Philocles*, who elighted in war, ſaid to *Mentor*: In vain o you employ youth in all thoſe exerciſes, you ſuffer them to languiſh in a continual ace without any experience in war, or oc-ſion to exert their valour: by this you ill inſenſibly weaken the nation; their irits will ſlacken; pleaſure will corrupt eir manners, and they will be expos'd to an eaſy conqueſt to other warlike nati-ns; and thus by endeavouring to ſhun the ils of war, they will fall into a miſerable rvitude.

Mentor reply'd, The evils of war are ſtill ore dreadful than you imagine. War drains ſtate, and puts it always in danger of be-g ruin'd, even while it is moſt victori-us: How advantagiouſly ſoever they may gin a war, they are never ſure of ending without being expos'd to the moſt tragi-l reverſes of fortune; whatever ſuperiority u have in fight, the ſmalleſt miſtake, a nick fear, a nothing ſnatches the victory t of your hands, and carries it to the emies. Nay, tho' you ſhould hold victo-chain'd, as it were, in your camp, you ſtroy your ſelf in deſtroying your enemy; u unpeople your country, leave the ground cultivated, interrupt commerce; nay, what

what is worſe, you weaken the beſt laws and tolerate the corruption of manners: the young men no longer apply themſelves to literature; preſſing neceſſity makes you connive at a pernicious licentiouſneſs among your troops; juſtice, order, every thing ſuffers in this confuſion. A king who ſheds the blood of ſo many men, and cauſes ſo many miſchiefs for the ſake of a little glory or to extend the limits of his kingdom, does not deſerve to attain the glory he is in purſuit of, but rather deſerves to loſe what he poſſeſſes, for uſurping that which does not belong to him.

But in this manner it is that you ſhould exerciſe the courage of a nation in time of peace. You have already taken notice of the exerciſes of the body, which we have eſtabliſh'd; and of exciting emulation by publick rewards; as likewiſe by the filling the childrens minds, almoſt from their cradle, with principles of glory and virtue by celebrating to muſick the greateſt actions of heroes: to which you may add, a ſober and laborious life. Furthermore, as ſoon as any one of your allies ſhall be engag'd in a war, you muſt ſend thither the flower of your youth, eſpecially thoſe who diſcover a genius for war, and who are moſt likely to improve by experience. Hereby you will maintain a high reputation among your

allies

lies; your friendſhip will be courted, nd they will be afraid to loſe it; and us, without having a war upon your own nds, you will always be ſtor'd with a ſea- n'd and an intrepid body of youth. Al- ough you enjoy peace at home, yet fail not treat honourably thoſe who have a talent r war; for the true way to avoid war, nd preſerve a laſting peace, is to cultivate ms, to honour men that are excellent that ay, and always to have ſome of your ſub- cts abroad train'd up in that profeſſion, at they may be acquainted with the rength, diſcipline, and manner of fighting the neighbouring countries: The true ay, in ſhort, to avoid war, is to be equal- remote from beginning one out of ambi- on, and from being afraid of it through eminacy. Thus, being always in a readi- eſs to go into it when neceſſity calls, you will rive to that paſs, as to be almoſt ever able prevent it.

As for your allies, when they are break- g out into a war with each other, it will your part to be mediator; and thereby ou will acquire a glory more ſolid and more ſting than the conquerors; you will gain e love and eſteem of ſtrangers; they will l of them ſtand in need of you, you will ign over them by the confidence they re- oſe in you, as you reign over your ſubjects

by

by authority. You will become the truſtee of all ſecrets, the arbiter of treaties, the maſter of all their hearts. Your fame will fly through the moſt diſtant countries, and your name will be like a delicious perfume that ſpreads itſelf round about through all nations. In ſuch circumſtances, if a neighbouring ſtate attacks you unjuſtly, they will always find you prepar'd to receive them; but, what is ſtill more advantagious to you, they will find you belov'd and ſuccour'd; all your neighbours will take the alarm upon your account, being perſuaded, that on your preſervation depends the common welfare. This is a bulwark more ſecure than the ſtrongeſt walls, and the moſt regular fortifications: this is true glory. But how few kings are there that know how to purſue it? nay, rather, how few are there that do not purſue the contrary? they run after a deceitful ſhadow, and leave behind them true honour, for want of knowing it.

After *Mentor* had ſpoke thus, *Philocles* look'd upon him with aſtoniſhment, and then caſt his eyes on the king: he was perfectly charm'd to ſee how greedily *Idomeneus* ſuck'd into his very ſoul the ſtream of wiſdom which flow'd from the mouth of that ſtranger.

Thus *Minerva*, in the ſhape of *Mentor*, did eſtabliſh in *Salentum* the moſt wholſome laws,

ws, and the moſt uſeful maxims of go-
rnment, no leſs to make the kingdom of
lomeneus proſperous and flouriſhing, than
ſhew *Telemachus*, at his return, a plain
ample, how far a wiſe adminiſtration con-
ibutes to render a people happy, and to
ocure to a good king a laſting repu-
ion.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS*

BOOK XV.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *being in the confederate camp gains the esteem of* Philoctetes, *who, at first was prepossessed against him, upon the score of* Ulysses *his father.* Philoctetes *relates to him his adventures, in which he intermixes the particulars of* Hercules's *death occasion'd by the poison'd gown which the centaur* Nessus *gave to* Dejanira; *and explains to him how he obtain'd from that hero his fatal arrows, without which the city of* Troy *could not be taken; How he was punish'd for having betray'd his secret, with all the ills that befel him in the isle of* Lemnos; *and how* Ulysses *employ'd* Neoptolemus *to engage him to go to the siege of* Troy, *where his wounds were cured by the sons of* Æsculapius.

Telemachus

BRITISH
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Telemachus *gains the Friendship of* Philoctetes

Telemachus in the mean while, ſignaliz'd his courage amidſt the dangers of the war. When he departed from *Salentum*, he made it chief ſtudy to gain the affection of the captains, whoſe reputation and experi- were at the heighth. *Neſtor*, who had re ſeen him at *Pylos*, and who had al- ys lov'd *Ulyſſes*, treated him as his own He gave him inſtructions, which he orc'd by divers examples; he related him all the adventures of his youth, the moſt remarkable things he had perform'd by the heroes of the laſt age. memory of this ſage old man, who liv'd three mens ages, was like a hiſtory ancient times, engrav'd on marble or

Philoctetes at firſt had not the ſame kind- for *Telemachus*: the hatred he had ſo long rtain'd in his heart againſt *Ulyſſes*, gave a coldneſs towards his ſon, and he could ſee without uneaſineſs what glories the ds ſeem'd to be preparing for this youth, make him equal to thoſe heroes, who had *Troy* in aſhes; but at length, *Telema-*'s moderation overcame all the reſent- nts of *Philoctetes*, and he could no longer bear loving a virtue ſo modeſt and ſweet. would often take *Telemachus*, and ſay to him,

him, My ſon, (for I no longer ſcruple to ca
you ſo) I own your father and my ſelf di
for a long time entertain a hatred again
each other; I own too, that after we had l
vell'd *Troy*'s proud walls to the ground, m
anger was not yet aſſuag'd; and when
ſaw you, I felt a reluctance to love virtue i
the ſon of *Ulyſſes*. I have often blam'd m
ſelf for it: but, after all, virtue, when it
gentle, ſimple, ingenuous and modeſt, is n
to be reſiſted by any thing. Then *Ph*
loctetes inſenſibly engaged himſelf to relate t
him, what it was that had kindled in h
heart ſo much hatred againſt *Ulyſſes*.

This ſtory, ſaid he, muſt be traced
little further up: I accompany'd in all h
travels the great *Hercules*, who deliver'd th
earth from ſo many monſters, and in com
pariſon of whom all other heroes were but a
a feeble bulruſh to a lofty oak, or the litt
birds to an eagle. That hero's misfortune
and mine, took riſe from a paſſion whic
occaſions the moſt terrible diſaſters, namely
Love. *Hercules*, who had overcome ſo man
monſters, could not maſter ſo ſhameful
paſſion, and became the laughing-ſtock o
that cruel boy *Cupid*: he could not with
out bluſhing call to mind, that he had onc
ſo far forgot his glory, as to work at th
ſpinning-wheel with *Omphale* queen of *Ly*
dia, like the moſt abject and moſt effeminat
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of all men, ſo great a command over him had a blind inconſiderate love. A hundred times has he confeſs'd to me, that this paſſage of his life had tarniſh'd his virtue, and almoſt defac'd the glory of all his labours. Nevertheleſs, ſuch is, O Gods! the weakneſs and inconſiſtency of men, who are ſo confident of themſelves, and yet reſiſt nothing. Alas! the great *Hercules* fell again into the ſnares of love, which he had ſo often deteſted. If he had been conſtant to *Dejanira* his wife, happy, exceeding happy had he been; but too ſoon the blooming youth of *Iole*, on whoſe face the graces were imprinted, ſtole away his heart. *Dejanira* burning with jealouſy, bethought her of the fatal garment which the centaur *Neſſus* had left her at his death, as an infallible way to revive the love of *Hercules*, whenever he ſeem'd to neglect her for another. But this garment, full of the venomous blood of the centaur, contain'd the poiſon of the darts with which that monſter had been pierc'd; for you know that the arrows with which *Hercules* kill'd this perfidious centaur, had been dipp'd in the blood of the *Lernæan* Hydra, which had tinctur'd them with ſo ſtrong a poiſon, that the wounds they made were incurable.

Hercules, having put on this garment, ſoon felt the devouring fire, which penetrated

into the very marrow of his bones. Mount *Oeta* reſounded with his horrible cries, which rung in the deepeſt vallies; the ſea it ſelf ſeem'd troubled at his groans, which far ſurpaſſed the bellowings of fierce bulls, in their combats. The unhappy *Lychas*, who had brought him the garment from *Dejanira*, preſuming to approach him, *Hercules* ſeiz'd him, in the heighth of his pain, whirl'd him round as a ſlinger does a ſtone, which he is going to throw at a great diſtance from him. Thus *Lychas*, being hurl'd from the top of a mountain by the ſtrong arm of *Hercules*, tumbled amidſt the waves of the ſea, where he was preſently chang'd into a rock, which ſtill preſerves its human ſhape, and which, being inceſſantly beaten by the angry billows, frightens from afar the wary pilots.

After the misfortune of *Lychas*, I judg'd it not ſafe to truſt my ſelf any longer with *Hercules*: I began now to think of hiding my ſelf in the deepeſt caverns of the earth. I obſerv'd how eaſily he with one hand pluck'd up by the roots the lofty firs and aged oaks, which for many centuries had defy'd the winds and ſtorms; and with the other he endeavour'd, but in vain, to tear from his back the fatal garment; which was glu'd to his ſkin, and as it were incorporated to his limbs. As he rent it, he tore off

ſkin and fleſh. His blood, in flowing ſtreams, moiſten'd the earth; at length, his virtue ſurmounting his pain, he cry'd out, Thou ſeeſt, my dear *Philoctetes*, the evils which the Gods make me ſuffer; they are juſt: I have offended them, I have violated conjugal love. After having overcome ſo many enemies, I have baſely ſuffer'd my ſelf to be vanquiſh'd by the love of a beautiful ſtranger. I periſh, and am content to periſh, to appeaſe the wrath of the Gods. But alas! my dear friend, whither flyeſt thou? 'tis true, the exceſs of my pain made me commit, upon the unhappy *Lychas*, an act of cruelty, which I upbraid my ſelf for: He was ignorant of the poiſon he had brought me; he did not deſerve the treatment I gave him: but doſt thou believe that I can forget the friendſhip I owe thee, or that I would take away thy life? no, ſure I ſhall never ceaſe to love *Philoctetes*: He ſhall receive into his boſom my ſoul that is now upon the wing, and he ſhall gather up my aſhes. Where art thou then, my dear *Philoctetes*? *Philoctetes*, the only hope that is left me here below!

At theſe words I ran towards him; he held out his arms to embrace me, but preſently drew them back, for fear he ſhould kindle in my breaſt the ſame devouring fire with which himſelf was burnt up. Alas! ſays he,

I dare not embrace thee; even that conſolation is no longer allow'd me! With that he gathers all the trees he had pluck'd up, and erected them into a funeral pile upon the top of the mountain: he calmly aſcends the pile, ſpreads the skin of the *Nemæan* lyon, with which he ſo long had wrapt his ſhoulders as a mantle, whilſt he travel'd from one corner of the earth to the other, to deſtroy monſters, and reſcue the unfortunate: He leans upon his club, and deſires me to ſet fire to the pile.

My hands, though trembling with horror, could not refuſe him this cruel office; for his life was now no longer a gift of the Gods, ſo irkſome was it to him: Nay, I fear'd leſt the extremity of his pain ſhould tranſport him to do ſome action unworthy of that virtue which had amaz'd the world. As ſoon as he ſaw the flame began to catch; Now, ſays he, my dear *Philoctetes*, I am convinc'd of the ſincerity of thy friendſhip; for thou loveſt my honour more than my life; may the Gods reward thee for it. I bequeath thee what I have moſt valuable on earth, namely, theſe arrows, that were dipt in the blood of the *Lernæan* Hydra. Thou knoweſt that the wounds they give are incurable; by them thou ſhalt be invincible as I have been, nor ſhall any mortal dare to attack you. Remember I die thy faithful friend

friend, and may'ſt thou never forget how dear thou haſt been to me. But if thou art really affected by my misfortunes, it is in thy power to give me one comfort, though it be the laſt; by promiſing never to diſcover to any mortal either my death, or the place where thou hideſt my aſhes. I promis'd him, nay, I ſwore it, and at the ſame time bedew'd his funeral pile with my tears. A flaſh of joy darted from his eyes, but on a ſudden a whirl of flame involv'd him round, ſtifled his voice, and robb'd me almoſt of the ſight of him; but yet I could ſee him through the flames, with a countenance as ſerene, as if he had been ſitting with his friends at a delicious banquet, crown'd with garlands, and cover'd with perfumes.

The fire quickly conſum'd his earthly and mortal part, and ſoon there remain'd nothing of what he had receiv'd at his birth from his mother *Alcmena*: but by the decree of *Jupiter*, he ſtill preſerv'd that ſubtile and immortal ſubſtance, that celeſtial ſpark, which is the true principle of life, and which he had receiv'd from the father of the Gods; and ſo with them he went under the gilded arches of bright *Olympus*, to quaff nectar, and there the Gods gave him to wife the lovely *Hebe*, who is the Goddeſs of youth, and whoſe office was to fill nectar to *Jupiter*, before *Ganymede* was promoted to that honour.

As to my ſelf, the arrows, which he left me with a deſign to raiſe me above all heroes, have been an inexhauſtible fountain of ſorrows to me; for now the confederate kings had undertaken to revenge *Menelaus* upon the infamous *Paris* for the rape of *Helena*, and to overturn the empire of *Priam*. The oracle of *Apollo* gave them to underſtand, that they were not to expect a happy iſſue of the war, unleſs they could get the arrows of *Hercules*.

Your father *Ulyſſes*, who was always the moſt penetrating and the moſt active in all the counſels, took upon him to perſuade me to go with them to the ſiege of *Troy*, and to bring along with me thoſe arrows, which he believ'd were in my poſſeſſion. It was now a long time ſince *Hercules* had diſappear'd, nor was there any mention of any new exploit of that hero; monſters and villains began now again to ſhew their heads with impunity: the *Greeks* knew not what to think of him; ſome ſaid he was dead; others affirm'd, that he was gone under the northern bear, to ſubdue the *Scythians*; but *Ulyſſes* averr'd that he was dead, and undertook to make me own it. He came to me when as yet I was diſconſolate for the loſs of the great *Alcides*; he found it a hard matter to accoſt me, for the ſight of mankind was become intolerable to me;

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would not be taken from the deſarts of mount *Oeta*, where I had beheld the exit of my dear friend; my only ſtudy was to re-imprint on my mind the image of that hero, and I minded nothing but to weep at the ſight of that melancholy place: but ſoft and powerful perſuaſion flow'd from your father's lips; he ſeem'd almoſt as much afflicted as my ſelf; he ſhed tears, he knew how to get acceſs inſenſibly to my heart, and to engage me to confide in him: he raiſed in me a concern for the *Grecian* kings, who were going to fight in a juſt cauſe, and who could not proſper without me. Yet could he not extort from me the ſecret of *Hercules*'s death, which I had ſworn never to mention; but he, no longer doubting of his death, preſs'd me to reveal the place where I had hid his aſhes.

Alas! I was ſeiz'd with horror at the thought of revealing a ſecret, which I had promis'd to the Gods never to diſcloſe; but not daring to violate my oath, I was ſo weak as to elude it; for which the Gods have puniſh'd me. I ſtamp'd with my foot upon the place where I had hid the aſhes of *Hercules*. Afterwards I went and join'd the confederate kings, who receiv'd me with the ſame joy, as they would have done *Hercules* himſelf: as I paſs'd through the iſle of *Lemnos*, I had a mind to ſhew the *Greeks* the efficacy,

of my arrows, and preparing to let fly at a buck that ruſh'd into a wood, I heedleſly dropt the arrow, which lighting on my foot, gave me a wound which ſtill pains me. I preſently felt the ſame torments *Hercules* had ſuffer'd: I night and day fill'd the iſland with my groans; black and corrupted gore iſſuing from my wound, infected the very air, and ſpread through the *Grecian* camp, a ſtench that was capable of ſuffocating the moſt healthy men. The whole army was ſeiz'd with horror to ſee me in that agony, each taking it for granted that it was a curſe ſent down upon me by the righteous Gods.

Ulyſſes, who had drawn me into the war, was the firſt that forſook me: I afterwards underſtood that he did ſo becauſe he preferr'd the common intereſt of *Greece*, and the victory they had ſo much at heart, to all the conſiderations of friendſhip, or private regards. It was now grown impoſſible to ſacrifice in the camp; ſo much did the horror and infection of my wound, and the violence of my groans diſturb the whole army. But when I perceiv'd my ſelf abandon'd by all the *Greeks* thro' the advice of *Ulyſſes*, that piece of policy ſeem'd to me to be full of the moſt barbarous cruelty and blacked treachery. Alas! I was blinded, and did not ſee that I had juſtly incurr'd the diſplea-

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ſure of all wiſe and good men, as well as of the Gods whom I had offended!

I continued, during almoſt the whole ſiege of *Troy*, deſtitute of ſuccour, without hope, without help to eaſe my pain, exceſſively tormented in that deſart and ſavage iſland, where nothing was to be heard but the roaring billows daſhing againſt the rocks. In this ſolitary place I found a cave within a rock, which lifted up to the sky two high points like two heads: from this rock iſſu'd a cryſtal ſpring; the cave was the uſual retreat of wild beaſts, to whoſe fury I was night and day expos'd; my bed conſiſted of what leaves I could pick up; all my furniture was a wooden box coarſely wrought, and ſome tatter'd cloaths, with which I bound up my wound to ſtop the blood, and which I likewiſe us'd to clean it. Here, abandon'd by mankind, and deliver'd over to the anger of the Gods, I ſpent my time in piercing with my arrows the pigeons, and other birds which flew about the rock. When I kill'd any bird for my ſuſtenance, I was forc'd to crawl along the ground in a painful manner, to take up my prey: and thus my hands prepared my ſubſiſtence.

The *Greeks* did indeed leave me ſome proviſions, but they laſted not long. I us'd to light me a fire with ſome flints. This life,

as dreadful as it was, would have ſeem'd pleaſant, in that it was remote from ungrateful and deceitful men, had I not been quite overcome with the extremity of the pain, and the continual remembrance of my ſad diſaſter. How! ſaid I, to entice a man from his own country, as the only perſon that was capable to revenge the quarrel of *Greece*, and then to leave him in this deſart iſland while he was aſleep! for ſo I was when the *Greeks* departed. You may judge of my ſurprize when I wak'd; and how bitterly I wept when I ſaw the fleet ſailing away. Alas! where-ever I caſt my eyes I met with nothing but ſorrow. That horrid iſland has neither harbour, commerce, nor hoſpitality; nor did ever man voluntarily land upon it: None came there but what were driven by ſtorms, and no other company is to be expected but what is forc'd thither by ſhipwreck; nor even did ſuch dare to carry me away along with them, being afraid both of the anger of the Gods, and of the *Greeks*. Thus ten long years I ſuffer'd pain and hunger: I nouriſh'd a wound that devour'd me; and even hope it ſelf was quite extinguiſh'd in my breaſt.

One day, returning from ſeeking ſome medicinal plants for my wound, I was ſurpriz'd to ſee in my cave a young man of a handſom and graceful mien, but withal haughty

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and of an heroick aſpect: he ſeem'd to me to be *Achilles* by his features, look, and gate; but his age gave me to underſtand that it could not be him. His eyes expreſſed both compaſſion and confuſion: he was mov'd with pity at ſeeing me crawl along in that miſerable condition: the piercing cries and doleful ſhrieks, with which I made the echoing ſhores reſound, melted his very heart.

Being at ſome diſtance from him: O ſtranger, ſaid I, what misfortune has brought thee into this uninhabited iſland? I know that *Greek* habit, that habit ſtill ſo dear to me. O how I long to hear thy voice, and to find upon thy lips that language which I learnt from my infancy, and which I for ſo long a time have been debarr'd from talking my ſelf in this ſolitude; be not affrighted to ſee ſo wretched a creature, ſince thou oughteſt rather to pity him.

Scarce had *Neoptolemus* ſaid that he was a *Greek*, when I cry'd out, O ſweet word, after ſo many years of ſilence and comfortleſs pain! O my ſon, what diſaſter, what tempeſt, or rather what propitious wind has brought thee hither to put an end to my miſery? He anſwer'd, I am of the iſland of *Scyros*, thither I am returning; 'tis ſaid I am the ſon of *Achilles*, thou knoweſt that beſt.

So ſhort an account did not ſatisfy my curioſity: therefore I ſaid to him, O ſon of a father whom I ſo much lov'd: the dear charge of *Lycomedes*, how cam'ſt thou hither? And from whence com'ſt thou? He anſwer'd me, that he came from the ſiege of *Troy*. Thou wert not, ſaid I, in the firſt expedition. And wert thou there, reply'd he? I anſwer'd him; I ſee thou art a ſtranger both to the name and misfortunes of *Philoctetes*. Alas! how unhappy am I? my perſecutors inſult over me in my affliction! *Greece* is ignorant of what I ſuffer, which heightens my grief: The *Atrides* have brought me to this; may the Gods repay them!

Afterwards I inform'd him how the *Greeks* had forſaken me. As ſoon as he had heard the relation of my misfortunes, he began his own. After the death of *Achilles*, ſaid he —— Here I interrupted him; What! *Achilles* dead! pardon me, my ſon, if I interrupt your relation with the tears I owe your father. *Neoptolemus* anſwer'd me, 'Tis a comfort to me that you interrupt me. O how agreeable is it to me, to ſee *Philoctetes* bewail my father!

Neoptolemus reſuming his diſcourſe, ſaid, After the death of *Achilles*, *Ulyſſes* and *Phœnix* ſought me out, affirming that the city of *Troy* could not be overthrown without me: I needed no great perſuaſion to go along

along with them, for my grief for the death of *Achilles*, and a deſire to inherit his glory in that renown'd war, were ſufficient inducements to follow them. I arrived at the camp, the army gathers round about me; every one ſwore they ſaw *Achilles* again, but, alas! he was no more. Young and unexperienced as I was, I thought I might promiſe myſelf any thing from thoſe who prais'd me ſo highly. Immediately I demanded of the *Atrides* my father's arms; to which they made me this barbarous reply; Thou ſhalt have every thing elſe that belonged to thy father, but as for his arms, they are deſtin'd for *Ulyſſes*.

With this I was mightily diſturb'd; I wept, I grew paſſionate; but *Ulyſſes*, without any concern, ſaid to me; Young man, thou haſt had no ſhare in the perils of this long ſiege; thou haſt not therefore merited ſuch arms, and thou beginneſt too ſoon to talk ſo big: thou never ſhalt have the arms Thus being unjuſtly robbed by *Ulyſſes*, I am now returning into the iſland of *Scyros*, not ſo much incens'd againſt *Ulyſſes* as againſt the *Atrides*. May the Gods ever befriend their enemies! O *Philoctetes*, I have ſaid all.

Hereupon I ask'd *Neoptolemus*, How it came to paſs, that *Telemonian Ajax* did not hinder ſuch a piece of injuſtice. He is dead, anſwer'd he. Dead! cry'd I; and is *Ulyſſes* alive

alive and prosperous in the army? Then I ask'd him news of *Antilochus*, the wise *Nestor*'s son, and *Patroclus*, the favourite of *Achilles*. They are dead too, said he. Then cry'd I out again; Alas! what dost thou tell me? Thus cruel war mows down the good, and spares the wicked. *Ulysses* still lives, and so does *Thersites* no doubt! these are the doings of the Gods; and yet we continue to praise them!

Whilst I was in this rage against your father, *Neoptolemus* carry'd on the cheat, and added these melancholy words: I am going to live contented in the savage isle of *Scyros*, far from the *Grecian* army, where evil prevails above good: adieu, I am gone, may the Gods restore you to your health! Hereupon I said to him: O my son, I conjure thee by the *Manes* of thy father, and by thy mother, by all that is dear and precious to thee in the world, leave me not alone in this extremity of pain and sorrow. I am not ignorant how burthensome I shall be to you; but it were a dishonourable thing to forsake me: take me into your ship, and let me lie at the prow, at the stern, nay, in the very sink, or where I shall least incommode you. None but great souls relish the pleasure of doing good: do not leave me in a desart, where there is not the least footstep of a man: carry me into your own country,

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r into *Eubœa*, which is not far from mount
Oeta, nor from *Trachyne*, and the agreeable
anks of the river *Sperchius*. Send me back
o my father: alas! I fear he is dead; I ſent
o him to deſire that he would diſpatch a
hip to me; either he is dead, or thoſe who
romis'd to carry the meſſage have not de-
ver'd it. O my ſon, thou art the only
efuge I have: remember the inſtability of
uman affairs; he that is in proſperity ought
o be afraid of abuſing it, and to ſuccour the
nfortunate.

This was what the exceſs of my grief made
ne ſay to *Neoptolemus*; and he promis'd to car-
y me along with him. Then I burſt into ex-
lamations again: O bleſſed day! O lovely
Neoptolemus, worthy of thy father's glory!
ear companions of this voyage, allow me
o bid adieu to this melancholy abode; ſee
here I have liv'd, conſider what I have ſuf-
er'd; no other could have endur'd it; but
eceſſity has inſtructed me, and 'tis neceſſity
hat teaches mankind what they would never
arn without her. Thoſe that have never
een in tribulation, know nothing; they can-
ot diſtinguiſh between good and evil, they
re unacquainted with mankind, and even
ith themſelves. After I had thus ſpoken,
took my bow and my arrows.

Neoptolemus deſir'd me to let him kiſs thoſe
elebrated arms, which had been conſecrated
by

by the invincible *Hercules*. I can refuſe thee nothing, ſaid I to him; 'tis thou, O my ſon, who reſtoreſt to me the light, my country, my aged father, my friends, and my ſelf. You may freely touch theſe arms, and boaſt that thou art the only *Greek* that ever deſerved that honour. With that *Neoptolemus* enter'd my grotto to admire my arms.

Mean while, I am ſeiz'd with an exceſſive pain, I grow diſtracted, and know not what I do; I ask for a ſharp-edg'd ſword to cut off my foot; I cry out, O death, ſo much deſir'd, why comeſt thou not! O beloved youth, burn me inſtantly as I burnt the ſon of *Jupiter!* receive, O earth, a dying wretch, that cannot any more raiſe himſelf from thee! After this fit of exquiſite pain, of a ſudden I fell, as I us'd to do, into a deep ſwoon, and began to be eaſed by a plentiful ſweating; whilſt a black corrupted ſtream of blood iſſued from my wound. While I was aſleep, it had been eaſy for *Neoptolemus* to have carried off my arms and gone away; but he was the ſon of *Achilles*, and uncapable of guile. When awaked, I perceiv'd the confuſion he was in; he ſigh'd like one that knows not how to diſſemble, and who acts againſt his conſcience. Wilt thou then ſurprize me, ſaid I to him? What is the matter? Thou muſt follow me, ſaid he, to the ſiege of *Troy*. Alas, reply'd I, what

hat ſay'ſt thou, my ſon? Reſtore me my ow; I am betray'd, rob me not of my fe. To this he made no return, but look'd n me calmly, and without any concern. O ou ſhores and promontories of this iſland! you wild beaſts and ſteep rocks! 'Tis to ou I complain; for to none other can I omplain: You are accuſtom'd to my groan-ngs: Muſt I be betray'd by the ſon of *Achil-s*, who robs me of the ſacred bow of *Hercu-s*, and would drag me to the camp of the *Greeks* to triumph over me? He conſiders not hat it is triumphing over a dead corpſe, a ghoſt, an empty ſhadow! O had he attack'd ne in my full ſtrength! But yet at preſent, tis only by ſurprize! What ſhall I do? My ſon, reſtore me my bow: Act like thy fa-ther, like thy ſelf. What ſay'ſt thou? No-thing! O ſavage rock, to thee I return; na-ked, miſerable, forſaken, famiſh'd; in this cave muſt I pine away; being depriv'd of my bow to kill the wild beaſts, they will now devour me? No matter; but, my ſon, thou haſt not the look of an ill man; ſure thou art put upon this action; reſtore me my arms, and get thee gone.

Neoptolemus, with tears in his eyes, thus mutter'd to himſelf; Would to the Gods I had never parted from *Scyros!* Then I cry'd out: Alas! what is it I ſee! Is not that *Ulyſſes!* I immediately hear his voice, and he

he reply'd, Yes, it is I. If *Pluto*'s dusky realm had open'd itſelf, and I had ſeen the gloomy *Tartarus*, which the Gods themſelves are afraid to behold, I own I could not have been ſeiz'd with greater horror. Again I cry'd out, O land of *Lemnos*, be thou my witneſs! O ſun, doſt thou behold this, and ſuffer it? *Ulyſſes*, without emotion, anſwer'd, *Jupiter* will have it ſo, and I but execute the will of *Jupiter*: Dareſt thou, ſaid I, name *Jupiter*? Seeſt thou there that youth, who was not born to deceive, and to whom it is a pain to execute what thou obligeſt him to do? It is neither to cheat thee, ſaid *Ulyſſes*, nor to hurt thee, that we come hither; it is to deliver thee, to cure thy wounds, to give thee the glory of overthrowing *Troy*, and to bring thee back into thy own country; it is your ſelf, and not *Ulyſſes*, that is *Philoctetes*'s enemy.

Hereupon I told your father all that an extravagant paſſion could ſuggeſt: Since thou didſt abandon me on this ſhore, ſaid I to him, why doſt not thou ſuffer me to live here in peace? Go, ſeek renown in battle, and enjoy the delights of life; enjoy thy good fortune with the *Atrides*; do not envy me my miſery and pain. Why would you carry me off? I am nothing, I am already dead; haſt thou not the ſame reaſon now to believe, as thou hadſt heretofore, that I am not in a condition

ondition to go, and that my cries, and the fection of my wound, will diſturb the crifices? O *Ulyſſes*, author of all my affli-tion, may the Gods —— But the Gods no onger hear me; on the contrary they ſtir up y enemy againſt me. O my native land, hich I ſhall never ſee again! O ye Gods, if here be yet any one amongſt you juſt enough o take compaſſion on me, puniſh *Ulyſſes*, hen I ſhall think my ſelf cur'd of all my ilments.

Whilſt I thus ſpoke, your father look'd n me with an air of compaſſion, like one, ho far from being provoked, bears with nd excuſes the paſſion, and diſorder of an nfortunate wretch. He look'd like a rock pon the top of a mountain, which defies he fury of the winds, and lets them ſpend heir rage, whilſt it remains immoveable; o your father waited in ſilence till my rath was exhauſted; well knowing that to ring men to reaſon, their paſſions muſt ot be attack'd till they begin to grow eak, and ſlacken as it were through weari-neſs. Afterwards he ſaid theſe words to me; O *Philoctetes*, what is become of your rea-ſon and courage? Now is the occaſion to uſe it. If you refuſe to go along with us to accompliſh the great deſign of *Jupiter*, in re-ference to your ſelf, farewell; you are un-worthy to be the deliverer of *Greece*, and the

de-

deſtroyer of *Troy*. Continue at *Lemnos*. Theſe arms that I carry off ſhall give me that renown which was deſtin'd for you. Come, *Neoptolemus*, let us be gone; 'tis in vain to ſpeak to him; our compaſſion for one ſingle man muſt not make us forego the welfare of all *Greece*.

Then I felt my ſelf like a lioneſs that had been juſt robb'd of her young; and who with her roaring makes the foreſt tremble. O cave, ſaid I, I will never quit thee, thou ſhalt be my grave! O thou manſion of ſorrow, I have now no longer means to ſubſiſt me, nor any hope left; who will give me a ſword to ſtab my ſelf? O that the birds of prey would devour me! I ſhall hurt them no more with my arrows! O precious bow, conſecrated by the hands of the ſon of *Jupiter!* O dear *Hercules*, if thou haſt ſtill any ſentiment left, art thou not fill'd with indignation at this? Thy bow is now no longer in the hands of thy faithful friend, but in the impure and treacherous hands of *Ulyſſes*. Birds of prey, wild beaſts, fly no more from this cave; my hands are no longer arm'd with arrows! I can no longer hurt you: Come then and devour me, or rather may the thunder of mercileſs *Jove* daſh me in pieces!

Your father having try'd all other means of perſuaſion, at laſt thought it better to re-

ſtore

ore me my arms, and made a ſign to *Neo-*
olemus, who reſtor'd them to me immedi-
ely. Then ſaid I to him, Now thou ſhew'ſt
y ſelf the ſon of *Achilles*; but ſuffer me to
ierce my enemy to the heart. Then I was
oing to let fly an arrow at your father, but
eoptolemus ſtop'd me, ſaying, Anger clouds
our reaſon, and hinders you from ſeeing
e unworthineſs of the action you are going
o commit.

As for *Ulyſſes*, he appear'd as unconcern'd
t my arrows, as at my invectives. I was
eeply affected with that intrepidity and pa-
ence: I was aſham'd of attempting, in the
rſt tranſport of my paſſion, to kill him with
e weapons which he had caus'd to be re-
or'd to me: but as my reſentment was
ot yet appeas'd, I was vex'd that I ſhould
we ſuch a reſtitution to a man whom I ſo
uch hated. In the mean time, *Neoptolemus*
id to me; Know that the divine *Helenus*,
n of *Priam*, having come out from the city
f *Troy*, by the order and inſpiration of the
ods, hath unveil'd to us the myſteries of
uturity. The unhappy *Troy*, ſaid he, ſhall
ll, but not before 'tis attack'd by him who
eeps the arrows of *Hercules*: Nor ſhall that
an be ever reſtor'd to health, till he come
efore the walls of *Troy*, where the ſons of
Eſculapius ſhall cure him.

At this moment I was divided in my
thoughts.

thoughts. I was mov'd with the ingenuouſ neſs of *Neoptolemus*, and his honeſty in re ſtoring my bow: but I could not tell hov to ſubmit to *Ulyſſes*, and a miſtaken ſham kept me in ſuſpence: Muſt I then be ſeen again, ſaid I to my ſelf, in the company o *Ulyſſes* and the *Atrides*? what will peopl think of me?

Whilſt I was in this uncertainty, on ſudden I heard a ſupernatural voice: I ſa *Hercules* in a ſhining cloud, incircled wit rays of glory: I preſently knew again h maſculine features, his robuſt limbs, an his plain manner; but he appear'd with majeſty and a loftineſs which he never uſe to wear when he was taming of monſters up on the earth. He ſaid to me:

'Tis *Hercules* whom thou heareſt and ſeeſt I have quitted the high *Olympus* to declare t thee the orders of *Jupiter*: Thou know by what labours I purchas'd immortality thou muſt go with the ſon of *Achilles* t trace my ſteps in the road of glory: tho ſhalt be cur'd, thou ſhalt pierce with m arrows *Paris*, the author of ſo much mi chief. After the taking of *Troy* thou ſha ſend the rich ſpoils to *Pœan*, thy father, up on mount *Oeta*. Theſe ſpoils ſhall be plac upon my tomb, as a monument of th victory owing to my arrows. And tho O ſon of *Achilles*, I tell thee, that thou can

not be victorious without *Philoctetes*, nor *Philoctetes* without thee. Go then, like two lyons, that ſeek their prey together: I will ſend *Æſculapius* to *Troy* to cure *Philoctetes*. Above all, O ye *Greeks*, love and obſerve religion: all other things are periſhable, but this endures for ever.

When I had heard theſe words, I cry'd out, O happy day! O pleaſing light, that after ſo many years doſt ſhew thy ſelf at laſt! I obey thee, I depart as ſoon as I have bid farewel to theſe places. Adieu, dear cave, adieu thou nymph of theſe watry meadows. I ſhall no more hear the hollow noiſe of the billows of this ſea. Adieu, thou ſhore, where I have ſo often endur'd the inclemencies of the weather. Adieu, promontories, where eccho ſo often repeated my groans! adieu, ye fountains, ſweet in your ſelves, but bitter to me. Adieu, O *Lemnos*; let me depart propitiouſly, ſince I go whither I am call'd by the Gods and my friends.

After this we departed, and arriv'd at the ſiege of *Troy*. *Machaon* and *Podalyrius*, by the divine art of their father *Æſculapius*, cur'd me, or at leaſt put me in the condition you now ſee me: I feel no more pain, I have recover'd my uſual vigour, but I am ſomewhat lame. *Paris* fell by my hand, as a fearful fawn pierc'd with the arrows of the hunter. *Ilium* was ſoon reduc'd to aſhes:

You

You know the reſt. Nevertheleſs, I ſti
retain'd ſome averſion to the ſage *Ulyſſe*
through the remembrance of my paſt ſuffer
ings, and my reſentment was beyond th
power of his virtue to appeaſe: But th
ſight of a ſon who reſembles him, and whom
I cannot forbear loving, begets a tenderne
in me even for the father himſelf.

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Telemachus *gets the better of* Hippias.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *quarrels with* Phalantus *about the property of ſome priſoners: he fights and overcomes* Hippias, *who deſpiſing his youth, boldly ſeized thoſe priſoners for his brother* Phalantus; *but being little ſatisfied with his victory, he ſecretly bemoans his raſhneſs and fault, which he would fain retrieve. At the ſame time* Adraſtus *king of the* Daunians, *being inform'd that the confederate allies are wholly employ'd in making up the quarrel between* Telemachus *and* Hippias, *goes and attacks them at unawares. After having ſurpriz'd an hundred of their ſhips in order to tranſport his troops into their camp, he ſets them on fire; begins the attack by* Phalantus's *quarter, kills his brother* Hippias, *and* Phalantus *himſelf receives many wounds.*

WHILST *Philoctetes* was thus relating his misfortunes, *Telemachus* continued as it were ſuſpended and motionleſs; his eyes being wiſtfully fix'd upon the great man that ſpoke. All the different paſſions that had work'd the ſouls of *Hercules*, *Philoctetes*, *Ulyſſes*, *Neoptolemus*, appear'd in their turns, upon the innocent countenance of *Telemachus*, as they were one after another repreſented to him. During the narration, he would ſometimes cry out and interrupt *Philoctetes* without thinking: ſometimes he would ſeem thoughtful, as a man deeply intent on the iſſue of ſome important affair. Whilſt *Philoctetes* was deſcribing the confuſion of *Neoptolemus*, who was incapable of diſſimulation, *Telemachus* ſeem'd to be under the ſame confuſion, and in that moment one would have taken him for *Neoptolemus*.

Mean while, the confederate army was marching in good order againſt *Adraſtus* king of the *Daunians*, a deſpiſer of the Gods, and a deceiver of mankind. *Telemachus* found it no eaſy task to keep fair with ſo many kings jealous of one another: it behoved him to give none of them any occaſion of ſuſpicion, but to make himſelf beloved by them all: he was naturally of an ope

open, well-meaning diſpoſition, but not over-courteous or endearing: he was not ſolicitous to oblige others: he was not fond of riches, but neither did he care to part with them. Thus with a noble and honeſt heart, he ſeem'd neither obliging nor ſenſible of friendſhip, nor liberal, nor mindful to make returns for the care others took of him, nor attentive to diſtinguiſh merit. He follow'd his humour without reflection: his mother *Penelope* had, in ſpite of *Mentor*, brought him up in pride and haughtineſs of temper, which tarniſh'd every thing that was amiable in him: he look'd upon himſelf as made of different mould from the reſt of mankind, who ſeem'd to him to be created by the Gods for no other end but to pleaſe and ſerve him; nay, even to anticipate his very deſires, and refer all things to him as a deity. The happineſs of ſerving him was, he thought, a ſufficient recompence for ſo doing. Nothing was ever to be thought impoſſible when he was to be gratify'd; the leaſt delay irritated his ardent temper.

Had any one ſeen him thus in his natural diſpoſition, they would have thought him incapable of loving any thing but himſelf, and that he was affected with nothing but his own vain-glory and pleaſure: but this indifference for others, and continual regard for himſelf, proceeded from nothing but the

continual hurry and violence of his paſſions. He had, from his cradle, been indulg'd by his mother, who humour'd him in every thing, and he was a remarkable inſtance of the unhappineſs of thoſe who are high born. The ſeverities of fortune, which he felt in his greeneſt years, had not moderated that impetuoſity and haughtineſs of his temper; though ſtript of every thing, abandon'd, expoſed to ſo many miſeries, yet he abated nothing of his pride: it would ſtill raiſe itſelf like a palm-tree, after all the attempts to preſs it down.

Theſe faults did not ſhew themſelves in *Mentor*'s company, but abated daily; juſt as a fiery courſer ſcouring through the ſpacious fields, whom neither rocks nor precipices, nor torrents can ſtop, is obedient only to the voice and hand of one man, who knows how to tame him; ſo *Telemachus*, full of noble ardour, could be kept in by none but the wiſe *Mentor*: a look from him was able to ſtop him in his moſt impetuous career; he preſently knew the meaning of each glance; and at that moment would ſummon all his virtuous ſentiments. Wiſdom in an inſtant would render his countenance cool and ſerene: *Neptune* does not more ſuddenly appeaſe the hideous tempeſt, when with his lifted trident he threatens the raging billows.

When

When *Telemachus* found himſelf alone, all his paſſions that had been ſuſpended, like a torrent ſtopt by a ſtrong bank, would take their natural courſe: he could not endure the arrogance of the *Lacedæmonians*, nor of *Phalantus* who was at their head. This colony, which came to found the city of *Tarentum*, was compos'd of young men, born during the ſiege of *Troy*, who had had no education: the illegitimacy of their birth, the incontinence of their mothers, and the licentiouſneſs in which they had been brought up, gave them a ſort of wildneſs and barbarity, reſembling rather a gang of robbers than a *Grecian* colony.

Phalantus was ever upon the catch to contradict *Telemachus*, and would often interrupt him in the publick aſſemblies, deſpiſing his counſels, as thoſe of a raw unexperienced man: he was always joking upon him, treating him as if he had been puſillanimous and effeminate: he expos'd his ſmalleſt failings to the chief officers of the army, endeavouring to ſow jealouſy every where, and to make the haughtineſs of *Telemachus* odious to all the confederates.

One day *Telemachus* having taken ſome *Daunian* priſoners, *Phalantus* pretended they belong'd to him, alledging it was he, who at the head of his *Lacedæmonians* had defeated that party of the enemy, and that *Telemachus*

having found the *Daunians* already vanquiſh'd and put to flight, had no other trouble but that of giving them quarter, and carrying them into the camp. *Telemachus* affirm'd on the contrary, that he had ſav'd *Phalantus* from being beaten, and had obtain'd the victory over the *Daunians*. They both pleaded their cauſe in the aſſembly of the confederate princes, where *Telemachus* was ſo tranſported with paſſion, that he gave *Phalantus* threatning language, and they had immediately come to blows, if they had not been hinder'd.

Phalantus had a brother, whoſe name was *Hippias*, fam'd throughout the army for his valour, ſtrength and dexterity. *Pollux*, ſaid the *Tarentines*, was not a better combatant at the *Cæſtus*; nor could *Caſtor* outdo him in managing a horſe. He had almoſt the ſtature and ſtrength of *Hercules*; the whole army fear'd him; for he was yet more quarrelſome and brutal, than ſtrong and valiant.

Hippias, when he ſaw how haughtily *Telemachus* had treated his brother, haſtens away to carry off the priſoners to *Tarentum*, without waiting for the ſentence of the aſſembly. *Telemachus*, upon ſecret intimation of it, goes out in a rage, like a foaming boar, that turns upon the huntſman who had wounded him; you might ſee him roving up and down the camp,

camp, throwing his eyes about to find out his enemy, brandiſhing the dart with which he reſolv'd to pierce him. At laſt meeting him, that ſight redoubled his rage.

He now ceaſed to be the wiſe *Telemachus*, inſtructed by *Minerva* in the ſhape of *Mentor*: he was like a madman, or a furious lyon. He immediately cries out to *Hippias*: Stay, thou baſeſt of all mortals! ſtay, we'll ſee if thou dareſt rob us of the ſpoils of our victory. Thou ſhalt not carry them to *Tarentum*: go, deſcend this moment to the gloomy banks of *Styx*. He ſpoke, and flung his dart, but with ſo much fury that he could take no aim, and the dart touch'd not *Hippias*. Immediately *Telemachus* lays his hand upon his ſword, whoſe hilt was of gold, and which *Laertes* had given him when he parted from *Ithaca*, as a pledge of his love. *Laertes* had us'd this ſword with great glory while he was young, and it was ſtain'd with the blood of many famous captains of the *Epirotes*, in a war wherein *Laertes* was victorious. Scarce had *Telemachus* drawn his ſword, when *Hippias*, reſolving to take the advantage of his own ſtrength, ruſh'd upon him, in order to force it from out of the hands of the young ſon of *Ulyſſes*. The ſword was broke betwixt them, upon which they ſeiz'd each other and cloſed; and now behold them like two wild beaſts ſeeking to

tear each other to pieces: their eyes ſtrike fire, they contract themſelves, then ſtretch their limbs; they ſtoop, they riſe again; they fly upon one another; they are eager for one another's blood. And now they come to blows, foot to foot, hand to hand, with their bodies ſo twiſted together, that they ſeem'd but one: but *Hippias*, who was of a more advanc'd age, ſeem'd to be an overmatch for *Telemachus*, who, by reaſon of his tender youth, was not ſo brawny and ſinewy as the other. By this time *Telemachus* being out of breath, felt his knees tremble; and *Hippias*, ſeeing him in a ſtaggering condition, redoubles his efforts. There had been an end of the ſon of *Ulyſſes*, and he had ſuffer'd the puniſhment due to his temerity, if *Minerva*, who at a diſtance watched over him, and left him in this extremity of danger only for his inſtruction, had not determined the victory in his favour.

She did not quit the palace of *Salentum*, but ſent *Iris*, the ſwift-wing'd meſſenger of the Gods, who cutting the immenſe extent of the air, and leaving behind her a long track of light, which painted a cloud of a thouſand different colours; ſhe reſted not herſelf till ſhe came to the ſhore, where was incamp'd the numberleſs army of the confederates. She at a diſtance beheld the conflict, the ardour and ſtrugglings of the two combatants;

batants; ſhe ſhiver'd at the ſight of the danger which threatn'd young *Telemachus*; ſhe draws near, wrapt in a bright cloud form'd of ſubtle vapours, at the very moment when *Hippias*, exerting his whole force, believ'd himſelf victorious: ſhe cover'd the young pupil of *Minerva* with the ſhield which the ſage goddeſs had entruſted to her. Immediately *Telemachus*, whoſe ſtrength was quite ſpent, began to recover new ſpirits; and as he reviv'd, the more *Hippias* was diſorder'd: he felt ſomething, as it were divine, that cruſh'd and amaz'd him. *Telemachus* bears hard upon him, attacks him, ſometimes in one poſture, ſometimes in another; he leaves him not a moment to recover himſelf; at laſt he throws him to the earth and falls upon him. A well grown oak of mount *Ida*, hew'd with a thouſand blows of the reſounding ax, makes not a more terrible noiſe in falling; the earth groan'd, and all things round about ſhook.

In the mean time *Telemachus* found himſelf repoſſeſſed of wiſdom as well as ſtrength. Scarce had *Hippias* touched the earth, but the ſon of *Ulyſſes* began to be ſenſible of the fault he had committed, in attacking thus the brother of one of the confederate kings whom he came to ſuccour. He called to mind with confuſion, the wiſe counſels of *Mentor*; he was aſham'd of the victory, and

was conſcious he rather deſerv'd to be vanquiſh'd. Mean while *Phalantus*, tranſported with rage, ran to ſuccour his brother, and had pierc'd *Telemachus* with a dart, if he had not been afraid at the ſame time to have hurt *Hippias*, whom *Telemachus* kept under him in the duſt. The ſon of *Ulyſſes* might eaſily have taken his enemy's life, but his wrath was aſſuag'd, and he thought of nothing now but repairing his fault, by ſhewing his moderation. Up he riſes, uttering theſe words: O *Hippias*, 'tis enough that I have taught thee not to deſpiſe my youth: live; I admire thy ſtrength and courage; the Gods have protected me, yield thou to their power, and now let us think of nothing but uniting our force againſt the *Daunians*. Whilſt *Telemachus* thus ſpoke, *Hippias* roſe up, beſmear'd with dirt and blood, and extremely enrag'd and aſham'd. *Phalantus*, not daring to take the life of him who had ſo generouſly given it to his brother, was quite beſide himſelf, and knew not what to do. All the confederate kings ran to the place: on the one ſide they carry off *Telemachus*, and on the other ſide *Phalantus* and *Hippias*, who was now ſo diſpirited that he durſt not lift up his eyes. The whole army could not ſufficiently admire *Telemachus*, who, at ſo tender an age before men arrive at their full ſtrength, was able to throw down *Hippias*, a man who

ſo

for ſtrength and bulk was like thoſe earth-born giants, who in times of old attempted to expel the immortal powers from *Olympus*.

But the ſon of *Ulyſſes* was very far from enjoying the pleaſure of his victory: and whilſt others thought they could never enough admire him, he withdrew into his tent, aſham'd of his fault; and being unable any longer to endure himſelf, he bemoan'd his raſhneſs: he was ſenſible how unjuſt and unreaſonable he was in his paſſion; he found a certain vanity, weakneſs, and ungenerouſneſs in that exceſſive pride of his: he acknowledg'd that true greatneſs was no where to be found but in moderation, juſtice, modeſty and humanity: all this he clearly ſaw, but he could not tell how to hope that he ſhould ever amend after ſo many relapſes: he was torn with inward conflicts, and you might hear him roar like a furious lyon.

Two days he continued ſhut up by himſelf in his tent, unable to go into any company, and tormenting himſelf. Alas! ſaid he, dare I ever look *Mentor* in the face again? Am I the ſon of *Ulyſſes*, the wiſeſt and moſt patient of men? Did I come hither to bring diſſention and diſorder into the confederate army? Is it their blood, or that of the *Daunians*, I ought to ſhed? I was raſh, I forgot how to lance my dart; I expos'd my

ſelf to *Hippias* with unequal ſtrength, and I could expect nothing but death, and the ſhame of being overcome: but what then? I ſhould no longer have been that thoughtleſs *Telemachus*, that hare-brain'd fool, that does not profit by any advice; then had my diſgrace and my life ended together. O could I but at leaſt hope that I ſhould never again commit the like fault, I ſhould ſtill be happy, too, too happy! But perhaps before night I may run into the ſame errors, which at this time fill me with ſo much horror and ſhame. O ſhameful victory! O diſagreeable applauſe! which indeed is nothing but a bitter reproach of my folly.

Whilſt he was thus alone and comfortleſs, *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes* came to him. *Neſtor* had purpoſed to remonſtrate to him how much he had been in the wrong; but the wiſe old man, ſoon finding the diſconſolateneſs of *Telemachus*, changed his grave reproof into expreſſions of tenderneſs to allay his grief.

The progreſs of the confederate princes was retarded by this quarrel, nor could they march towards the enemy till they had firſt reconciled *Telemachus* with *Phalantus* and *Hippias*: They were every moment afraid leſt the *Tarentine* troops ſhould fall upon the hundred young *Cretans*, who followed *Telemachus* in this war: Every thing was in

combuſtion

combuſtion through this ſingle overſight of *Telemachus*, who, being ſenſible that he was the author of ſo many preſent miſchiefs, and future dangers, gave himſelf up intirely to bitter ſorrowings. All the princes were under the greateſt perplexities: they durſt not march their army, leſt *Telemachus*'s *Cretans* and *Phalantus*'s *Tarentines* ſhould fall foul on one another by the way: and it was not without great difficulty they were reſtrained from attacking each other within the camp, where a ſtrict guard was kept over them. *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes* went inceſſantly to and fro, between the tent of *Telemachus* and that of the implacable *Phalantus*, who breathed nothing but revenge. Neither *Neſtor*'s ſoft eloquence, nor the authority of the great *Philoctetes*, could prevail upon his fierce ſtubborn heart, which was ſtill more incenſed by his brother *Hippias*'s enraged diſcourſe. *Telemachus* was indeed much more temperate, but overwhelm'd with a grief which refuſed all manner of conſolation.

Whilſt the princes were in this diſorder, all the troops were under an extreme conſternation: The whole camp looked like the houſe of mourning, that has juſt loſt the father of the family, the ſupport of all his relations, and the dear hopes of his little children.

During

During this agitation and conſternation in the army, there was heard, of a ſudden, the dreadful noiſe of ruſhing chariots, clattering arms, neighing horſes, and cryings of men; ſome as of conquerors bent on ſlaughter, others as of run-a-ways either dying or wounded. A whirling cloud of duſt cover'd the sky, and invellop'd all the camp: preſently to this duſt was joined a thick ſmoke that obſcur'd the air, and took away all reſpiration. There was heard a hollow noiſe like that of the whirls of flame which mount *Ætna* vomits from its burning entrails, when *Vulcan*, with his *Cyclops*, forges there thunderbolts for the father of the Gods. All hearts were ſeiz'd with terror.

The vigilant and indefatigable *Adraſtus* had, it ſeems, ſurprized the allies, having had intelligence of their march, and concealing his own. He had with incredible diligence march'd round an almoſt inacceſſible mountain, of which the allies had ſeiz'd moſt of the paſſes, and being poſſeſs'd thereof, thought themſelves not only perfectly ſecure, but fancy'd that when the other troops, which they expected, were come up, they ſhould be able, by theſe avenues, to fall on the enemy on the other ſide the mountain. *Adraſtus*, who ſpared no expence for intelligence, had been adviſed of this their reſolution: for *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes*, though in other things wiſe

and

and experienc'd, were not cloſe enough in their counſels. *Neſtor* being now in the decline of his age, took too much delight in recounting his former actions, thro' a fond deſire of praiſe. *Philoctetes* was by nature more reſerv'd; but was paſſionate; and upon the leaſt provocation of his haſty temper, he would blab out what he deſign'd to conceal. Cunning people by this means had found the key to his heart, whereby to come at all the moſt important ſecrets. They needed but to ſet him in a flame, then would he break out into threatning language, bragging of infallible means to compaſs his deſigns. If they ſeem'd in the leaſt to doubt of thoſe means, he would preſently, and without conſideration, fall to explaining them, and thus the neareſt and moſt intimate ſecret eſcaped from his heart, which was like a coſtly but leaky veſſel, that lets go the moſt delicious liquors.

The traytors that were corrupted by *Adraſtus*'s gold, did not fail taking advantage of the weakneſs of theſe two princes. They would be inceſſantly flattering *Neſtor* with vain praiſes; they repeated to him his paſt victories, admir'd his forecaſt, and ever applauded him. On the other hand, they laid continual ſnares for the impatient humour of *Philoctetes*; they talk'd of nothing to him but difficulties, diſappointments, dangers, inconveniencies,

conveniencies, and irretrievable overſights. As ſoon as his warm diſpoſition was once inflamed, his wiſdom deſerted him, and he was another man.

Telemachus, notwithſtanding the faults we have mentioned, was far more cloſe and wary in keeping a ſecret. He had been accuſtomed to ſecrecy by his misfortunes, and by being neceſſitated, even in his childhood, to hide his deſigns from *Penelope*'s lovers. He knew how to keep a ſecret, without telling any untruth; and yet could lay aſide that cloſe myſterious air, which is ſo common to people who are reſerv'd: he did not ſeem oppreſſed with the burthen of the ſecret which he kept; he always ſeem'd eaſy, natural, open, as one that carry'd his heart upon his lips. But at the ſame time that he would tell you every thing that was of no conſequence, he knew how to ſtop juſt in the nick, and without proceeding to thoſe things which might raiſe ſome ſuſpicion, and give a hint of his ſecret. By this means his heart was impenetrable and inacceſſible; nay, he never communicated, even to his beſt friends, but juſt ſo much as he thought was neceſſary, in order to have their good advice, and *Mentor* was the only perſon with whom he acted without reſerve: he did indeed place a confidence in ſome other friends, but then he obſerv'd different degrees of confidence,

confidence, according as he had met with proofs of their friendſhip and diſcretion.

Telemachus had often obſerv'd, that the reſolutions of the council were too ſoon and too much ſpread over the camp. He hinted this to *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes*; yet they, tho' men of ſuch great experience, did not give ſufficient regard to ſo wholeſome an intimation. Old age loſes all its ſuppleneſs, long habitude ties it down, as it were, in chains; there is no longer any remedy againſt its errors. Like full grown trees, whoſe rough and knotty trunk is hardened by years, and can never more be ſet ſtraight; ſo men at a certain age cannot any more unbend themſelves from thoſe cuſtoms which have grown up with them, and are, as it were, entered into the very marrow of their bones. Sometimes indeed they are conſcious of their faults, but too late; they in vain lament and bemoan themſelves; and tender youth is the only age wherein men have the power of correcting what is amiſs.

There was in the army a *Dolopian* named *Eurymachus*, a wheedling inſinuating ſycophant, who could adapt himſelf to the ſeveral humours of the princes, being ever ſtudious, and inventive of new ways to pleaſe them. To hear him ſpeak, nothing was ever hard to be compaſs'd; ask his advice, he preſently hit upon that which he thought would

would be moſt agreeable: he was a pleaſant drolling fellow, ever joking upon the weak, and complaiſant to thoſe he ſtood in awe of: he could ſo nicely ſeaſon his flattery, as to make it grateful even to the moſt modeſt. He was grave with the grave, and ſprightly with the jovial. He could at any time, with all the eaſe in the world, aſſume whatever ſhape he pleaſed: ſincere and honeſt men, who are always the ſame, and who confine themſelves to the ſtrict rules of virtue, can never be ſo acceptable to princes, as thoſe who ſtrike in with their predominant paſſions. *Eurymachus* underſtood the art of war; had a talent for buſineſs; was a man who had reſolv'd to puſh his fortune, and in order thereto had attach'd himſelf to *Neſtor*, and gain'd his confidence. He could pump out of his heart (which was ſomewhat vain, and fond of praiſe) whatever he had a mind to know.

Though *Philoctetes* did not truſt him, yet his cholerick and impatient temper had in him the ſame effect as *Neſtor*'s confidence in *Eurymachus*, who needed only to contradict him, and put him in a paſſion, and then he diſcover'd every thing. This fellow had receiv'd great ſums from *Adraſtus*, to inform him of all the deſigns of the allies. The king of the *Daunians* had in the army of the allies a certain number of deſerters

wh

who were, one after another, to make off from their camp, and return to his: and as often as any thing of importance happen'd, and ſuch as might be of benefit to *Adraſtus* to be advertis'd of, *Eurymachus* us'd to diſpatch away to him one of theſe deſerters. The villany could not eaſily be diſcover'd, becauſe they carry'd no letters, and if they were taken, there was nothing found upon them to make *Eurymachus* ſuſpected.

In the mean time, *Adraſtus* continually prevented all the enterprizes of the confederates: for a reſolution was hardly taken in the council, e'er the *Daunians* did the very thing that was neceſſary to hinder the ſucceſs of it. *Telemachus* was indefatigably induſtrious to find out the cauſe of this, and to awaken *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes* to a diſtruſtfulneſs, but to no purpoſe: for they were blind.

The council had reſolv'd to wait for the numerous troops that were coming up, and they had ſent away privately in the night a hundred ſhips to tranſport thoſe troops with the greater expedition, from a very rugged coaſt where they were to come, to the place where the army was encamp'd. All this while they thought themſelves ſecure, becauſe their troops were poſſeſs'd of the avenues of a neighbouring mountain, which is an almoſt inacceſſable ſide of the *Apennine*.

Apennine. The confederate army was en camp'd on the river *Galeſus*, not far from th ſea, which is a very delicious part of th country, abounding in paſturage, and a things neceſſary for the ſubſiſtence of a army. *Adraſtus* was encamp'd behind th mountain, which they reckon'd he could no paſs: but he, underſtanding that the confe derates were weak, and expected a great re inforcement; that the ſhips were waiting fo their arrival, and that the army was divided by the quarrel between *Telemachus* and *Pha lantus*, with great expedition begins t march round about, which he did nigh and day, till he reach'd the ſea-coaſt, an paſs'd through ways which till then ha been thought impracticable. Thus courage and labour ſurmount the greateſt obſtacles and nothing is impoſſible to thoſe who know how to dare and to ſuffer: whereas thoſe who ſupinely fall aſleep, reckoning that what difficult is impoſſible, deſerve to be ſurprized and oppreſſed.

Adraſtus, at break of day, ſurprized th hundred veſſels that belonged to the allies and which being ill-guarded, becauſe they thought themſelves ſafe, he ſeized upon them without much reſiſtance, and made uſe o them to tranſport his own troops with in credible diligence, to the mouth of the river *Galeſus*: afterwards ſailing up the river the

he advanc'd guards of the confederate camp aking theſe ſhips to be fill'd with their own roops, which they expected, immediately roke out into ſhouts of joy. *Adraſtus* and is ſoldiers landed before they were known: hey fall on the allies, who diſtruſt nothing, hey find them ſcatter'd negligently up and own in an open camp, without any order, ithout a commander, and unarm'd.

That part of the camp which he firſt attack'd, was where the *Tarentines* were quartered under the command of *Phalantus*; and which the *Daunians* entered with ſo much riskneſs, that the *Lacedæmonian* youth, being ſurprized, were not able to reſiſt: whilſt hey were looking for their arms, and hindered one another in the confuſion, *Adraſtus* ets fire to the camp; and immediately the lame flies from tent to tent, and aſcends o the skies. Its noiſe reſembled that of a orrent which deluges a whole country, nd with its rapid force carries away the argeſt oaks, with their deep roots, the corn, arns, ſtalls, and flocks. The wind impeuouſly drives the flame from tent to tent, nd in an inſtant the whole camp looks like n old dry foreſt, which is ſet on fire by a mall ſpark.

Phalantus, tho' neareſt the danger, could ot remedy it: he ſaw plainly that all the roops muſt periſh in the fire, if they did not

not inſtantly abandon the camp: but he likewiſe ſaw how dangerous ſuch a retreat might be before a victorious enemy. He began to draw out his *Lacedæmonian* youth though with half their arms; but *Adraſtus* gives them no reſpite: on one ſide a troop of expert archers diſcharge numberleſs arrows upon *Phalantus*'s ſoldiery, and on the other, the ſlingers hurl a ſhower of large ſtones. *Adraſtus* himſelf, ſword in hand marching at the head of a choſen company of the boldeſt *Daunians*, by the light of the fire purſues the flying troops: he mows down with the ſharp-edg'd ſteel whatever had eſcaped from the fire: he ſwims in blood yet cannot be ſated with ſlaughter: his fury ſurpaſſed that of lyons and tygers when they worry to death the ſhepherds and their flocks. *Phalantus*'s troops faint, their courage fails them; pale Death, led on by an infernal fury whoſe head briſtles with adders, freezes their blood in their veins their benumb'd members grow ſtiff, and their tottering knees leave them deſtitute even of the hope of flight. *Phalantus*, whoſe ſhame and deſpair ſtill ſupplies him with ſome ſmall remainder of ſtrength and vigour lifts up his hands and eyes to heaven, and ſees his brother *Hippias* fall at his feet, beneath the ſtrokes of *Adraſtus*'s thundering hand. *Hippias* ſtretch'd on the ground, gro-

ve

els in the duſt, while a black boiling ſtream ſſues from the deep wound which had cleft is ſide: his eyes refuſe the light, and his urious ſoul flies out with the laſt drop of is blood. *Phalantus* himſelf, beſmear'd all ver with his brother's blood, and unable to elp him, finds himſelf beſet with a croud f his enemies, endeavouring to overcome im: his buckler is pierc'd with a thouſand arts; he is wounded in ſeveral parts of his ody; he can no longer rally his fugitive roops; the Gods behold him, but vouchſafe ot to pity him.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS*

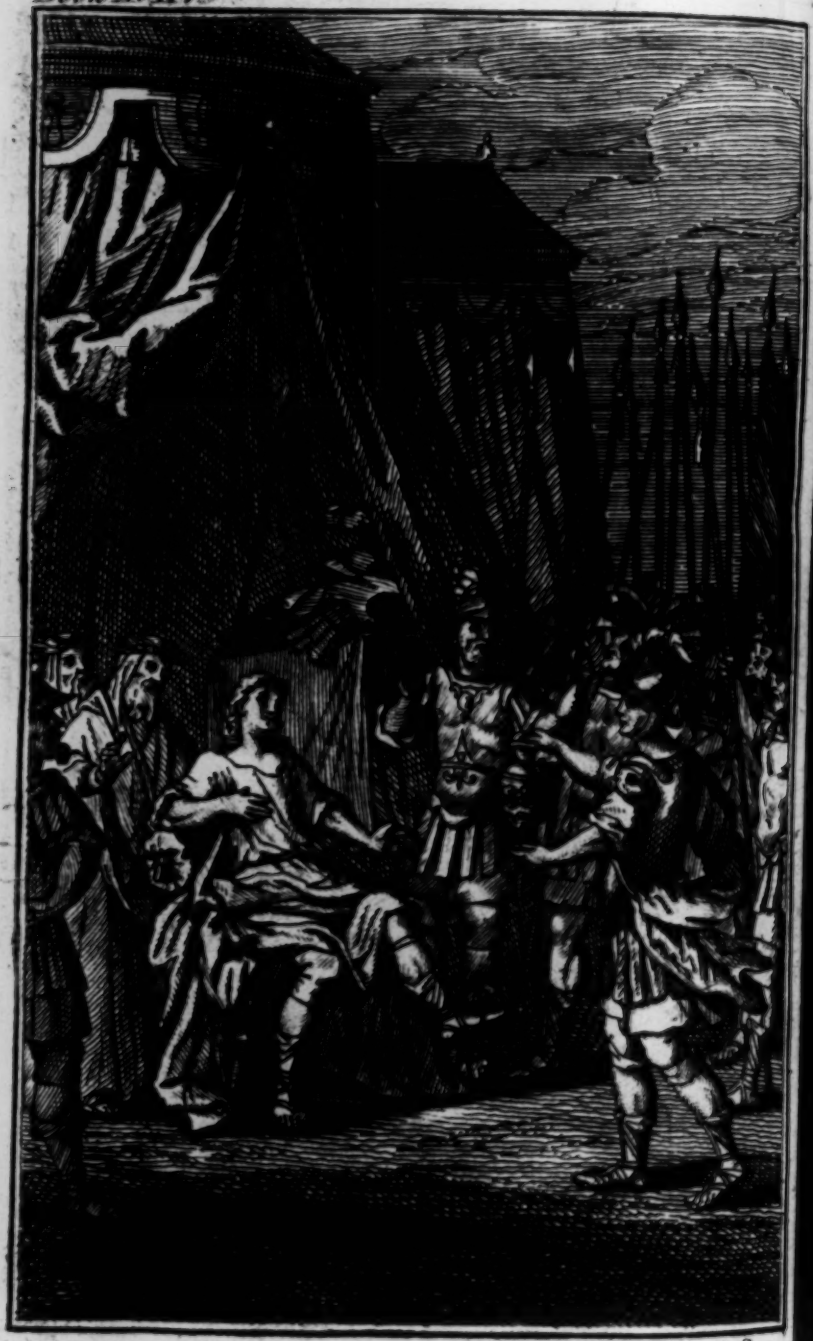
BOOK XVII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *having put on his divine ar*
mour, runs to the relief of Phalantus, *bear*
down, at first, Iphicles, Adraſtus's *son*
repulſes the victorious enemy, and would
have gained a complete victory over them, bu
that a ſudden ſtorm puts an end to the figh
Afterwards Telemachus *cauſes the wounde*
to be carried off, takes care of them, an
particularly of Phalantus. *He is the chie*
mourner in the obſequies of his brother Hip
pias, *whoſe aſhes he preſents to him in*
golden urn.

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Telemachus *takes care of* Phalantus *when wounded.*

JUpiter, amidſt the celeſtial Deities, looks down from the top of *Olympus*, and beholds the ſlaughter of the confederates: then he conſulted the unchangeable deſtinies, and ſaw all thoſe captains whoſe thread was that day to be cut by the fatal ſciſſars. All the Gods were intent on *Jupiter's* face, thereby to read his pleaſure. But the father of the Gods and men told them in a ſweet, yet majeſtick voice; You ſee to what extremity the allies are reduc'd; you ſee *Adraſtus* bearing down all his enemies; but this ſpectacle is fallacious, the glory and proſperity of the wicked is very ſhort-liv'd: The impious, perfidious *Adraſtus* ſhall not obtain a compleat victory. This misfortune befalls the allies only to teach them to grow wiſer, and to be more cautious in keeping their councils ſecret: For now the ſage *Minerva* is preparing a new triumph for her darling, the young *Telemachus*. Here *Jupiter* ceas'd ſpeaking, and all the Gods in profound ſilence continu'd to behold the battle.

Neſtor and *Philoctetes* by this time were advertis'd that part of the camp was already conſumed; that the flame, driven by the winds, was continually advancing, that their troops were in diſorder, and that *Phalantus*

could no longer ſuſtain the enemy's efforts. Theſe fatal words had ſcarce reach'd their ears, but they run to arms, aſſemble the captains, and command them inſtantly to retire from the camp, to avoid the ſpreading conflagration.

Telemachus, who was dejected and diſconſolate, now forgets his grief: He puts on his armour, the precious gift of the wiſe *Minerva*, who, under the ſhape of *Mentor*, made as if ſhe had procur'd it from an excellent artiſt of *Salentum*, but in reality ſhe had got *Vulcan* to make it in the ſmoaking caverns of mount *Ætna*.

The ſhield was as ſmooth as ice, and bright as the ſun-beams. Upon it were ingraved *Neptune* and *Pallas* contending for the honour of giving a name to a new city. *Neptune* with his trident ſtruck the earth, from whence a fiery horſe was ſeen ſpringing. His mane wanton'd with the wind; and his ſupple and nervous legs bent with vigour and nimbleneſs. He did not walk, but by the ſtrength of his back, skipp'd with ſo much ſwiftneſs, that he left no track of his foot. One wou'd have thought he heard him neigh.

On the other ſide, *Minerva* gave to the inhabitants of her new city, an olive-branch, with the fruit of that tree, which ſhe had planted, and which repreſented ſweet peace

peace with plenty, preferable to the troubles of war, of which that horſe was the emblem. The Goddeſs gain'd the victory by her plain and uſeful gifts, and proud *Athens* bore her name.

Minerva was alſo to be ſeen gathering about her all liberal arts, which were repreſented by young, wing'd boys. They fled for refuge to her, being frighted by the brutal fury of *Mars*, who ravages all, juſt as the bleating lambs take refuge near their mothers, at the ſight of an hungry wolf, who with an open fiery mouth, ruſhes on to devour them. *Minerva*, with a diſdainful and angry look, by the excellency of her work, confounded the fooliſh temerity of *Arachne*, who was ſo daring as to contend with her for perfection in tapeſtry; and there was ſeen that wretched mortal, all whoſe extenuated members grew deformed, and turn'd into a ſpider.

Near that place appear'd alſo *Minerva*, who in the war againſt the giants adviſed *Jupiter* himſelf, and encourag'd all the other affrighted Gods. She was likewiſe repreſented with her launce and *Ægis* on the banks of the *Xanthus* and *Simois*, leading *Ulyſſes* by the hand, reviving the ſpirits of the flying *Greeks*; ſuſtaining the efforts of the braveſt *Trojan* captains; and of the dreadful *Hector* himſelf: And in the laſt place, introducing *Ulyſſes* in-

to that fatal machine, which, in one night, was to overthrow the kingdom of *Priam*.

In another part of the ſhield was repreſented *Ceres* in the fertile fields of *Enna*, in the middle of *Sicily*. There you might ſee that Goddeſs aſſembling together the inhabitants who were ſcatter'd up and down in ſearch of ſomething to ſupport nature, either by hunting, or by picking up the wild fruit which had fallen from the trees; ſhe taught thoſe ignorant men the art of cultivating the earth, and to extract their food from her fruitful boſom. She ſhew'd them the plough, and taught them how to yoke the oxen to it; and now you might ſee the earth cleft in furrows by the ſharp-edg'd plough-ſhare, and then you might perceive the golden harveſt covering the fruitful plains. The reaper with his ſickle crops the kindly fruits of the earth, and repays himſelf for all his pains. Iron, elſewhere the inſtrument of deſtruction, was employ'd in this place only to produce plenty, and all ſorts of pleaſures.

The nymphs, crown'd with garlands, dance together in a meadow on the bank of a river near a grove. While *Pan* plays on his flute, the fauns and wanton ſatyrs friſk in a corner by themſelves. *Bacchus* was likewiſe repreſented crown'd with ivy, leaning on his *Thyrſus*, and holding in his hand a vine

vine-branch adorn'd with leaves and clusters of grapes: His beauty was indolent and easy, with a mixture of something noble, passionate and languishing. He look'd as he did when he appear'd to the unhappy *Ariadne*, and found her alone overwhelm'd with grief for being deserted on an unknown shore.

In the last place, there were seen in all quarters vast shoals of people; the old men carrying the first fruits of their harvests into the temples; young men, fatigu'd with the labour of the day, returning to their spouses, who going out to meet them, lead by the hand their little children, whom they fondle all the way as they go. There were likewise several shepherds represented, some singing, others dancing to the sound of the reed; the whole was a picture of peace, plenty and pleasure, every thing look'd smiling and happy. Nay, you might see the wolves in the pastures playing among the sheep; the lyons and tygers, having quitted their fierceness, were feeding among the tender lambs, whilst the young shepherd, with his crook, govern'd them all alike; and this lovely picture recall'd to mind the charms of the golden age.

Telemachus, having put on his divine armour, instead of his own shield took up the terrible *Ægis* which *Minerva* had sent him,

and which *Iris* the ſwift meſſenger of the Gods had left him. *Iris* had without his knowledge carry'd away his own buckler, and given him inſtead of it this *Ægis*, formidable to the very Gods.

Thus arm'd, he runs out of the camp to avoid the flames; he calls to him, with a ſtrong voice, all the commanders of the army, and his voice already began to inſpire freſh courage into the diſmay'd allies: A divine fire ſparkles in the eyes of the young warrior. He ſtill appears mild, free and ſedate, ſtill attentive to give the neceſſary orders, with as much caution as an old man in ruling his family, and inſtructing his children; but in the execution, he is prompt and vigorous, like an impetuous river, which not only precipitates his frothy billows, but carries along with it in its rapid courſe, the veſſels of the greateſt burden that float upon it.

Philoctetes, *Neſtor*, and the commanders of the *Mandurians*, and other nations, found in the ſon of *Ulyſſes* a ſort of authority which irreſiſtibly aw'd them all. And now the old men no longer can truſt to their experience: counſel and wiſdom forſake all the commanders; even jealouſy, a paſſion ſo natural to all men, is wholly extinguiſh'd in their breaſts; all keep ſilence, all admire *Telemachus*, all wait for his commands implicitly,

and,

and, as if it had been cuſtomary for them ſo to do. He comes forward, aſcends an eminence, from thence obſerves the poſture of the enemy, and forthwith judges it neceſſary to uſe the utmoſt expedition to ſurprize them in their preſent diſorder, while they were burning the camp of the confederates. He fetches a compaſs with all poſſible diligence, and the moſt experienc'd commanders follow him. He falls upon the *Daunians* in their rear, at a time when they thought the confederate army was involv'd in the flames of the camp. This ſurprize diſorders them: They fall beneath the hand of *Telemachus*, as the leaves fall in the foreſts in the latter days of *Autumn*, when the boiſterous north-wind, fraught with winter, clatters all the branches, and makes the aged trunks to groan. The earth is cover'd with the bodies of thoſe whom *Telemachus* has overthrown. With his own javelin he pierced the heart of *Iphycles*, *Adraſtus*'s younger ſon, who preſumed to offer him combat, to ſave his father's life, who was in danger of being ſurpriz'd by *Telemachus*. The ſon of *Ulyſſes* and *Iphycles* were both beautiful, vigorous, full of conduct and courage, of the ſame ſtature, the ſame age, had the ſame ſweetneſs of temper, and were equally dear to their parents: But *Iphycles* prov'd like an opening flower in the meadow, cut

down by the mower's ſcythe. Afterwards *Telemachus* overthrows *Euphorion* the moſt celebrated of all the *Lydians* that came into *Hetruria*: Then his ſword pierces the new-marry'd *Cleomenes*, who had promiſed his ſpouſe to bring her the rich ſpoils of his enemies, but was deſtin'd never to return himſelf.

Adraſtus foam'd with rage to ſee the death of his ſon and of many other commanders, and the victory ſlipping out of his hands. *Phalantus*, almoſt cruſh'd at his feet, is like a half-ſlain victim, that ſhuns the edge of the ſacred knife, and flies away far from the altar. But one moment more and *Adraſtus* had compleated the ruin of the *Lacedæmonians*.

Phalantus, drown'd in his own blood, and in that of the ſoldiers who fought with him, hears the ſhouts of *Telemachus* advancing to his relief; in that moment he regains new life, and the cloud, that had already overſpread his eyes, is diſpell'd. The *Daunians*, being not aware of this attack, leave *Phalantus*, in order to repulſe a more formidable enemy. *Adraſtus* is like a tyger, from whom an united body of ſhepherds ſnatches the prey which he was ready to devour. *Telemachus* ſeeks him out in the crowd, reſolving at once to put an end to the war, by delivering the allies from their implacable enemy.

But

But *Jupiter* refuſed to the ſon of *Ulyſſes* ſo quick and ſo eaſy a victory. *Minerva* too was willing he ſhould undergo more difficulties, that he might the better underſtand how to govern men. The impious *Adraſtus* therefore was preſerv'd by the father of the Gods, that *Telemachus* might thereby gain more glory and virtue. A thick cloud which *Jupiter* gather'd in the air, ſaved the *Daunians*; the will of the Gods was declar'd in dreadful thunder. One would have thought that the eternal arches of high *Olympus* were going to break down on the heads of feeble mortals; the lightning ſplit the clouds from pole to pole, and ſcarce had they dazzled the eyes with their darting flame, but all relapſed again into midnight darkneſs. In the ſame inſtant a mighty ſhower of rain falling, ſerv'd likewiſe to part the two armies.

Adraſtus took advantage of the ſuccour of the Gods, without having any regard to their power, and for this ingratitude deſerved to be kept for a more ſevere vengeance. He haſten'd to march his army between the camp that was half burnt down, and a moraſs that reach'd as far as the river; which he did with ſo much expedition and dexterity, that this very retreat was a demonſtration of his preſence of mind and readineſs of invention. The allies, encouraged

by *Telemachus*, were for purſuing him; but by favour of the ſtorm he eſcap'd, as a ſwift-wing'd bird out of the nets of a fowler. The allies now think on nothing but returning to the camp, and repairing their loſs. As they enter'd it, they ſaw the moſt lamentable effects of war: the ſick and wounded not being able to crawl out of their tents, were conſequently unable to avoid the fury of the fire: They appear'd half burnt, ſending up to heaven their doleful cries and dying ſhrieks. *Telemachus*'s heart was pierc'd with it; he could not refrain weeping; he often turn'd away his eyes, being ſeiz'd with horror and compaſſion; he could not without ſhuddering behold thoſe bodies that were ſtill alive, and deſtin'd to a tedious and dreadful death: They look'd like the fleſh of victims that is burnt on the altars, and whoſe ſmell ſpreads it ſelf all around.

Alas! ſaid *Telemachus*, how miſchievous are the effects of war? What blind fury puſhes on unhappy mortals? Their days are few upon the earth, and thoſe days attended with ſo much miſery! why then will they haſten their death, which is already ſo near? Why will they add ſo much dreadful deſolation to the bitterneſs with which the Gods have fill'd this ſhort life? Men are all brethren, and yet they worry one another;

the

the ſavage beaſts are leſs cruel than they are to each other: the lyons never make war with lyons, nor the tygers with tygers; nor do they fall upon any creatures of their own ſpecies: Man alone, in deſpight of his reaſon, does that which beaſts that are void of it, never did. But once more, What need is there for theſe wars? Is there not land more than enough in the univerſe, to employ the labour of all mankind? What vaſt prodigious tracts lie deſart? Mankind can never repleniſh them. What then! an empty notion of glory, a vain title of conqueror, which a prince is in purſuit of, kindles and ſpreads the flames of war over vaſt tracts of land! Thus one man, ſent by the angry Gods into the world as a ſcourge, brutally ſacrifices many others to his vanity. Every thing muſt go to rack, every thing ſwim in blood, every thing be deſtroy'd by fire, and thoſe who eſcape the fire and ſword, muſt periſh by more cruel famine, to gratify one ſingle man, who makes all human nature his ſport, and finds his pleaſure and glory in this general deſolation. What monſtrous ſort of glory is this! Can we too much deteſt and deſpiſe ſuch men as forego all ties of humanity? No, they are far from being Demi-Gods; they are hardly ſo much as men: they ought to be held in execration by all ſucceeding ages which they were in hopes

to be admired by. Ah! with how much deliberation ought princes to weigh every thing before they undertake a war! The cauſes of it ought to be juſt; nor is that enough; they ought to be neceſſary for the publick good. The blood of the people ought not to be ſpilt, but for their own preſervation in caſes of extremity: but the counſels of flatterers, a miſtaken notion of glory, groundleſs jealouſies, and unreaſonable covetouſneſs, cover'd with ſpecious pretences; in ſhort, inſenſible engagements generally hurry princes into wars that make them unhappy; wherein they put their whole to the venture without neceſſity, and which, in the end, prove no leſs fatal to their own ſubjects than to the enemy. Thus did *Telemachus* reaſon: but he did not only confine himſelf to deplore the miſeries of war, but endeavour'd to alleviate them; you might ſee him go from tent to tent, viſiting the ſick and dying ſoldiers; he diſtributed money and medicines among them; he cheer'd them by his friendly diſcourſes, and ſent others to viſit them, when he could not do it himſelf.

Among the *Cretans* that came with him there were two old men, *Trauſmaphilus* and *Nozophugus*. The former had been at the ſiege of *Troy* with *Idomeneus*, and had been taught by the ſons of *Æſculapius* the divine art of curing wounds: He us'd to pour into the

the deepeſt and moſt invenom'd a fragrant liquor, which ate away all the dead and putrified fleſh, without being forc'd to make inciſions, and which quickly cauſed new fleſh to grow more ſound and better colour'd than the former. As for *Nozophugus* he had never ſeen the ſons of *Æſculapius*, but by the means of *Merione* he had got poſſeſſion of a ſacred and myſterious book, which *Æſculapius* had given his ſons: Beſides this, *Nozophugus* was a favourite of the Gods: He had compos'd hymns in honour of the children of *Latona*, and us'd every day to ſacrifice a white unſpotted ſheep to *Apollo*, by whom he was oftentimes inſpired. He no ſooner ſaw a ſick perſon, but he could tell by his eyes, the colour of his skin, the conformation of his body, and the manner of his breathing, what the ſource of his malady was. Sometimes he adminiſter'd ſudorificks, and by the ſucceſs of ſweatings, he ſhew'd how much the mechaniſm of our bodies is either help'd or hurt, diſorder'd or reſtor'd by perſpiration. In lingring diſeaſes he gave certain drinks, which by degrees recover'd the noble parts, and renew'd the vigour of the patients by ſweet'ning their blood: But he would often declare, that it was for want of virtue and courage men had ſo frequent occaſion for phyſick. It is a ſhame, would he ſay, for men to have ſo many diſeaſes:

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For a ſober life produces ſound health: Their intemperance, ſaid he, changes into deadly poiſon the aliments which were deſtin'd to preſerve their life. Immoderate pleaſures ſhorten mens days more than the beſt medicaments can prolong them: The poor are ſeldomer ſick for want of food, than the rich are by the exceſs of it. Meats that are too reliſhing, and which create an immoderate appetite, are rather a poyſon than a nutriment. Medicines in themſelves are really miſchievous and deſtructive of nature, and ought only to be us'd on preſſing occaſions; but the grand medicament, which is always harmleſs, always uſeful, is ſobriety, temperance in pleaſures, tranquillity of mind, and bodily exerciſe; by this the blood is ſweeten'd, and in good temperament, and all ſuperfluous humours are diſſipated. Thus was the wiſe *Nozophugus* leſs admir'd for his medicines, than for the regimen he preſcrib'd to prevent diſeaſes, and to render medicines unneceſſary.

Theſe two men were ſent by *Telemachus* to viſit all the ſick in the army. They cur'd many of them by their medicaments, and many more by the care they took to have their patients well tended; for they made it their buſineſs to keep them neat and clean, thereby to prevent noiſom air, and made them obſerve an exact and ſober diet, during

their recovery. The ſoldiers were all deeply affected with a ſenſe of theſe benefits, and gave thanks to the Gods, for ſending *Telemachus* into the confederate army.

This is no mortal, ſay they, but doubtleſs ſome beneficent Deity under a human ſhape; at leaſt, if he is a man, he reſembles more the Gods than the reſt of mankind, and is ſent to the earth only to do good; he is more amiable for his ſweetneſs and good-nature than for his valour. O that we could have him for our king! but the Gods reſerve him for ſome more happy nation, whom they favour, and among whom they intend to renew the golden age.

Telemachus, while he went in the night-time to viſit the ſeveral quarters of the camp, to prevent the ſtratagems of *Adraſtus*, was an ear-witneſs of theſe commendations, which could not be ſuſpected of adulation, as thoſe are which flatterers beſtow on princes to their very faces, upon a ſuppoſition that they are void of modeſty and diſcernment, and that the ſure way to gain their favour, is to praiſe them immoderately. The ſon of *Ulyſſes* could reliſh nothing but truth; nor could he bear any other commendations but ſuch as were given him in private, far from him, and which he had truly deſerv'd. As his heart was not inſenſible of ſuch commendations, he felt that ſweet, that pure

delight

delight which the Gods have annex'd to virtue alone, and which ill men, for want of experiencing it, can neither conceive nor believe; but he did not give a looſe to the enjoyment of this ſort of pleaſure. The faults he had committed came crouding again into his mind; he did not forget his natural haughtineſs and indifference to other men; he was ſecretly aſhamed that his natural diſpoſition ſhou'd be ſo harſh, and his looks ſo ſtern. He referr'd to the ſage *Minerva* all the glory that was given him, and which he thought himſelf undeſerving of.

It is thou, O great Goddeſs, did he ſay, that beſtowedſt *Mentor* on me to inſtruct me, and correct my evil diſpoſition; it is thou that haſt bleſs'd me with wiſdom, to make me improve by my faults, and diſtruſt my ſelf; it is thou that checkeſt my impetuous paſſions: It is thou that makeſt me feel the pleaſure of relieving the diſtreſſed; without thee I ſhould be hated, and juſtly too; without thee I ſhould commit irreparable faults, and be as a child, who not being ſenſible of its own weakneſs, lets go the hold it had of its mother, and falls the very firſt ſtep it makes.

Neſtor and *Philoctetes* were amaz'd to ſee *Telemachus* grown ſo gentle, ſo obliging, ſo officious, ſo helpful, ſo ingenuous to obviate even

even all exigencies; they could not tell what to think; they found him to be quite another man. What moſt ſurprized them, was the care he took about the funeral of *Hippias*; he went himſelf and fetch'd the bloody and disfigur'd body from the place where it lay bury'd under a heap of other dead men. He bedew'd it with pious tears, and ſaid, O mighty ſhade, now thou knoweſt how much I eſteem thy valour; 'tis true, thy haughtineſs did provoke me, but it proceeded from the heat of thy youth, and I am not inſenſible how much that age ſtands in need of pardon. We ſhould in time have been ſincerely united in the bonds of friendſhip: The fault was wholly mine: O ye Gods! why have you taken him from me, before I cou'd force him to love me?

Telemachus afterwards caus'd the body to be waſh'd in odoriferous liquors, and then gave orders concerning the funeral pile. The lofty pines groaning beneath the ſtrokes of the ax, come tumbling down from the tops of the mountains; the oaks, thoſe antient ſons of the earth, that ſeem'd to threaten heaven; the tall poplars, the elms, with their verdant heads and thick-leav'd branches; the beeches, the glory of the foreſt, lay all fell'd along the bank of *Galeſus*. There was raiſed in exact ſymmetry a funeral pile, reſembling a regular building; the flame begins

to appear, and a whirl of ſmoke aſcends up to the skies. The *Lacedæmonians* advance with a ſlow and mournful pace, trailing their pikes, and with their eyes fix'd on the ground: bitter ſorrow ſtands imprinted in their fierce looks; and the tears trickle down in abundance. Next came the aged *Pherecides*, not ſo much depreſs'd by the number of years, as by his grief for ſurviving *Hippias*, whom he had brought up from his very infancy. He rais'd towards heaven his hands and his eyes, that were drown'd in tears. After the death of *Hippias* he refus'd all manner of food, nor was it in the power of gentle ſleep to weigh down his eye-lids, or to ſuſpend the ſmartneſs of his grief for a moment. With a trembling pace he march'd after the crowd, not knowing whither he went; not a word iſſued out of his mouth, his heart was ſo wrung with grief; it was a ſilence of deſpair and dejection. But when he ſaw the pile kindled, then he cry'd out in a fury; O *Hippias*, *Hippias*, I ſhall never ſee thee again! *Hippias* is no more, yet I ſtill live! O my dear *Hippias*, 'tis I that occaſion'd thy death! 'twas I that taught thee to deſpiſe it; I believ'd thy hands would have cloſ'd my eyes, and that thou would'ſt have catch'd my lateſt breath: cruel Gods, you prolong my life, only that I might ſee the death of *Hippias*: Oh! dear child, whom

of

I had brought up with ſo much care, I ſhall ſee thee no more, but I ſhall ſee thy mother, whom grief will kill, and who will reproach me with thy death; I ſhall ſee thy young ſpouſe beating her breaſt, tearing off her locks, and I all the while am the unhappy cauſe of it! O dear ſhade, call me to the banks of *Styx*; the light grows hateful to me; and 'tis thee only, my dear *Hippias*, that I wiſh to ſee again. *Hippias*, *Hippias*, O my dear *Hippias*, all I now live for, is to pay my laſt duty to thy aſhes!

Mean while you might ſee the body of young *Hippias* ſtretch'd out on a Bier adorn'd with purple, gold and ſilver; death, that had put out the light of his eyes, was not able to deface all his beauty, and the graces ſtill faintly appear'd in his pale face. Around his neck, which was whiter than ſnow, but now leaning on his ſhoulder, his long black hair hung looſe, finer than that of *Atis* and *Ganymede*, but which were now going to be reduc'd to aſhes. You might behold in his ſide the gaping wound whereat all his blood had iſſued out, and which had ſent him down to the melancholy regions of *Pluto*.

Telemachus, ſad and dejected, followed the corpſe cloſe, ſtrewing flowers all the way. When they came to the pile, the ſon of *Ulyſſes* could not, without ſhedding new floods of tears, behold the flame ſeize the cloth in which the body was wrapt. Adieu,

ſaid

ſaid he, O magnanimous *Hippias*; for I dare not call thee friend; be appeaſed, O ſhade, who haſt merited ſo much renown! If I did not love thee I ſhould envy thy happineſs; thou art free from thoſe miſeries which ſtill incompaſs us mortals; thou didſt retire from them by the moſt glorious path: Alas! how happy ſhould I be if my end were the ſame! May *Styx* never be able to ſtop thy ghoſt; may the *Elyſian* fields be open to thee; may fame preſerve thy renown throughout all ages, and may thy aſhes reſt in peace!

Scarce had he ſaid theſe words, intermix'd with ſighs, when the whole army ſet up a cry; they were mov'd with pity for *Hippias*, upon the recital of his great actions; their grief for his death brought to their minds all his good qualities, and made them forget all thoſe overſights which had been occaſion'd by heat of youth, or a faulty education. But they were yet more mov'd with the tender ſentiments of *Telemachus*. Is this, ſaid they, the young *Greek* that was ſo proud, ſo haughty, ſo diſdainful, ſo untractable? Behold, how humane, how kind, he is now become! Doubtleſs *Minerva*, who ſo much lov'd his father, has the ſame affection for the ſon! Doubtleſs ſhe has beſtow'd on him the moſt valuable bleſſings that the Gods can give to mortals, in conferring on him, together with

with wiſdom, a heart that is ſuſceptible of friendſhip.

The body being by this time conſumed by the flame, *Telemachus* did himſelf beſprinkle the yet ſmoaking aſhes with a perfum'd liquor; then he put then into a golden urn, which he crown'd with flowers, and carry'd that urn to *Phalantus*, who lay ſtretch'd out, wounded in ſeveral places, and who in the extremity of his weakneſs, already had a glimpſe of the melancholy gates of death.

Already had *Trauſmaphilus* and *Nozophugus*, whom the Son of *Ulyſſes* had ſent to attend him, uſed their utmoſt skill for his relief. They had by little and little recall'd his departing ſoul; freſh ſpirits inſenſibly revived him; a gentle and a penetrating vigour, a balſom of life, inſinuated it ſelf from vein to vein, even to the inmoſt receſſes of his heart; an agreeable warmth drew him from the frozen hands of death; but in the very moment that his fainting left him, grief of mind ſucceeded: he began to be ſenſible of the loſs of his brother, which 'till then he had not been in a condition to conſider. Alas! ſaid he, why all this care to ſave my life? had I not better die and follow my dear *Hippias*? I ſaw him fall hard by me: O *Hippias*, the comfort of my life, my brother, my dear brother, thou art now no more! I muſt now no longer ſee thee nor hear thee, nor

nor embrace thee, nor communicate to thee my troubles, nor comfort thee in thy own! O ye Gods, enemies to mankind, muſt *Hippias* be for ever loſt to me! is it poſſible? but is it not a dream? no, 'tis but too real: O *Hippias*, I have loſt thee, I have ſeen thee dye, and I muſt live; ſo long at leaſt till I have reveng'd thee? I will ſacrifice to thy *Manes* the cruel *Adraſtus*, diſtain'd with thy blood.

Whilſt *Phalantus* was thus ſpeaking, the two divine men us'd their utmoſt endeavours to aſſuage his grief, for fear it ſhould encreaſe his ailments, and hinder the effect of their medicines. On a ſudden, perceiving *Telemachus* before him, his heart was at firſt agitated by two contrary paſſions: He had entertain'd a deep reſentment of what had paſs'd between *Telemachus* and *Hippias*: And this reſentment was quicken'd by his grief for the loſs of *Hippias*. On the other hand, he could not be ignorant that he ow'd the preſervation of his own life to *Telemachus*, who reſcu'd him, all bloody and half dead, out of the hands of *Adraſtus*. But when he ſaw the golden urn, which contained the beloved aſhes of his brother *Hippias*; he pour'd forth a flood of tears, he embrac'd *Telemachus* without being able to ſpeak a word: at laſt, with a languiſhing voice, interrupted with ſobs, he ſaid:

O worthy ſon of *Ulyſſes*, your virtue compels

pels me to love you; to you I am beholden for this ſmall remainder of life, which is drawing towards its end: but I am ſtill beholden to you for what is far more dear to me; had you not hinder'd it, my brother's body had become a prey to vultures; had it not been for you, his ghoſt, depriv'd of ſepulture, had wander'd miſerable upon the banks of the river *Styx*, continually repulſed by the pitileſs *Charon*. Muſt I be ſo deeply oblig'd to a man whom I hated ſo much? repay him, O ye Gods, and deliver me from this load of life! and thou, *Telemachus*, perform for me the laſt duty which you performed for my brother, that nothing may be wanting to make your glory compleat.

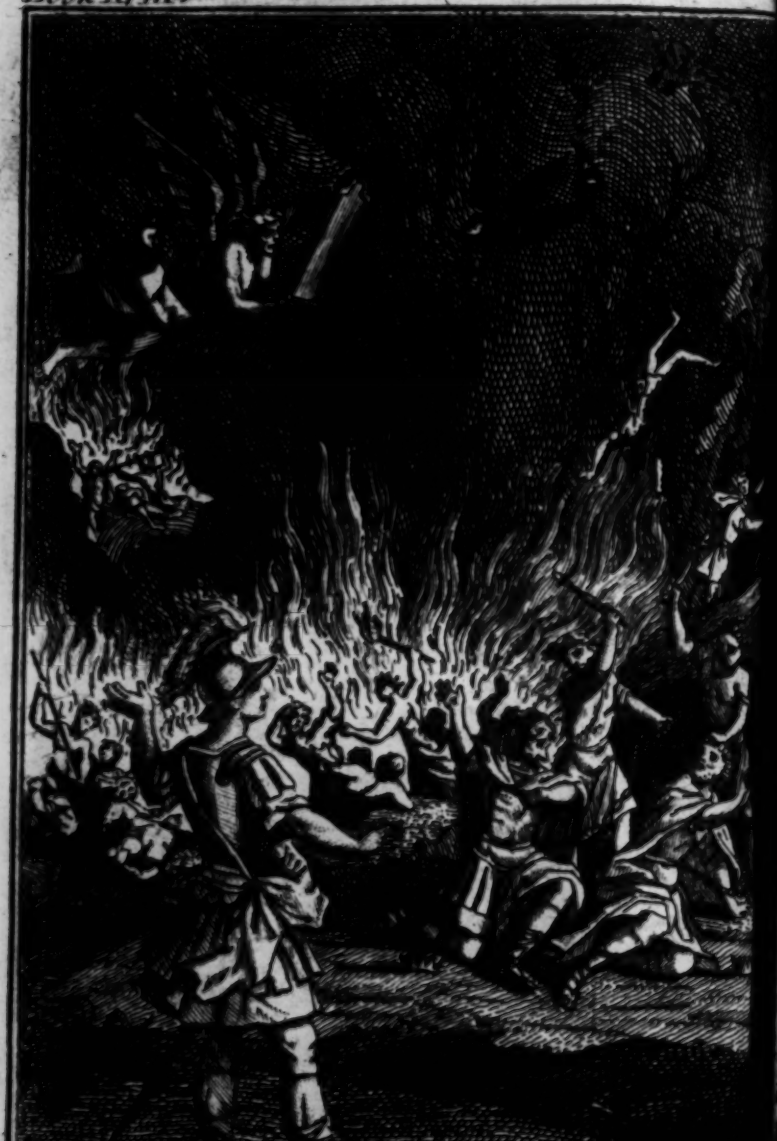
At theſe words *Phalantus* was quite ſpent and overwhelm'd with exceſs of grief. *Telemachus* ſtay'd by him without daring to ſpeak, and waited till he had recover'd a little ſtrength. *Phalantus*, ſoon coming again to himſelf, takes the urn out of *Telemachus*'s hand, kiſs'd it over and over, watering it with his tears, and ſaid: O dear, O precious aſhes! when ſhall mine be enclos'd with you in the ſame urn! O thou ghoſt of *Hippias*, I will follow thee to the ſhades below; *Telemachus* will avenge us both.

Mean while *Phalantus* recover'd daily by the care of thoſe two men endow'd with the ſcience of *Æſculapius*. *Telemachus* was always

ways by them, that they might uſe the more diligence in perfecting the cure; and the whole army admir'd more his goodneſs in relieving his greateſt enemy, than the valour and conduct he had ſhew'd in battle, when he ſav'd the confederate army. *Telemachus* at the ſame time was indefatigable in the moſt rugged hardſhips of the war: he ſlept little, and his ſlumberings were often interrupted, either by the intelligence he receiv'd every hour, in the night as well as by day, or by viewing all parts of the camp, which he never did twice together at the ſame hour, that he might the better ſurprize thoſe who were negligent. He would often return to his tent cover'd o'er with ſweat and duſt: his diet was plain, he liv'd like the common ſoldiers, that he might ſet them an example of ſobriety and patience. Proviſions growing ſcarce in that encampment, he judg'd it neceſſary to ſtop the murmurings of the ſoldiers, by voluntarily ſharing with them the ſame inconveniencies they underwent. His body, inſtead of being weaken'd by ſo painful a life, every day became ſtronger and more harden'd: He began to loſe thoſe tender graces which are, as it were, the bloom of youth: his complexion grew brown, and leſs delicate, and his limbs leſs ſoft, and more nervous.

THE

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J. Clark

Telemachus *passes through* Tartarus.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *being, by various dreams, perſuaded that his father is no longer among the living, reſolves to put in execution his deſign of going to look for him in the infernal regions. Hereupon he ſteals away from the camp, attended by two* Cretans *as far as a temple near the famous cavern of* Acherontia: *He goes thro' darkneſs to the bottom of it; arrives on the banks of the* Styx, *and* Charon *receives him into his boat. He makes application to* Pluto, *who permits him to look for his father. He croſſes the* Tartarus, *where he ſees the torments inflicted on the ungrateful, perjur'd hypocrites, and eſpecially on bad kings.*

MEAN while, *Adraſtus*, whoſe troops had been conſiderably diminiſh'd in the battle, had poſted himſelf behind the hill *Aulon*, to wait the coming up of ſeveral reinforcements, and try once more to ſurprize the enemy, like a famiſh'd lyon, which having been repulſed from the ſheepfold, returns again into the ſhady foreſts, and re-enters his den, where he whets his teeth and claws, waiting for a favourable opportunity to deſtroy the whole flock.

Telemachus, having taken care to eſtabliſh a ſtrict diſcipline throughout the whole army, apply'd himſelf now ſolely to execute a deſign he had already form'd, and which he conceal'd from all the commanders. He had been for a conſiderable time diſturb'd every night with dreams that repreſented to him his father *Ulyſſes*. His dear image ever return'd towards the end of the night, before *Aurora* with her dawning light began to chaſe from heaven the wandering ſtars, and from the earth gentle ſleep, attended with fluttering dreams. Sometimes he fanſy'd he ſaw *Ulyſſes* naked in one of the fortunate iſlands, on a river's bank, in a meadow enamell'd with flowers, and ſurrounded by nymphs who threw garments on him to cov-

cover him. Sometimes he thought he heard him talk in a palace glittering with gold and ivory, where he was liſten'd to with pleaſure and admiration, by men crown'd with garlands. At other times *Ulyſſes* appear'd to him of a ſudden, amidſt the bright joy and delights of a feaſt; where he thought to hear the ſoft harmony of a voice, with a harp more melodious than the harp of *Apollo*, or the voice of all the muſes.

Telemachus awaking, would grow melancholy upon the recollection of theſe agreeable dreams. Oh my father! Oh my dear father *Ulyſſes!* cry'd he; the moſt frightful dreams had been pleaſanter to me. Theſe images of felicity give me to underſtand, that you are already deſcended to the manſion of bleſſed ſouls, in which the Gods reward their virtue with eternal tranquillity: Methinks I ſee the Elyſian fields: O how uneaſy a thing it is to hope no more! Oh my deareſt father, ſhall I never ſee you more! never again embrace him who lov'd me ſo tenderly, and whom I ſeek after with ſo much pain and toil! Shall I never again hear the voice of that mouth which us'd to pour forth wiſdom! Shall I never again kiſs thoſe hands, thoſe precious, thoſe victorious hands, by which ſo many enemies have fallen? Shall they never puniſh the fooliſh lovers of *Penelope?* And muſt *Ithaca* never riſe again

from her ruins? Oh ye Gods, who are enemies to my father, it is you who ſend me theſe fatal dreams, to tear from my heart all hope, which is the ſame as if you tore life itſelf from me! No, I can no longer live in this uncertainty: Alas! what ſay I? I am but too well aſſur'd that my father is no more: I'll go even to the infernal ſhades to find out his ghoſt. *Theſeus* went thither with good ſucceſs; the impious *Theſeus*, who durſt offer violence to the infernal deities; whereas I am led thither by a motive of piety. *Hercules* deſcended thither: I am not *Hercules*; but 'tis glorious to dare to imitate him. *Orpheus*, by the recital of his misfortunes, moved the heart of that God, who, they ſay, is inexorable; he obtain'd leave for *Eurydice* to return to the living. I have a juſter claim to compaſſion than *Orpheus*, for my loſs is much greater. Who will compare a young girl, who had nothing extraordinary, with the ſage *Ulyſſes*, admir'd by all *Greece*? Let us go, let us die, if it muſt be ſo: Why ſhould we fear death, when we ſuffer ſo much in life? O *Pluto*, O *Proſerpine*, I will ſoon try whether you are ſo pitileſs as you are reported to be! O my father, after having in vain travell'd over land and ſea to find you out, I will go ſee whether you are in the melancholy abodes of the dead: Though the Gods refuſe me the pleaſure of enjoying the

ſight of you upon earth, and in the light of the ſun, perhaps they may not refuſe me the ſight of your ghoſt in the kingdom of darkneſs.

As *Telemachus* was ſpeaking theſe words, he bedew'd his bed with tears; then preſently he aroſe, and endeavour'd, by enjoyment of the light, to mitigate that ſharp ſorrow which his dreams had occaſion'd; but it was an arrow which had pierced his heart, and which he continually carry'd about with him. In this anguiſh he took a reſolution to deſcend into the lower regions by a famous place not far from the camp; it is called *Acherontia*, becauſe in this place there is a dreadful cave which leads down to the banks of *Acheron*, a river by which the Gods themſelves are cautious how they ſwear. The town was plac'd on a rock, like a neſt on the top of a tree: at the foot of the rock was this cavern, which fearful mortals did not adventure to come near: the ſhepherds were watchful to turn their flocks from going that way: the ſulphureous vapours of the *Stygian* lake, inceſſantly exhaling through this paſſage, tainted the ambient air; around it grew neither herb nor flower: there none ever felt the gentle fannings of the Zephyrs, or ſaw the blooming graces of the ſpring, nor the rich gifts of autumn: the parch'd ground look'd languiſhing, and nothing was

to be ſeen but ſome few leafleſs ſhrubs, and fatal cypreſs trees. Even at a diſtance from the place, *Ceres* deny'd her golden harveſt to the labourers. In vain did *Bacchus* ſeem to promiſe his delicious fruits: the grapes wither'd inſtead of ripening. The melancholy *Naides* could not conduct a limpid ſtream; their waves were bitter and muddy. No warbling bird was heard in this deſart overgrown with thorns and brambles; no grove was there to ſhelter the feather'd choriſters; they went and ſung their loves beneath a milder ſky. Nothing was heard there but the croaking of the ravens, and the owl's hideous voice: the very graſs was bitter, and the flocks which fed thereon did not feel that kindly joy which uſes to make them skip. The bull flew from the heifer, and the dejected ſhepherd forgot his pipe and flute.

Out of this cavern there frequently iſſued forth a black thick ſmoke, which made a ſort of night at mid-day. At ſuch times the neighbouring people renew'd their ſacrifices to appeaſe the infernal deities; but oftentimes men, in the flower of their age, and in the bloom of their youth, were the only victims which theſe cruel deities took pleaſure to ſacrifice by a fatal contagion.

It was here that *Telemachus* reſolv'd to find out the way into the black abode of *Pluto*.

Minerva,

Minerva, who never ceas'd watching over him, and who had cover'd him with her Ægis, had beſpoke *Pluto*'s favour in his behalf. Even *Jupiter*, at the requeſt of *Minerva*, had order'd *Mercury* (who every day goes down to the regions below, to deliver into *Charon*'s hands a certain number of mortals) to deſire the king of the ſhades, that he would permit the ſon of *Ulyſſes* to come within his dominions.

Telemachus, by favour of the night, ſteals away from the camp; he travels by the light of the moon, and invokes that powerful deity, who in the heavens appears the bright planet of the night, on earth is the chaſte *Diana*, and in hell the dreadful *Hecate*. This goddeſs heard his prayers with a favourable ear, becauſe his heart was righteous, and becauſe he was led by the pious love of a dutiful ſon.

Scarce had he approach'd the entry of the cave, when he heard the roaring of the ſubterranean empire: the earth trembled under him, and the heavens arm'd themſelves with lightning and fire, which ſeem'd to fall on the earth. The young ſon of *Ulyſſes* was ſurpriz'd and troubled, and his whole body was cover'd with a cold ſweat; but his courage ſupported him; he lifted up his hands and eyes towards heaven: Great Gods, cry'd he, I accept theſe happy omens, compleat

your work. He ſpoke, and redoubling his pace, went boldly forward.

In an inſtant the thick ſmoke, which render'd the entry of the cavern fatal to all other creatures that came near it, was diſſipated; the poyſonous ſmell ceaſed for a while; and *Telemachus* enter'd alone; for what other mortal durſt follow him? two *Cretans*, who had accompany'd him to a certain diſtance from the cave, and whom he had made privy to his deſign, ſtood trembling and half dead a great way from it, in a temple, pouring forth prayers, and never expecting to ſee *Telemachus* again.

Mean while, the ſon of *Ulyſſes*, with his ſword in his hand, ruſhes into this horrible darkneſs; preſently he perceives a dim and faint light, ſuch as we ſee in the night-time on earth. He obſerves the nimble ghoſts fluttering round him, and he puts them by with his ſword: not long after he eſpies the melancholy banks of the marſhy river, whoſe foul and ſluggiſh waters turn in a continual whirl-pool: he diſcovers upon the banks of it, an innumerable croud of departed ſouls, who being deſtitute of burial, appear in vain before the unrelenting *Charon*. This deity, who, through eternal old age, is peeviſh and fretful, though ſtill vigorous, anſwers them with nothing but threats and repulſes, but at firſt ſight admits into his boat the young

young *Greek*. *Telemachus* had no ſooner entered it, than he heard the mournful groanings of a certain diſconſolate ghoſt.

What is the cauſe, ſaid he, of your miſery? What were you upon earth? I was, replied the ghoſt, *Nabopharſar*, king of proud *Babylon*: All the people in the eaſt trembled at the very ſound of my name. I made the *Babylonians* worſhip me in a temple of marble, where I was repreſented by a ſtatue of gold, before which they burn'd, night and day, the moſt precious perfumes of *Æthiopia*: none ever durſt to contradict me, but he was immediately puniſh'd for it: freſh diverſions were every day invented, to render life more delightful to me. I was yet young and vigorous: O what ſatisfaction, what luſcious enjoyments I had yet to taſte in that exalted condition! but a woman whom I lov'd, and who lov'd not me, made me ſenſible that I was not a God. She poyſon'd me, and now I am nothing. Yeſterday my aſhes were, with great ſolemnity, put into a golden urn. The people wept, they tore their hair, and ſeem'd as if they would throw themſelves into the flames of my funeral pile, and ſhare my fate: ſome are ſtill going to mourn at the foot of the magnificent tomb, where my aſhes are laid; but no-body does really lament the loſs of me; even my own family have my memory in abhorrence, and here

below I begin already to ſuffer the moſt outragious abuſes.

Telemachus, mov'd at this ſight, ſaid to him, Were you truly happy during your reign? Did you feel that kindly peace, without which the heart remains always ſhrunk and blaſted, as it were, amidſt the greateſt pleaſures? No, reply'd the *Babylonian*, I don't ſo much as know what you mean: the ſages extol this peace as the only good; but for my part I never felt it. My heart was inceſſantly ruffled with freſh deſires, with fear and with hope. I endeavour'd to ſtupify myſelf by the violent agitation of my paſſions; I endeavour'd to keep up this intoxicating frenzy to make it laſting: the leaſt interval of calm reaſon had been intolerably bitter to me. Such was the peace which I enjoy'd; all other I took to be a mere fable and a dream: theſe are the bleſſings which I regret.

In ſpeaking this, the *Babylonian* wept like a puſilanimous poor-ſpirited wretch, enervated by proſperity, and unaccuſtom'd to bear misfortunes with reſolution. There were hard by him, certain ſlaves, who had been ſlain to grace his funeral. *Mercury* had deliver'd them into *Charon*'s hands, together with their king, and had given them abſolute power over him, who, when on earth, was their maſter. The ghoſts of theſe ſlaves now no more ſtood in awe of the ghoſt of *Nabophar-*

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zan: they kept him in chains, and offer'd him the moſt cruel indignities. One would ſay to him, Were we not men as well as thee? How cam'ſt thou to be ſo ſenſeleſs as to fanſy thyſelf a god? Ought'ſt thou not to have remember'd, that thou wert but fleſh and blood like other men? Another, in an inſulting manner, ſaid to him, Thou wert in the right not to be thought a man, for thou wert a monſter, void of all humanity. Another would ſay to him, Well, what is now become of thy flatterers? thou haſt now nothing to beſtow, poor wretch! 'tis out of thy power to do any more miſchief; thou art now become a ſlave to thy own ſlaves; the Gods are ſure, though ſlow, in executing juſtice.

At theſe harſh expreſſions *Nabopharzan* flung himſelf flat on his face, tearing his hair through exceſs of rage and deſperation; but *Charon* ſaid to the ſlaves, Pull him by his chain, raiſe him up in ſpite of his teeth; he ſhall not have ſo much as the ſatisfaction to conceal his ſhame; it muſt be ſeen by all the ghoſts about *Styx*, that they may bear witneſs of it, and abſolve the Gods, who ſo long ſuffer'd this impious wretch to reign upon the earth. This is, O *Babylonian*, but the beginning of thy ſorrow: prepare thyſelf for thy tryal before the inflexible *Minos*, judge of the infernal regions.

While the dreadful *Charon* was thus ſpeaking, his boat reach'd the ſhore of *Pluto*'s empire. All the ghoſts came thronging to view this living man, that appear'd in the boat among the dead: but ſcarce had *Telemachus* landed, e'er they all fled away like the ſhades of night, which are diſſipated by the firſt glimpſe of the day. *Charon*, with a brow leſs wrinkled, and eyes leſs fierce than uſual, ſaid to the young *Greek*, O mortal, favourite of the Gods, ſince it is given thee to enter into the kingdom of night, inacceſſible to other living men, make haſte and go where the deſtinies call thee; go thro' this gloomy path, to the palace of *Pluto*, whom thou wilt find on his throne: he will permit thee to enter into thoſe places, the ſecrets of which I am not allow'd to diſcover.

Upon this, *Telemachus* advances with a quick pace; he ſees on all ſides of him, multitudes of hovering ghoſts, more numerous than the ſands that cover the ſea ſhore. Amidſt the hurry of this infinite croud, he is ſeiz'd with a divine horror, obſerving the profound ſilence of theſe vaſt regions. His hair ſtood an end ſo ſoon as he reach'd the melancholy manſion of the pitileſs *Pluto*; his knees tremble, his voice fails him, and it was not without great difficulty he pronounc'd theſe words to the God; You ſee, O terrible deity, the ſon of the unhappy

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes: I come to enquire of you, whether my father is deſcended into your dominions, or whether he is ſtill wandering upon the earth?

Pluto was ſeated on a throne of ebony; his complexion was pale and ſevere; his eyes hollow, but ſparkling with fire; his face wrinkled and menacing. The ſight of a living man was as odious to him, as the light is offenſive to the eyes of thoſe creatures, that are accuſtom'd to keep within their receſſes 'till the approach of night. By his ſide appear'd *Proſerpine*, who alone commanded his affections, and who ſeem'd, in ſome meaſure, to ſoften his heart. She enjoy'd an ever-blooming beauty; but her divine graces ſeem'd to be ſomewhat tarniſh'd by a certain harſh and ſtern air, which ſhe had contracted from her conſort.

At the foot of the throne was pale and devouring Death, with his ſharp-edged ſcythe, which he was continually whetting. About him flew black cares, cruel jealouſies, revenges glutted with blood, and full of wounds; unjuſt hatred, covetouſneſs gnawing itſelf, deſpair tearing itſelf with its own hands, wild ambition, that puts every thing in combuſtion, treaſon that feeds upon blood, and cannot enjoy the fruits of its wickedneſs; envy that pours forth her deadly venom all around her, and who grows outragiouſly mad when

when ſhe is unable to do any hurt, impiety digging a bottomleſs pit, and deſperately throwing herſelf into it, hideous ſpectres, phantoms that aſſume the ſhapes of the dead, to frighten the living, dreadful wakings no leſs tormenting than ſad dreams: With all theſe direful images was the fierce *Pluto* ſurrounded, and with theſe were his palace fill'd. He anſwer'd *Telemachus* with a hollow voice that made the bottom of *Erebus* to roar: Young mortal, deſtiny has made thee violate this ſacred ſanctuary of the ghoſts: follow thy high deſtiny: I will not tell thee where thy father is; 'tis enough thou art free to go look for him; ſince he has been a king upon earth, thou haſt no more to do but to traverſe, on the one hand, that part of gloomy *Tartarus* where wicked kings are puniſhed; and, on the other, the *Elyſian* fields, where the good ones are rewarded. But thou can'ſt not paſs from hence into the *Elyſian* fields, 'till thou haſt gone through *Tartarus*; make haſte thither, and get you out of my dominions.

With this *Telemachus* ſeems to fly through thoſe void and immenſe ſpaces, ſo impatient was he to ſeek his father, and to avoid the preſence of that horrible tyrant, dreaded both by the living and the dead. He preſently finds himſelf on the borders of the melancholy *Tartarus*, from whence there a-

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roſe a black and thick ſmoke, whoſe peſtilential ſtench would have brought preſent death with it, if it had reach'd the abodes of the living: this ſmoke ſat upon a river of flaming fire, the noiſe whereof, like that of the moſt impetuous cataracts falling from ſome ſteep rock, into a bottomleſs pit, ſtruck thoſe almoſt deaf that enter'd into thoſe diſmal places.

Telemachus, ſecretly encourag'd by *Minerva*, undauntedly enters this gulph. At firſt he perceiv'd a great number of men, who had liv'd in the meaneſt condition, and who were puniſh'd for having heap'd up riches by fraud, treachery, and cruelty. He obſerv'd great numbers of impious hypocrites, who, making as if they had lov'd religion, employ'd it as a fair pretext to cover their ambition, and to impoſe upon the credulous: theſe men, who had abus'd virtue itſelf (the greateſt gift the Gods have to give) were puniſh'd as the moſt villainous of all mankind. The children who had kill'd their fathers or mothers, wives who had imbru'd their hands in the blood of their husbands; traytors who had ſacrificed their country after they had violated all the moſt ſolemn oaths, were leſs ſeverely puniſh'd than theſe hypocrites. Such was the ſentence of the three infernal judges, which was grounded upon this; becauſe, the hypocrites not thinking

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it enough to be ill, like the reſt of the wicked, would paſs for good men, and ſo by their counterfeit virtue, they make others ſhy of truſting thoſe who are really virtuous. The Gods, whom they mock'd, and whom they make deſpicable in the eyes of men, take delight in exerciſing their whole power to revenge ſuch inſults.

Near to theſe appear'd another ſort of men, whom the vulgar do not believe to be very culpable, but whom the divine vengeance puniſhes without mercy. Theſe are the ungrateful, the lyars, the flatterers, who commend vice; the malicious cenſurers, who endeavour to ſully the brighteſt virtue; in fine, thoſe who have raſhly paſs'd ſentence without thorowly conſidering things, and thereby have prejudic'd the reputation of the innocent. But of all ingratitudes, that which was puniſh'd as the blackeſt, is that which is committed againſt the Gods: What, ſaid *Minos*, ſhall a man be reputed a monſter that fails in his acknowledgments to his father, or to his friend, from whom he has receiv'd aſſiſtance, and ſhall men glory in their ingratitude towards the Gods, of whom they hold life, and all the benefits belonging to it? Do they not owe their being to them more than to the parents of whom they are born? The more ſuch crimes are excuſed upon earth, the more they become objects of vengeance here

here below, where nothing can eſcape the teſt.

Telemachus ſeeing the three judges paſſing ſentence upon a man, took the liberty to ask them, What were his crimes? The criminal immediately taking upon himſelf to anſwer, cry'd out, I never did the leaſt evil; on the contrary, I plac'd my greateſt happineſs in doing good: I ever was generous, liberal, juſt, compaſſionate; what have they then to charge me with? To which *Minos* anſwer'd, We have nothing to accuſe thee of with reſpect to men, but didſt thou not owe to them far leſs than to the Gods? Where is then that juſtice thou ſo much bragg'ſt of? Thou haſt fail'd in nothing towards men, who are nothing; thou haſt been virtuous; but thou haſt referr'd all thy virtue to thyſelf, and not to the Gods who gave it thee. Thou hadſt a mind to enjoy the fruits of thy own proper virtue, and made it center in thyſelf: thou haſt been thy own deity; but the Gods, who were the creators of all things, and who have made nothing but for themſelves, cannot renounce their right. As thou didſt forget them, ſo they will forget thee, and ſurrender thee up to thyſelf; ſince for thyſelf thou liv'dſt, and not for them. Find now (if thou canſt) conſolation in thy own heart. Thou art now for ever ſeparated from the company of men, whom thou didſt ſtudy

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ſo much to pleaſe; thou art now alone with thyſelf, thy own idol: know, that there is no true virtue without the reverence and love of the Gods, to whom every thing is due: thy ſham goodneſs, which has ſo long dazzled the eyes of credulous mankind, ſhall now be put to confuſion. Men who judge of virtue and vice only with reſpect to their own conveniency, or inconveniency, are blind both as to good and evil; but in this place a divine light overthrows all their ſuperficial opinions, condemning what they admire, and juſtifying what they condemn.

At theſe words the philoſopher, as if he had been thunderſtruck, could no longer endure himſelf; the complacency with which he formerly contemplated his own moderation, courage, and generoſity, were now turn'd into deſpair; the review of his own heart, which had been ſo falſe to the Gods, became his puniſhment. He ſees himſelf, and, ſpight of all he can do, is not able to turn his eyes from the hateful object: he now ſees the vanity of the opinions of men, whom, in all his actions, he had ſtudy'd to pleaſe. There is an univerſal revolution of every thing within him, as if all his entrails were turn'd up-ſide down; he is no more the ſame man; his heart no longer gives him ſupport or comfort; his conſcience, whoſe teſtimony was formerly ſo pleaſing to him, flies in his face,

face, and terribly upbraids him with the deceit and illuſion of all his virtues, which had not the worſhip of the Gods either for their principle, or their object. He is troubled, diſorder'd, fill'd with ſhame, remorſe, and deſpair: The furies, indeed, do not torment him, becauſe they thought it enough to have deliver'd him up to himſelf; and his own heart ſufficiently avenges the Gods whom he had deſpis'd: ſince he cannot hide himſelf from himſelf, he ſeeks the darkeſt places to hide himſelf from others: he courts darkneſs, but cannot find it; a troubleſome light purſues him every where; every where the piercing rays of truth revenge his contempt of her. What he lov'd formerly, now becomes loathſome to him, as being the ſource of his miſeries, which are never to have an end.

He ſays to himſelf, Fool that I am! I have neither known the Gods, nor mankind, nor myſelf: no, I have been ignorant of every thing, ſince I never lov'd the only and true good: every ſtep I took was wrong; my wiſdom was nothing but folly, and my virtue nothing but impious and fooliſh pride; for I idoliz'd nothing but myſelf.

At laſt *Telemachus* eſpy'd thoſe kings that were puniſh'd for having abus'd their power. On one hand, a vindictive fury held up to them a mirror, which repreſented to them all

all their vices in their full deformity: there they ſaw, in ſpite of themſelves, their fulſome vanity that greedily ſwallow'd down the groſſeſt flattery; their hard-heartedneſs towards men, for whoſe benefit they were born; their inſenſibility of virtue; their dread to hear the truth; their love of baſe men and flatterers; their inapplication; their effeminacy; their ſloth; their jealouſy; their pride; their exceſſive pomp, built upon the ruin of their people; their ambition to purchaſe a little vain-glory with the blood of their ſubjects: in fine, their cruelty, which every day hunts out for new pleaſures amidſt the tears and diſtreſſes of ſo many unhappy wretches. In this mirror, they inceſſantly behold themſelves under images more dreadful and monſtrous than the Chimera that was vanquiſh'd by *Bellerophon*, or the *Lernæan* Hydra, which was deſtroy'd by *Hercules*, or than *Cerberus* himſelf, though he diſgorges from his three gaping throats, a black and venomous gore, capable to infect the whole race of mankind, with poyſonous exhalations.

At the ſame time, on the other hand, another fury did inſultingly repeat to them the encomiums which their flatterers had beſtow'd on them while alive, and preſented another mirror, wherein they ſaw themſelves under the ſame repreſentations as flattery had de-

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ſcrib'd them. The oppoſition of theſe ſo contrary portraits, was the puniſhment of their vanity. It was obſervable, that the moſt wicked of theſe kings, were ſuch as, during their lives, had receiv'd the moſt exalted praiſes; becauſe the evil are more dreaded than the good, and ſhameleſly exact the ſordid and nauſeous flatteries of the poets and orators of their time.

You might hear them groan in this profound darkneſs, where they can ſee nothing but the mockings and inſults which they are oblig'd to ſuffer. They have none about them but ſuch as repulſe, contradict, and oppoſe them; whereas on earth they ſported themſelves with the lives of men, and pretended, that all things were made for them alone. In *Tartarus* they are deliver'd over to the capricious humours of certain ſlaves, who make them feel, in their turn, the ſeverities of a cruel bondage; their ſlavery is painful, nor have they the leaſt hopes of being ever able to mitigate their captivity. Under the laſh of thoſe ſlaves, now become their tyrants, they ſeem like the anvil beneath the hammers of the Cyclops, when *Vulcan* preſſes them on to work in the glowing furnaces of mount *Ætna*.

There *Telemachus* perceiv'd pale, hideous, and melancholy countenances, occaſion'd by gnawing grief, which the criminals feel within themſelves, nor can they any more deliver them-

themſelves from this horror, than from their own very nature. They need no other punishments for their crimes, than their crimes themſelves, which inceſſantly ſtare them in the face, with all their moſt aggravating circumſtances: they preſent themſelves to them like horrible apparitions; they purſue them whilſt thoſe who are purſu'd, in order to ſecure themſelves, call for a death more powerful than that which ſeparated them from their bodies.

In the height of their deſpair, they court a death that may extinguiſh in them all ſenſe and thought: they call upon the deep to ſwallow them up, that they may be reſcu'd from the avenging beams of truth which perſecutes them; but they are reſerv'd for a vengeance which diſtils upon them drop by drop, and will never be dry'd up. That truth, which they dreaded to ſee, now becomes their puniſhment; they ſee it, but whilſt it flies in their face, the ſight of it pierces them, tears them to pieces, and puts them beſides themſelves; 'tis like the lightning, which, without deſtroying the outſide, penetrates to the inmoſt parts of the bowels. Like to metal in a flaming furnace, the ſoul is, as it were, liquify'd in this avenging fire; its texture is deſtroy'd, and yet there is nothing conſum'd; it diſſolves even the very firſt principles of life, and yet it is impoſſible

for it dye: they are torn from themſelves, and can find neither eaſe nor comfort for the leaſt minute: they ſubſiſt only by their rage againſt themſelves, and by a deſpair which makes them furious.

Among the many objects which made *Telemachus*'s hair ſtand erect, he ſaw ſeveral of the antient kings of *Lydia* puniſh'd, for having preferr'd a lazy, to a laborious life, which ought to be inſeparable from royalty, for the eaſe of the people.

Theſe kings reproach'd each other for their follies: one of them ſaid to another, who had been his ſon, Did I not often recommend to you, when I was old and ſinking to my grave, to take care to redreſs thoſe miſchiefs which I had committed through negligence? O unhappy father, reply'd the ſon, 'tis you that have ruin'd me; 'twas your example that inſpir'd me with pride, arrogance, and cruelty to mankind. While I ſaw you reign in ſo indolent a manner, and ſurrounded with ſo many baſe flatterers, I grew fond of flattery and pleaſure: I thought the reſt of men were, in reſpect of kings, what horſes, and other beaſts of burden, are in regard to men; that is to ſay, beaſts, which are no otherwiſe eſteem'd, than as they are ſerviceable, and miniſter to our conveniency: this was my opinion; it was from you I deriv'd it, and now I endure all theſe miſeries for imitating your

your example. From theſe reproaches, they proceeded to the moſt dreadful curſes; and were ſo enraged, that they ſeem'd to be ready to tear one another piece-meal.

Around theſe kings there likewiſe hover'd, like owls in the night-time, cruel ſuſpicions, vain alarms, diffidences which revenge ſubjects upon their inhuman kings, inſatiable thirſt of riches, a falſe glory that is ever tyrannical, and vile effeminacy, which doubles all the evils one ſuffers, without ever being able to afford any ſolid pleaſure. Many of theſe kings were ſeverely puniſh'd, not for the ill they had done, but for the good they ought to have done: all the crimes of the people, which proceed from remiſſneſs in executing the laws, were imputed to the kings, who ought to reign for no other end, but to make the laws reign thro' their miniſtry. They were likewiſe charg'd with all the diſorders which ariſe from pride, luxury, and all other exceſſes which throw men into a ſtate of violence, and tempt them to tranſgreſs the laws to acquire wealth. Above all, thoſe kings were treated with great rigour, who, inſtead of being good and vigilant ſhepherds over the people, thought of nothing but how to worry their flocks like ſo many voracious wolves.

But that which moſt troubled and ſurpriz'd *Telemachus*, was to ſee in this abyſs of darkneſs

neſs and miſery, a great many kings, who had paſs'd on earth for tolerably good princes, now condemned to the pains of *Tartarus*, for ſuffering themſelves to be over-ruled by wicked and deſigning men: theſe were puniſhed for the evils which they had ſuffered to be committed by their authority: Moſt of theſe kings were neither good nor wicked, their weakneſs was ſo great; they never had readed being kept in ignorance of the truth; they never had a reliſh for virtue, nor placed their glory in doing good.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS*

BOOK XIX.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *enters the Elyſian fields, where he known again by* Arceſius *his great-grand father, who aſſures him, that* Ulyſſes *among the living; that he will ſee him aga in* Ithaca; *and that he will reign there aft his father.* Arceſius *deſcribes to him t felicity which juſt men enjoy, particular good kings, who during their lives ha worſhipped the Gods, and conſulted the ha pineſs of their ſubjects. He makes him ta notice, that the heroes who excelled o in the art of war, are far leſs happy i ſeparate place. He gives inſtructions to T lemachus; after which the latter goes ba to rejoin with ſpeed the confederate camp.*

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MUSEUM



H. Cole.

Telemachus *arrives at y^e Elysian Fields.*

NO ſooner had *Telemachus* got out of this place, but he felt himſelf as much eaſed, as if a huge mountain had been removed off his breaſt: by this he was convinced of the miſery of thoſe who are ſhut up there, without hope of being ever releaſed. He ſhiver'd with horror, in obſerving how much kings were more grievouſly tormented than other criminals. What, ſaid he, ſo many duties, ſo many perils, ſo many ſnares, ſo many difficulties in coming at the truth, to guard againſt others, and againſt one's ſelf too, and at laſt ſo many horrible tortures in hell, after having been ſo envy'd, ſo worry'd, and ſo thwarted in a ſhort courſe of life! Oh how void of ſenſe is the man who courts a crown! Happy he who takes up with a private peaceable manner of life, wherein he may with more eaſe be virtuous!

In making theſe reflections, his mind was troubled and diſordered; he was brought under a conſternation which made him feel ſomething of that deſpair thoſe miſerable princes ſuffered, whoſe wretched condition he had been conſidering. But the further he made off from theſe territories of darkneſs, horror and deſpair, his courage began gradually to revive; he breathed anew in proportion as he went forward, and now began

to perceive at a diſtance that kindly and pure light, which ſtreamed from the manſions of the heroes.

Here reſided all thoſe virtuous kings, who till that time had governed mankind, being ſeparated from other good men. As wicked princes were infinitely more ſeverely puniſhed in *Tartarus* than thoſe of inferior condition; ſo theſe good kings enjoy'd, in the *Elyſian* fields, a happineſs infinitely exceeding that of the reſt of mankind, who had devoted themſelves to virtue, when upon earth.

Telemachus advances towards theſe kings, who were in odoriferous groves on the ever freſh and flowery green: a thouſand little rivulets water'd this beauteous place with a cryſtal ſtream, which imparted a delicious freſhneſs all around: an infinite number of birds made thoſe groves reſound with their melodious chirping and ſinging: here were ſeen at once the flowers of the ſpring growing up beneath one's feet, and the rich fruits of autumn hanging on the trees over head: here was never felt the ſcorching heat of the dog-ſtar, nor durſt the bleak north winds dare to breathe forth the rigours of winter. Neither war that thirſts after blood, nor cruel envy that bites with an invenom'd tooth, and carries twiſted vipers in her boſom, and wreathed about her arms;

arms; nor jealouſies, diſtruſts, fears, nor vain deſires did ever approach this bleſſed manſion of peace: here the day knows no end, and the night with her ſable veil is utterly unknown; a pure, agreeable light ſpreads itſelf round the bodies of theſe righteous men, and ſurrounds them with its rays like a garment: It is not like that which lightens the eyes of miſerable mortals, and which compar'd to this, is no better than darkneſs: it is rather a cœleſtial glory than a light, for it penetrates more ſubtilly the thickeſt body, than the beams of the ſun can pierce the pureſt cryſtal; yet it never dazzles, but, on the contrary, ſtrengthens the eyes, and produces in the inmoſt receſſes of the ſoul, an inexpreſſible ſerenity. It is this alone that nouriſhes thoſe bleſſed men; it comes out of them, and goes back into them; it penetrates into them, and incorporates it ſelf with them, as food with us; they ſee it, they feel it, they breathe it; it cauſes an inexhauſtible fountain of peace and joy to ſpring up in their ſouls: they plunge into this abyſs of joy as fiſhes into the ſea; they deſire nothing; they have all things without having any thing, for the reliſh of this pure light ſatisfies the hunger of their ſouls; their utmoſt wiſhes are gratified, and their plenitude raiſes them above all that empty hungry minds court upon earth: all

the pleaſures that ſurround them do not affect them, becauſe their conſummate happineſs, which proceeds from within them, admits no ſenſe of any delights to enter from without: juſt as the Gods, who ſatisfied with *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*, would reject and nauſeate thoſe groſs meats, which the moſt exquiſite table of mortals could ſet before them. All evils fly away from theſe calm abodes: death, ſickneſs, poverty, pain, lamentation, remorſe, fear, and hope too (which often is as painful to us as fear) diviſions, diſguſts and vexations, can find no acceſs there.

The lofty mountains of *Thrace*, which with their brows, cover'd with everlaſting ſnow, do ſplit the clouds, might ſooner be overturned from their foundations, which are fixed in the center of the earth, than the hearts of theſe righteous men be moved in the leaſt degree; only they compaſſionate the inhabitants of the earth for the miſeries that oppreſs them; but then it is ſuch a ſweet and calm kind of compaſſion, as alters not in the leaſt their unchangeable felicity. Eternal youth, endleſs happineſs, and all divine glory are impreſſed on their countenances; but their joy has nothing in it that is wanton or indecent: it is a noble, majeſtick joy; it is a ſublime taſte of truth and virtue

virtue that tranſports them; they are every moment, without interruption, ſeized with ſuch an elevation of heart, as is felt by a tender mother at the ſight of her beloved ſon whom ſhe had given over for dead: but this rapture, which ſoon withdraws from ſuch a mother's heart, never forſakes the ſouls of theſe men; it never decays in the leaſt, it is always freſh and new; they have the tranſports of inebriation, without the diſorder and ſtupefaction of it: they diſcourſe together of what they ſee and taſte, they trample under foot the fond delights and vain pomps of their former conditions, which they deplore; they with pleaſure reflect on thoſe ſad but ſhort years, wherein they were obliged to ſtruggle againſt their own inclinations, and the torrent of corrupt men, to become virtuous: they admire the aſſiſtance of the Gods who led them, as it were by the hand, in the paths of virtue, thro' a multitude of perils; ſomething unſpeakably divine runs inceſſantly thro' their hearts, like a flood of the divine nature itſelf, which unites itſelf to them: they ſee, they feel that they are happy, and are ſenſible they ſhall always be ſo; they all ſing the praiſes of the Gods, and all of them together make but one voice, one thought, one heart, one felicity, which is like a flux and reflux in theſe united ſouls: while they enjoy theſe divine raptures,

whole ages glide away more ſwiftly than hours do with mortals here on earth; and yet a thouſand and a thouſand ages, when elapſed, do not in the leaſt diminiſh their felicity, which is always new, and alway entire: they all reign together, not on ſuch thrones as the hand of man can overturn, but in themſelves with a power that can never be ſhaken; for now they have no more need to make themſelves formidable, by a power borrow'd from a vile and miſerable people; nor do they any longer wear thoſe vain diadems, beneath whoſe dazzling luſtre lurk ſo many fears and melancholy cares: the Gods themſelves have placed on their heads ſuch crowns, whoſe glory nothing can ever tarniſh.

Telemachus, who was in queſt of his father, and was once afraid of finding him in theſe regions, was ſo raviſh'd with this taſte of peace and felicity, that he could have wiſh'd to have met him here, and was very much concern'd, that he himſelf ſhould be forc'd to return again into the ſociety of mortals: Here it is, ſaid he, that true life is to be found, and what on earth is called life is nothing but death: but what ſurprized him was, his ſeeing ſo many kings puniſh'd in *Tartarus*, and ſo few bleſſed in the Elyſian fields. This convinc'd him that there are but few kings who are firm and couragious enough

enough to withſtand their own power, and to reject the flattery of ſo many men who ſtudy to excite all their paſſions; ſo that good kings muſt needs be very rare, and the greateſt part are ſo wicked, that the Gods would not be juſt, if, when they have ſuffered them to abuſe their power during their life, they ſhould not chaſtiſe them after their death.

Telemachus, not finding his father among theſe kings, looked about him to ſee if he could find at leaſt his grandfather the divine *Laertes*. Whilſt he was looking for him in vain, a venerable majeſtick old man made up to him. He did not look like one that was depreſſed with age: one might perceive only that he was old before he dy'd: his old age was only a mixture of all the gravity of numerous years, with all the graces of youth; for thoſe graces revive, even in the moſt decrepid old men, the moment they enter into the *Elyſian* fields. This man advanc'd eagerly towards *Telemachus*, and look'd upon him with all the complacency imaginable, as on a perſon who was very dear to him. *Telemachus*, not knowing him, was both in pain and in ſuſpence.

I forgive thy not knowing me, O my dear ſon, ſaid the old man to him: I am *Arceſius*, father of *Laertes*; I reſign'd my laſt breath a little before *Ulyſſes* my grandſon ſet out for

the ſiege of *Troy*: thou wert then an infant in thy nurſe's arms; I even then conceiv'd great hopes of thee, nor was I miſtaken, ſince I ſee thee deſcended into *Pluto*'s kingdoms to ſeek thy father, and ſince the Gods are thy ſupport in this enterprize. O happy child! thou art favour'd by the Gods, who are laying up for thee a glory equal to thy father's! O how happy am I to ſee thee again! Seek no more thy father in theſe regions; he is yet alive, reſerv'd to reſtore the grandeur of our family in the iſle of *Ithaca*. Even *Laertes*, though he bends beneath the weight of years, yet ſtill enjoys the light, and waits for his ſon's coming to cloſe his eyes. Thus mortals paſs away like flowers that blow in the morning, and in the evening are withered and trampled under foot: The generations of men ſlide away like the waves of a rapid river; nothing can ſtop the courſe of time, which ſweeps away even ſuch things as ſeem to be the moſt immoveable. Thou, O my ſon, my dear ſon, thou, who now enjoyeſt ſo lively and ſo pleaſurable a youth, forget not that this bright part of thy youth is nothing but a flower, that is almoſt as ſoon wither'd as blown. Thou wilt ſee thyſelf inſenſibly chang'd; the ſmiling graces, the gentle joys, ſtrength, health and jollity will vaniſh like a delightful dream, and will leave behind them nothing but

but the ſad remembrance. Languid old age, an enemy to pleaſure, will wrinkle thy brow, bend thy body, weaken thy trembling limbs, dry up in thy heart the ſource of joy, make thee diſreliſh what is preſent, and dread what is to come, and render thee inſenſible of every thing but pain and ſorrow. This time to thee ſeems diſtant and remote; but alas, my ſon, thou art deceiv'd; it haſtens towards thee, and will ſoon reach thee: that which advances with ſo much rapidity cannot be far from thee; time is always upon the wing; nay the preſent time is already gone far away, ſince it is annihilated in the moment we are ſpeaking, and can come near us no more. Therefore, O my ſon, never rely on the preſent, but let the proſpect of futurity ſupport thee in the rough uneven path of virtue: prepare for thyſelf, by a virtuous courſe of life, a place in the happy ſeat of peace: in a ſhort time thou ſhalt ſee thy father reſume the government of *Ithaca*. Thou art born to reign after him; but alas, O my ſon, how deceitful a thing is royalty! If you look on it afar off, you ſee nothing but authority, grandeur and pleaſure: but if you approach near to it, it is full of thorns and difficulties. A private man, may, without diſgrace, lead a calm obſcure life; but a king cannot, without reproach, prefer an eaſy, unactive life, to the painful offices of

government; he owes himſelf to the nation he governs, and is not allowed to be his own man: his leaſt ſlips are of infinite conſequence, becauſe they occaſion national miſeries, and that ſometimes for ſeveral ages. He ought to check the audaciouſneſs of wicked men, ſupport innocence, and diſcountenance calumny. It is not enough for him to do no ill; he muſt do all the poſſible good that his people ſtands in need of. It is not enough for him to do good for his own part; but he muſt likewiſe prevent all the miſchiefs others would do, were they not reſtrain'd. Fear therefore, O my ſon, fear ſo perilous a condition, be arm'd with courage againſt thy ſelf, againſt thy paſſions, and againſt flatterers.

Arceſius, as he ſpoke theſe words, ſeem'd poſſeſſed with a divine flame, and carry'd a countenance full of compaſſion for the miſeries that accompany a royal ſtate. A crown, ſaid he, if aſſum'd for the gratifying a man's own ſelf, is a monſtrous tyranny; if accepted to fulfil the duties that belong to it, and to conduct a numerous people, as a father guides his children, it is a laborious ſervitude that requires heroick courage and patience. On the other hand, it is certain that thoſe who have reign'd with an untainted virtue, are here in poſſeſſion of all that the Gods can poſſibly give to compleat their happineſs.

While

While *Arceſius* ſpoke in this manner, his words ſunk deep into *Telemachus*'s heart, and were impreſſed therein like thoſe indelible figures which an able artiſt graves in braſs, in order to tranſmit them to the moſt remote poſterity. His ſage diſcourſe was like a ſubtle flame that pierc'd into the very bowels of the young *Telemachus*, who felt himſelf mov'd and inflam'd, and whoſe heart ſeem'd to melt through a ſupernatural operation. That which lodg'd in the moſt intimate receſſes of his ſoul, ſecretly conſum'd him; he could neither contain it, nor ſupport it, nor reſiſt ſo violent an impreſſion; it was a quick and bewitching kind of pain, a lively and delightful ſentiment, mix'd with a ſort of torment, capable of depriving one of life.

At length *Telemachus* began to breathe more freely: He perceiv'd in the countenance of *Arceſius* a great reſemblance of *Laertes*; he thought too that he remember'd, though imperfectly, in his father *Ulyſſes* the ſame kind of lineaments, when he ſet out for *Troy*. This reſemblance melted his heart, ſo that tears of joy gently trickled down from his eyes. He would needs embrace a perſon ſo dear to him, and ſeveral times he attempted it, but in vain; the empty ſhadow ſtill mock'd his ſtraining arms, juſt as a deluſive dream flies from a man when he thinks he has it faſt: One while his thirſty mouth purſues a fugitive ſtream;

ſtream; another while his lips move themſelves to form words which his benumn'd tongue cannot utter: He eagerly reaches out his hand, and catches nothing. Thus fares it with *Telemachus*, who cannot gratify his tenderneſs; he ſees *Arceſius*, hears him, ſpeaks to him, but cannot touch him: At length, he asks him, who thoſe men are that ſtand round him?

They are, my ſon, ſaid the grave old man, ſuch perſons as have been the ornament of the age they liv'd in, the glory and happineſs of mankind: Thou ſeeſt the few kings who have been truly worthy of royalty, and have faithfully diſcharged the function of Gods upon earth. Thoſe others whom thou ſeeſt not far from them, but parted by that ſmall cloud, enjoy a leſs degree of glory; theſe indeed are heroes, but the recompence of their valour, and military expeditions is not to be compar'd with that of wiſe, juſt, and beneficent princes.

Among thoſe heroes thou beholdeſt *Theſeus*, who wears a ſort of ſadneſs on his brow. He was ſo unhappy as to rely too much upon an artful wife, and is ſtill afflicted for having ſo unjuſtly begg'd of *Neptune* the death of his ſon *Hippolytus*: Happy had it been for him if he had not been ſo paſſionate, and ſo eaſily provok'd! Thou alſo ſeeſt *Achilles* leaning on his ſpear, by reaſon of the wound which

which the baſe *Paris* gave him on his heel, and which was the cauſe of his death. Had he been as wiſe and moderate as he was fearleſs, the Gods would have granted him a long reign; but they were compaſſionate to the *Phthiotes* and the *Dolopes*, whoſe king he was to have been, had he, according to the courſe of nature, ſurviv'd his father *Peleus*. The Gods were unwilling to deliver ſo many people to the mercy of a hot-brain'd man, more eaſily provok'd than the moſt ſtormy ſea. The fatal ſiſters have ſhorten'd his thread of life, and he was like a half-blown flower mow'd down by a plough-ſhare, and which dies before the end of the day which gave it birth. The Gods were willing to uſe him only as they do torrents and tempeſts, to puniſh men for their crimes: They employ'd *Achilles* to demoliſh the walls of *Troy*, revenge the perjury of *Laomedon*, and chaſtiſe the unjuſt amours of *Paris*: After having thus made uſe of him as the inſtrument of their vengeance, they were appeas'd; and, unmov'd by the tears of *Thetis*, they refus'd to ſuffer that young hero any longer on the earth, who was fit for nothing but to diſturb mankind, and to overthrow cities and kingdoms. But doſt thou obſerve that other perſon who looks ſo fiercely? 'Tis *Ajax*, the ſon of *Telamon*, and couſin of *Achilles*: Doubtleſs, you are not ignorant what glory

glory he acquired in battle: After the death of *Achilles*, he pretended that his armour ought not to be beſtow'd on any but himſelf: Thy father did not think fit to yield him up that advantage, and the *Greeks* adjudg'd them to *Ulyſſes*. *Ajax*, upon this, kill'd himſelf in deſpair: Rage and indignation are ſtill legible in his face: Do not go near him, my ſon, for he would think that you had a mind to inſult him on account of his misfortune, for which he ought juſtly to be pity'd. Doſt thou not obſerve that he looks at us with uneaſineſs, and is juſt now hurrying away into the gloomy grove, becauſe he hates to ſee us. On the other ſide, thou ſeeſt *Hector*, who had been invincible, if the ſon of *Thetis* had not, at the ſame time, been in the world. But take notice there of *Agamemnon*, who ſtill carries upon him the marks of *Clytemneſtra*'s perfidy: O my ſon, I tremble to think of the misfortunes of the impious *Tantalus*'s family. The diviſion of the two brothers *Atreus* and *Thyeſtes* fill'd that houſe with horror and blood. Alas! how many crimes does but one crime draw after it! *Agamemnon*, when he return'd at the head of the *Greeks* from the ſiege of *Troy*, had not time to enjoy in peace the glory he acquir'd in war: and this is the common deſtiny of almoſt all conquerors. All the men whom thou thou ſeeſt yonder, have been for

formidable in war, but they were not amiable or virtuous, and therefore are admitted only to the ſecond manſion of the *Elyſian* fields.

As for thoſe others who have reign'd with juſtice, and have had a tender love for their people, they are the favourites of the Gods. While *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, full of their quarrels and battles, do ſtill, even here, retain their unquiet diſpoſition, and natural infirmities, while they in vain regret the life they have loſt, and teaze themſelves with the thoughts of their being now only impotent and vain ſhadows. Theſe juſt kings, being purify'd by the divine light which feeds them, have nothing more to deſire to make them happy; with eyes of compaſſion they behold the reſtleſſneſs of mortals; and the great deſigns, which diſtract the thoughts of ambitious men, appear to them like the ſports of children; their hearts are repleniſh'd with truth and virtue, which they draw at the fountain-head: They have nothing more to ſuffer either from themſelves or from others; no more appetites, no more neceſſities, no more fears. Every thing is at an end with them, except their joy, which is endleſs.

Conſider, my ſon, that ancient king *Inachus*, who founded the kingdom of *Argos*: thou ſeeſt how full of ſweetneſs and majeſty his old age appears: Flowers grow beneath his

his feet, and his light tread ſeems to reſemble the flight of a bird: He holds in his hand an ivory harp, and with eternal raptures ſings the wonderful works of the Gods: From his heart and his mouth breathe exquiſite perfumes; the melody of his lyre and voice were enough to raviſh the Gods as well as men: He is thus rewarded for the tender affection he bore to the people whom he aſſembled within the compaſs of his new walls, and to whom he gave laws.

On the other ſide, you may ſee, among thoſe myrtles, the *Ægyptian Cecrops*, the firſt king of *Athens*, a city conſecrated to that wiſe Goddeſs, whoſe name it bears. *Cecrops* having brought beneficial laws from *Ægypt*, (a country which has been to *Greece* the ſource both of literature and morality,) he ſoften'd the rough tempers of the inhabitants of the villages of *Attica*, and united them by the bands of ſociety. He was conſpicuous for juſtice, humanity, and a ſympathizing compaſſionateneſs: He left his people in great proſperity and affluence, and his own family but indifferently provided for. He was not willing his children ſhould ſucceed him in his authority, becauſe he judged there were others more deſerving of it.

I muſt not omit to ſhew thee *Erycthon* in that little valley; he invented the uſe of ſilver for money; he did it with a deſign to facilitat

facilitate commerce among the iſlands of *Greece*; but he foreſaw the inconveniency attending this invention. Apply your ſelves, ſaid he, to all the people, to multiply among you natural riches, which are the true riches. Cultivate and improve the earth, that you may have plenty of corn, wine, oyl and fruit: Get innumerable flocks, that may feed you with their milk, and cloath you with their wooll; and by this means you need never fear falling into poverty. The more children you have, the richer you will be, provided you breed them up to labour and induſtry; for the earth is inexhauſtible, and her fuitfulneſs encreaſes in proportion to the number of her inhabitants, who are diligent to manure her: She bountifully rewards the labour of them all, whereas ſhe is niggard and barren to them who are negligent in her culture: Endeavour therefore principally to acquire this true wealth, which is ſufficient to anſwer all the real neceſſities of mankind. As for coyn'd money, it ought not to be valued any further, than it is ſubſervient to the carrying on ſuch wars as you are unavoidably engag'd in abroad, or in the way of commerce, for purchaſing ſuch neceſſary commodities as are wanting in your own country; and it were to be wiſh'd, that there were no longer in the world any trafficking for ſuch things as ſerve only to keep up luxury, vanity,

vanity, and effeminacy. The ſage *Erycthon* would often ſay to them; My dear children, I fear I have made you a fatal preſent, in imparting to you the invention of money: I fear it will excite avarice, ambition, and pomp; that it will encourage an infinite number of pernicious arts, whoſe tendency is only to corrupt and debauch good manners; that it will put you out of conceit with that happy ſimplicity, which makes your lives ſo very quiet and ſecure; in fine, that it will breed in you a contempt for agriculture, which is the baſis of human life, and the ſource of all ſubſtantial riches: But the Gods are my witneſſes, that my heart was upright, when I beſtow'd this invention on you, which in itſelf is uſeful. But at length, when *Erycthon* found that money corrupted the people, as he had foreſeen, he, for grief, retired into a ſolitary mountain, where he lived in poverty, and ſequeſter'd from men, to an extream old age; nor would he concern himſelf in the government of cities.

Not long after him there appear'd in *Greece* the famous *Triptolemus*, whom *Ceres* had taught the art of tilling the ground, and covering it every year with golden harveſts. Not but that men were before this acquainted with the method of multiplying corn by ſowing it; but they knew not the art of husbandry to that perfection, 'till *Triptolemus*

ſent

ſent by *Ceres*, came with a plough in his hand to offer the Goddeſs's favour to all people, who had courage enough to overcome their natural lazineſs, and addict themſelves to aſſiduous labour. Soon did *Triptolemus* teach the *Greeks* to cleave the earth, and to fertilize her by tearing up her boſom. Soon did the ardent indefatigable reapers make the yellow ears that cover'd the fields fall under their ſharp ſickles; even the wild and barbarous people, that wander'd here and there in the foreſts of *Epirus* and *Etolia*, ſeeking acorns for their food, ſoften'd their rugged manners, and ſubmitted to laws, when they had learn'd the way of making corn to grow, and baking of bread. *Triptolemus* made the *Greeks* ſenſible of the pleaſure of owing their riches to nothing but their own labour; and of finding in their own fields whatever was neceſſary to render their lives commodious and happy. This plain and innocent affluence, inſeparable from agriculture, brought to their Minds the ſage counſels of *Erycthon*; ſo that they contemn'd money, and all artificial riches, which are no otherwiſe riches, than as they become ſo by mens fancy, tempting them to ſeek for dangerous pleaſures, and diverting them from labour, wherein they would find all that is ſubſtantially good, together with purity of manners, in the full enjoyment of liberty. They then were fully convinc'd that

a fruitful and well till'd field is the true treaſure of a family, that is wiſe enough to be content to live frugally as their fathers did before them. And happy had it been for the *Greeks*, had they continued firm to theſe maxims, ſo adapted to render them powerful, free, happy, and worthy to be ſo by a ſolid virtue. But, alas! they begin to admire falſe riches, gradually neglect the true, and degenerate from that admirable ſimplicity. O my ſon! thou ſhalt one day fill a throne; then remember to bring men back to the exerciſe of husbandry, to honour that art to eaſe thoſe who apply themſelves to it, and neither to ſuffer the people to live idle, nor to ſpend their time in thoſe deſtructive arts which foment luxury and ſloth. Thoſe two men who were ſo wiſe, when upon earth, are here the favourites of the Gods: take notice, O my ſon, that their glory as far exceeds that of *Achilles*, and the other heroes who have only been eminent in war, as the agreeable ſpring is preferable to the froze winter, or as the light of the ſun is brighter than that of the moon.

While *Arceſius* was thus ſpeaking, he ob-ſerv'd *Telemachus*'s eyes were continually fixt towards a little grove of lawrel, planted near a rivulet, whoſe banks were enamell'd with violets, roſes, lillies, and other odo-riferous flowers, whoſe lively hues reſembled

tho

thoſe of *Iris* when ſhe deſcends from heaven to earth, to bring ſome meſſage from the Gods to mortal men. It was the great king *Seſoſtris* whom *Telemachus* diſcern'd in that lovely place; and who was infinitely more majeſtick than when he ſat on the throne of *Ægypt*. Gentle rays of light ſtream'd from his eyes, which dazzled thoſe of *Telemachus*: had you ſeen him, you would have thought him inebriated with *Nectar*, ſo much had the divine ſpirit tranſported him above human reaſon, as a reward for his virtues.

Said *Telemachus* to *Arceſius*; O my father, I know this to be *Seſoſtris*, the wiſe king of *Ægypt*, whom I not long ago ſaw on earth. It is true, reply'd *Arceſius*, and thou ſeeſt how largely the Gods remunerate virtuous princes! But know, that all this felicity is nothing in compariſon of what was deſign'd for him, if too great proſperity had not made him forget the rules of moderation and juſtice. His inordinate appetite to humble the inſolent *Tyrians*, prompted him to take their city. This conqueſt created in him a deſire to make others; he ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſeduc'd by the vain glory of conquerors; he ſubdu'd, or rather ravag'd all *Aſia*. At his return into *Ægypt*, he found his brother had ſeiz'd his throne, and, by an unjuſt government had alter'd the moſt wholeſome laws of the country. But what render'd him more inexcuſable,

excuſable, was his being intoxicated with his own glory, and cauſing the moſt haughty kings he had ſubdu'd, to draw, like horſes, his triumphal chariot. He afterwards acknowledg'd his fault, and was aſham'd of having been ſo inhuman: And this was the fruit of his victories. Theſe are the miſchiefs conquerors bring on their ſtates, and on themſelves, while they go about to uſurp thoſe of their neighbours: This is what eclipſed the glory of a king, otherwiſe ſo juſt and beneficent, and it is this that diminiſh'd the happineſs which the Gods had prepared for him.

Doſt thou not ſee, O my ſon, that other perſon, whoſe wound appears ſo glorious? It is a king of *Caria*, *Dioclides* by name, who ſacrific'd himſelf, for his people's good, in battle; becauſe the oracle had declar'd that in the war between the *Carians* and the *Lycians*, that nation whoſe king ſhould fall ſhould be victorious.

There is likewiſe another whom I would have you take notice of; it is a wiſe legiſlator, who having, for the benefit of his country, fram'd ſuch laws as were proper to render them virtuous and happy, made them ſwear they would never violate any of thoſe laws during his abſence; after which he left them, exiling himſelf voluntarily from his country, and dy'd poor in a ſtrange land,

to

to oblige his people, according to their oath, for ever to obſerve thoſe wholeſome laws.

That other prince thou ſeeſt, is *Euneſymus* king of the *Pylians*, and one of the anceſtors of the ſage *Neſtor*. When the earth was ravag'd by a peſtilence, which ſent down to the banks of *Acheron* multitudes of crouding ghoſts, he begg'd of the Gods that he might appeaſe their wrath, and redeem by his own death that of ſo many thouſand innocent men. The Gods heard his prayer, and gave him here the true royal grandeur, in compariſon of which, all the pomps of the earth are but ſo many vain ſhadows.

That old man, whom thou ſeeſt crown'd with garlands, is the famous *Belus*; he reign'd in *Egypt*, and married *Anchynoe*, the daughter of the God *Nilus*, who conceals the ſource of his ſtream, and enriches a mighty tract of land by his inundations. He had two ſons, *Danaus*, whoſe hiſtory thou art no ſtranger to, and *Ægyptus*, who imparts his name to that fine country. *Belus* thought himſelf richer by the plenty he procur'd to his people, and the love his ſubjects bore to him, than by all the tributes he could have impos'd on them. Theſe men, whom you think dead, my ſon, are alive, and that life which men miſerably drag upon earth, is the only death: The names of

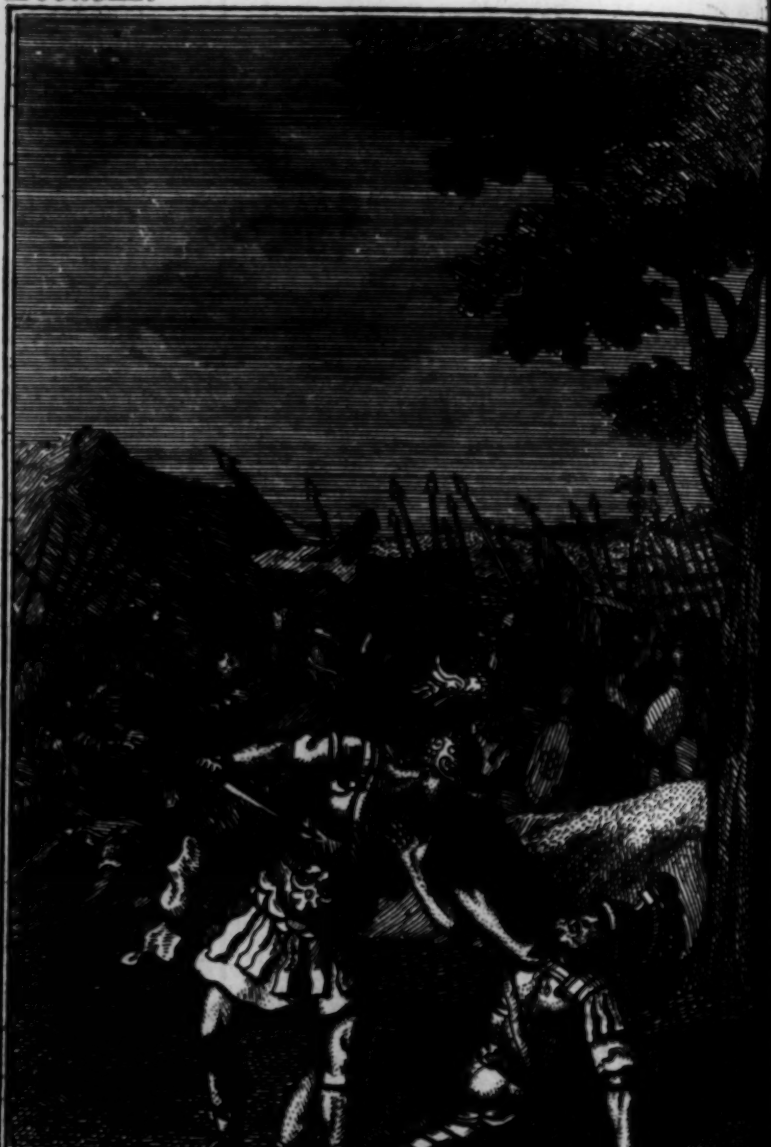
things are indeed changed, that's all. May it pleaſe the Gods to render thee virtuous enough to merit this happy life, which nothing can ever extinguiſh or diſturb! Haſte thee away; 'tis time for thee to go and ſeek thy father: before thou findeſt him, alas! how much bloodſhed ſhalt thou ſee! But then, what glory waits for thee in the fields of *Heſperia!* Let not the counſels of the ſage *Mentor* ever be out of thy mind; and if thou followeſt them, thy name ſhall be great among all nations, and in all ages.

He ſpoke, and preſently conducted *Telemachus* to the ivory gate, which leads out of the gloomy empire of *Pluto*. *Telemachus* with tears in his eyes, parted from him without being able to embrace him. Being come out of thoſe dark regions, he haſten'd to the camp of the confederates, after having again join'd company with the two young *Cretans*, who went with him almoſt as far as the cavern, and who deſpair'd of ever ſeeing him more.



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B. Ord.

Telemachus *slays* Adraſtus.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XX.

The ARGUMENT.

In an assembly of the chiefs of the army, Telemachus, *prevails with them not to surprise the town of* Venusium, *which both parties had deposited into the hands of the* Lucanians. *He shews his wisdom with respect to two deserters, one of whom, named* Acanthus, *had undertaken to poison him; the other, named* Dioscorus, *offered to the allies to kill* Adrastus. *In the ensuing engagement,* Telemachus *carries death where-ever he goes, in order to find out* Adrastus; *and this king, who likewise seeks* Telemachus, *meets with, and kills* Pisistratus, Nestor's *son.* Philoctetes *comes to his assistance, and as he was going to pierce* Adrastus, *he is himself wounded, and obliged to leave the combat.* Telema-

chus *runs to the cries of his allies, among whom* Adraſtus *makes a terrible havock. He engages that enemy, and gives him his life, upon conditions which he preſcribes to him.* Adraſtus, *being got up again, attempts to ſurprize* Telemachus, *who ſeizes on him a ſecond time, and takes away his life.*

MEAN while the commanders met together, to deliberate, whether they ſhould poſſeſs themſelves of *Venuſium*, a ſtrong town, which *Adraſtus* had formerly uſurp'd from his neighbours the *Peuceti Apulians*, who were entred into the confederacy againſt him for this act of perfidiouſneſs. *Adraſtus*, to appeaſe them, had put this town, by way of truſt, into the hands of the *Lucanians*: but he had by money debauch'd both the *Lucanian* garriſon and the governor; ſo that, in reality, *Adraſtus* had more power in *Venuſium* than the *Lucanians* themſelves; and the *Apulians*, who had conſented that the *Lucanian* garriſon ſhould keep *Venuſium*, were trick'd in this negotiation.

A certain citizen of *Venuſium*, *Demophantus* by name, had under-hand made an offer to the allies to deliver up to them one of the gates of the city by night. This advantage was ſo much the greater, in that *Adraſtus* had lodged all his warlike ſtores and pro-

viſio

viſions in a caſtle near *Venuſium*, which could not defend itſelf if *Venuſium* were taken. *Philoctetes* and *Neſtor* had already given their opinion, that they ought not to let ſlip ſuch a lucky opportunity. All the commanders, ſway'd by their authority, and dazzled by the advantagious proſpect of ſo eaſy an enterprize, applauded their ſentiment. But *Telemachus*, at his return, uſed his utmoſt endeavours to divert them from it.

I am not ignorant, ſaid he, that if ever any man deſerv'd to be trick'd and deceiv'd, it is *Adraſtus*; becauſe it has been his common practice to deceive and circumvent every body. I plainly ſee, that in ſurprizing *Venuſium* you only put yourſelves in poſſeſſion of a town that belongs to you, ſince it appertains to the *Apulians*, who are one of your confederates: I confeſs too, that you might do it with the better colour of juſtice, in regard that *Adraſtus*, who has put this city as a pledge in the hands of others, has corrupted the commander and the garriſon, that he may enter it whenever he thinks fit. To conclude, I know as well as you, that if you take *Venuſium*, you will the very next day be maſters of the caſtle where all *Adraſtus*'s proviſions are laid up, and ſo in two days more you will put an end to this dreadful war. But is it not better to periſh than to conquer by ſuch methods? Is fraud to be

repell'd by fraud? Shall it be ſaid, that ſo many kings, who enter'd into a league to puniſh the impious *Adraſtus* for his deceitfulneſs, are become deceitful like him? If we may lawfully do as *Adraſtus* has done, he is not guilty, and we are in the wrong to go about to puniſh him. What! has *Heſperia*, that *Heſperia* which is ſupported by ſo many *Greek* colonies, and by ſo many heroes return'd from the ſiege of *Troy*: Has ſhe, I ſay, no other arms againſt *Adraſtus*'s treachery and perjury, than the practice of the ſame vices? You have ſworn by the moſt ſacred things that you would leave *Venuſium* in truſt in the hands of the *Lucanians*. The *Lucanian* garriſon, you ſay, is corrupted by *Adraſtus*'s money. I believe it; but this garriſon is ſtill in the *Lucanian* pay, and has not refus'd to obey them; it has kept, at leaſt in appearance, a neutrality; neither has *Adraſtus*, nor any of his men entered into *Venuſium*; the treaty ſtill ſubſiſts, and the Gods have not forgot your oath. Shall we not obſerve our promiſes, but juſt ſo long as we are without a plauſible pretext to violate them? Shall we not be faithful and religious to our oaths, but when there is nothing to be got by breaking them? If you have no concern for virtue, nor are mov'd by the fear of the Gods, at leaſt have a regard for your reputation and intereſt. If you ſet this pernicious

pernicious example of violating your faith, that you may terminate a war; what wars will you not kindle by ſo wicked a conduct? Will not your neighbours be forc'd to be jealous of you on all occaſions, and utterly deteſt you? Who for the future will truſt you in the moſt preſſing exigencies? What ſecurity would you be able to give, ſhould you have a mind to be ſincere, and at a time when it may be of the greateſt importance to you to perſuade your neighbours of your ſincerity? Shall it be a ſolemn treaty? Such things you have trampled under foot. Shall it be an oath? Alas! will it not be notorious that you make ſlight of the Gods, when you hope to get ſome private advantage from perjury? At this rate, peace will afford no more ſecurity with you than war? All that comes from you will be receiv'd as war, either diſſembled or declared: you will be look'd on as the perpetual enemy of all who ſhall be ſo unfortunate as to be your neighbours: all affairs that require reputation, probity, confidence, will become impoſſible to you: you will have no means left to make your promiſes find credit.

Beſides this, added *Telemachus*, there is a more preſſing intereſt that ought to affect you very much, if you have any remains of ſenſe or foreſight; and that is, that ſo deceitful a conduct attacks the very vitals of your whole

confederacy, and will ſoon ruin it: and thus your perjury will furniſh *Adraſtus* with an opportunity to triumph over you.

At theſe words the whole aſſembly, as it were in an uproar, ask'd him, How he could take upon him to ſay, That an action, which would give the confederates a certain victory, could ruin the confederacy? *Telemachus* anſwer'd them; How will you be able to truſt one another, if you once break the only band of ſociety and confidence, namely, ſincerity? After you have once laid it down for a maxim, that the rules of probity and fidelity may be broken where there is a proſpect of a great advantage, how can any one of you repoſe a confidence in another, when that other ſhall find it convenient for his intereſt to falſify his word, and impoſe on him? What will become of you then? Which of you will not endeavour to prevent the artifices of his neighbour by tricks of his own? And what will be the fate of a confederacy of ſo many people, when, after a full debate, it is agreed among them, that it lawful to circumvent a neighbour, and to violate the moſt ſolemn engagements? How great will be your mutual diſtruſt, your animoſities, your warmth to deſtroy each other! *Adraſtus* will then have no need to deſtroy you; you yourſelves will do that for him; you will juſtify his perfidiouſneſs. O wiſe and magnanimous

nanimous princes! O you who command with ſo much prudence ſuch innumerable multitudes of people, do not diſdain to hearken to the counſels of a young man: If you ſhould fall into the moſt calamitous circumſtances, into which men are ſometimes precipitated by war, you ought to ſupport your ſelves by your vigilance, and virtuous efforts; for true virtue never ſuffers it ſelf to be caſt down; but if ever you break the barrier of honour and integrity, your loſs will then become irreparable; you will never be able either to re-eſtabliſh that confidence which is neceſſary to the ſucceſs of all important affairs, or to reclaim men to the principles of virtue, after you have once taught them to deſpiſe them. Again, what is it you are afraid of? Have you not bravery enough to overcome your enemies without fraud? Is not your virtue, in conjunction with the forces of ſo many nations, ſufficient to enable you to cope with them? Let us fight, nay dye, if it muſt be ſo, rather than conquer by ſuch vile methods: *Adraſtus*, the impious *Adraſtus*, is at our mercy, provided we abhor to imitate his baſeneſs and diſhoneſty.

When *Telemachus* had made an end of this diſcourſe, he found that ſoft perſuaſion had flow'd from his lips, and penetrated to their very ſouls. He obſerv'd a deep ſilence in

the whole aſſembly: Every one's thoughts were engag'd in conſidering, not ſo much his perſon, and the graces of his elocution, as the force of truth that ſhone throughout his whole ſpeech: Aſtoniſhment was legible in their countenances; at laſt a hollow murmuring was heard ſpreading it ſelf by little and little among them. They all look'd on one another, every one being ſhy to be the firſt that ſpoke: It was expected that the prime commanders of the army would declare themſelves, and each of them found himſelf under great difficulties to forbear. After a while, the grave *Neſtor* pronounc'd theſe words:

Worthy ſon of *Ulyſſes*, the Gods have taught you to ſpeak, and *Minerva*, who ſo often inſpir'd your father, did put into your heart that wiſe and generous advice you have given us. I look not on your youth: I only conſider *Minerva* in all that you have been ſaying: You have pleaded the cauſe of virtue; without her, the greateſt advantages are real loſſes; without her, men draw ſuddenly on themſelves the vengeance of their enemies, the diffidence of their allies, the deteſtation of all good men, and the juſt reſentment of the Gods: Let us therefore leave *Venuſium* in the hands of the *Lucanians*, and think of no other way to conquer *Adraſtus*, but by our courage.

He ſpoke, and the whole aſſembly applauded the wiſdom of his words: but in giving this applauſe, every one turn'd his eyes with amazement on the ſon of *Ulyſſes*, and they all thought they ſaw ſparkling in him the wiſdom of *Minerva*, who inſpir'd him.

There ſoon aroſe in the council of the kings another queſtion, which gave him an opportunity of acquiring no leſs glory. *Adraſtus*, ſtill cruel and treacherous, had ſent into the camp a deſerter named *Acanthus*, who was to poiſon the moſt celebrated chiefs of the army: he had particular orders to leave nothing uneſſay'd to effect the death of young *Telemachus*, who was already become the terror of the *Daunians*. *Telemachus*, who had too much courage and candor to be inclin'd to diffidence, gave the wretch a free and eaſy reception: He had ſeen *Ulyſſes* in *Sicily*, and recounted that hero's adventures to *Telemachus*, who ſubſiſted him, and endeavour'd to comfort him under his misfortunes; for *Acanthus* complain'd of great abuſes and indignities, that he had receiv'd from *Adraſtus*: But *Telemachus* was all the while cheriſhing and warming in his boſom a venomous viper, that was ready to give him a mortal wound. Another deſerter was taken, named *Arion*, whom *Acanthus* was ſending back to *Adraſtus*, to acquaint him with the ſtate

of the confederate camp, and to assure him that the following day he would poison the principal kings, together with *Telemachus*, at an entertainment which this latter was to give. *Arion* being taken, confess'd his treason: he was suspected to be in intelligence with *Acanthus*, because they were intimate friends: but *Acanthus*, who was a deep dissembler, and of an undaunted nature, made his defence with so much art, that there was no convicting him, or discovering the bottom of the conspiracy.

Divers of the kings were for sacrificing *Acanthus*, at a venture, for the publick safety: He ought, said they, to be put to death; one man's life ought not to weigh against the security of so many kings: What if one man perish, when the point is to preserve those who represent the Gods among men?

What inhuman maxim, what barbarous policy is this, reply'd *Telemachus*? Are you then so lavish of human blood, you that are appointed over mankind to be their shepherds, and are only to rule over them for their preservation, as a shepherd preserves his flock? but instead of that, you are become blood-thirsty wolves; at least, you are shepherds only to shear, and cut the throats of your sheep, instead of leading them into good pasture. According to you, the mo-

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ment a man is accuſed, he becomes guilty, and if he is but ſuſpected, he deſerves to dye. Thus do the innocent lie at the mercy of envy and calumny; and according as this tyrannical diſtruſt gathers ſtrength in your breaſts, we muſt have more ſuch victims ſacrificed.

Telemachus ſpoke theſe words with ſuch authority and vehemence, as captivated the hearts, and cover'd with ſhame the authors of ſo baſe an advice. Afterwards, in a milder tone he told them: For my part, I am not ſo much in love with life as to purchaſe it at that price; I had rather *Acanthus* ſhould be wicked than my ſelf, and would ſooner chuſe that he ſhould deprive me of life by his treachery, than I unjuſtly put him to death on an uncertainty. But have a little patience, O you, who being eſtabliſh'd kings, that is, judges of the people, ſhould diſcharge your function with juſtice, prudence, and moderation; let me examine *Acanthus* in your preſence.

Immediately he interrogates him about his correſpondence with *Arion*; he plies him with an infinite number of circumſtances; and ſometimes made as if he would remand him to *Adraſtus*, as a deſerter that deſerv'd to be puniſh'd, the better to make his obſervation, whether he was afraid to be ſent back or no; but the countenance and voice

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of *Acanthus* ſtill remain'd calm and unmov'd. At length, ſeeing that he could not draw him to a confeſſion, he ſaid to him, Give me your ring, for I will ſend it to *Adraſtus*. Upon this *Acanthus* preſently turn'd pale, and was in the utmoſt confuſion. *Telemachus*, whoſe eyes were continually fix'd on him, perceiv'd it: he takes the ring; This will I immediately ſend to *Adraſtus*, ſaid he, by the hand of a *Lucanian* named *Polytropus*, your acquaintance, who ſhall pretend he comes ſecretly from you: if, by this means, we can diſcover your intelligence with *Adraſtus*, you ſhall, without mercy, be put to death by the moſt exquiſite torments: if, on the contrary, you now confeſs your faults, you ſhall be pardon'd, and we will content our ſelves with only ſending you into an iſland, and you ſhall want for nothing. Upon which *Acanthus* confeſs'd the whole, and *Telemachus* obtain'd of the kings that his life might be ſpar'd, becauſe he had given him the promiſe of it: and he was ſent into one of the iſlands call'd *Echinades*, where he liv'd in peace.

Shortly after this, a *Daunian*, of obſcure birth, but of a violent and daring ſpirit, named *Dioſcorus*, came by night into the confederate camp, and made an offer to them to kill king *Adraſtus* in his tent: this he was capable of doing, becauſe whoever deſpiſes

ſpiſes his own life, is at any time the maſter of another's. This perſon breathed nothing but revenge, becauſe *Adraſtus* had taken away his wife, whom he lov'd moſt paſſionately, and whoſe beauty was not inferior to that of *Venus*'s ſelf. He had a ſecret intelligence, whereby he had contriv'd a way to enter into the king's tent by night, and was to be favour'd in his enterprize by ſeveral *Daunian* captains; but he thought it neceſſary for the confederate princes to attack *Adraſtus*'s camp at the ſame time, to the end that during the hurry and diſorder he might the more eaſily eſcape and carry off his wife; and if he could not carry her off, after he had kill'd the king, he was content to dye. As ſoon as *Diaſcorus* had open'd his deſign to the princes, they all turn'd their eyes towards *Telemachus*, thereby ſignifying they deſired him to determine what was proper to be done. The Gods, anſwer'd he, who have preſerv'd us from traytors, forbid us to make uſe of them; and even though we had not virtue enough to deteſt the treaſon, our intereſt alone were a ſufficient motive to make us reject it: when once we have authorized it by our own example, we ſhall deſerve to have it turn'd againſt us; and what man among us will after that be ſafe? it is not impoſſible but *Adraſtus* may eſcape the blow that threatens him, and may make it fall upon the confederate

federate kings. War will then ceaſe to be war; wiſdom and virtue will be quite out of doors, and nothing will be ſeen but frauds, treaſons, and aſſaſſinations. We ſhould our ſelves feel the ſad conſequences, and not undeſervedly, for we ſhould authorize the greateſt evil. I am therefore for ſending back this traytor to *Adraſtus*: I own that king does not deſerve it; but all *Heſperia*, and all *Greece*, who have their eyes on us, merit ſuch a conduct from us as may deſerve their eſteem; we owe to our ſelves, and, in ſhort, we owe to the juſt Gods ſuch an inſtance of abhorrence of treachery.

Dioſcorus was preſently ſent to *Adraſtus*, who trembled to think of the danger he had eſcap'd, and was fill'd with wonder at the generoſity of his enemies; for wicked men have no notion of pure virtue. *Adraſtus*, in ſpite of himſelf, admired the thing, but durſt not commend it: this noble action of the confederates, did, to his ſhame, remind him of all his treacheries and cruelties. He look'd about for reaſons to extenuate his enemies generoſity; yet bluſh'd to be thought ungrateful, when he ow'd them his life: but corrupt men ſoon harden themſelves againſt every thing that might move them. *Adraſtus*, perceiving that the reputation of the confederates encreas'd more and more every day, thought himſelf under a neceſſity to perform againſt

againſt them ſome great and ſignal action. And ſince it was not in his nature to do a virtuous one, he was willing, at leaſt, to obtain ſome great advantage over them by arms, and therefore made all the haſte he could to fight.

The day of battle being come, ſcarce had *Aurora* open'd to the ſun the gates of the eaſt in a path ſtrew'd with roſes, when the young *Telemachus*, outſtripping the vigilance of the oldeſt captains, ſhook off the ſoft embraces of balmy ſleep, and put all the officers in motion. His helmet, cover'd with a creſt of waving hair, already glitter'd on his head, and his armour dazzled the eyes of the whole army; for *Vulcan*'s work had, beſides its natural beauty, the luſtre of the *Ægis* that lay conceal'd in it. In one hand he held a ſpear, and with the other pointed to ſeveral poſts which 'twas neceſſary to take poſſeſſion of. *Minerva* had fill'd his eyes with a divine fire, and his countenance with a majeſtick awfulneſs that already promis'd victory. He march'd, and all the kings, forgetting their age and dignity, found themſelves hurry'd on by a ſuperior power, that made them follow his ſteps. Impotent jealouſy could enter their breaſts no more: every thing gives way to him whom *Minerva* leads inſenſibly by the hand. His action betray'd nothing that was impetuous or precipitate:

cipitate: he was mild, calm, patient, always ready to hear others, and improve by their advice; but active, provident, extending his views to the moſt remote exigencies, diſpoſing every thing to the beſt advantage, without hurrying and perplexing himſelf or others; excuſing faults, rectifying miſtakes, obviating difficulties, never exacting too much of any one, and every where inſpiring freedom and confidence: if he gave an order, it was in the plaineſt and cleareſt terms; he repeated it for the better inſtructing him that was to execute it; he obſerv'd by his eyes whether he conceiv'd him right, and afterwards made him familiarly tell him how he underſtood his words, and what was the main drift of his enterprize. When he had thus try'd the judgment of the perſon he employ'd, and entirely let him into his deſign, he never diſpatch'd him away, till he had given him ſome mark of his eſteem and confidence, for his encouragement: ſo that all he ſent from him were full of ardor to pleaſe him, and to compaſs the buſineſs they went about: but they were not reſtrain'd with fear, leſt he ſhould impute to them their ill ſucceſs; for he would excuſe all faults that did not proceed from an evil diſpoſition of mind.

The horizon look'd ruddy with the ſun's earlieſt rays, and the ſea was brighten'd with the

the flames of the riſing day. All the coaſt was fill'd with men, arms, horſes, and chariots, which being in motion made a confuſed noiſe, like that of the angry waves, when *Neptune*, from the bottom of his deep receſſes, raiſes a black ſtorm. Thus *Mars* began, with the clatter of arms, and the dreadful preparations of war, to kindle rage in every heart. The field was crouded with briſtling pikes, thick ſet like ears of corn that cover the fertile balks at the time of the harveſt: There ſoon aroſe a cloud of duſt which ſtole away both heaven and earth from the eyes of men: darkneſs, horror, bloodſhed and inexorable death advanced apace.

Scarce were the firſt arrows ſhot, when *Telemachus*, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, pronounced theſe words:

O *Jupiter!* father of Gods and men, thou ſeeſt on our ſide juſtice and peace, which we were not aſhamed to purſue; 'tis with regret we fight; we would willingly prevent the effuſion of blood; we bear no hatred even to this enemy, tho' he is cruel, perfidious, and ſacrilegious. Behold thou, and determine between him and us: If we muſt die, our lives are in thy hand; if *Heſperia* is to be reſcued, and the tyrant oppreſſed, it will be thy power, and the wiſdom of thy daughter *Minerva*, that will give us the victory; the glory of it will be due

to thee: It is thou that holdeſt the balance and regulateſt the fate of battles; it is for thee we fight, and, ſince thou art the judge, *Adraſtus* is more thy enemy than ours: if we prove victorious before the end of the day, the blood of a whole Hecatomb ſhall flow upon thy altars.

He ſpoke; and inſtantly drove his fiery foaming courſers into the thickeſt ranks of his enemies. The firſt he met with was *Periander* the *Locrian*, cover'd with the skin of a lyon he had kill'd in *Cilicia*, when he travell'd thro' that country. He was, like *Hercules*, arm'd with a huge club; and in ſtrength and ſtature he reſembled the ancient gyants. When he ſaw *Telemachus*, he deſpiſed his youth, and the delicacy of his countenance. It becomes thee well, ſaid he, effeminate boy, to vye with us in point of martial atchievements. Go, child, get thee among the ſhades below to look for thy father. At the ſame time he lifted up his heavy club, which was full of knots, and ſtuck thick with iron ſpikes: It look'd like a ſhip-maſt, and every one near was afraid of being cruſh'd with the fall of it. It threaten'd the head of the ſon of *Ulyſſes*, but he avoids the blow, and flies upon *Periander* with the rapidity of an eagle cutting the air: the club, in falling, daſh'd to pieces the wheel of a chariot near that of *Telemachus*. Mean while, the young *Greek* ſtruck

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a dart into *Periander*'s throat: the bubbling blood that ſtream'd from the wide wound ſoon ſtifles his voice; his fiery horſes, no longer feeling the controul of their maſter's hand, ran wildly up and down with the reins hanging looſe on their necks: he falls from his chariot, his eyes already cloſed to the light, and ghaſtly death ſate on his disfigur'd face. *Telemachus*, pitying his fate, immediately gave his body to his domeſticks, but kept the lyon's skin and his club as a token of his victory.

After this, he ſeeks *Adraſtus* in the thickeſt of the fight, and in his way ſends headlong to hell a multitude of combatants: *Hileus*, who had his chariot drawn by two courſers like thoſe of the Sun, and which were bred in the ſpacious meadows which are water'd by the river *Aufidus*: *Demoleon*, who in *Sicily* had heretofore almoſt been a match for *Eryx* in combats of the *Ceſtus*: *Crantor* who had entertain'd in his houſe, and been a friend to *Hercules*, when that ſon of *Jupiter*, in paſſing through *Heſperia*, ſlew the infamous *Cacus*; *Menecrates*, who was ſaid to come near *Pollux* for wreſtling: *Hippocoon* the *Salapian*, who imitated the graceful skill and addreſs of *Caſtor* in the management of a horſe: the famous hunter *Eurymedes*, who was always ſmear'd with the blood of bears and wild boars, which he uſed to kill on the ſnowy ridges of

of the cold *Apennine*, and who is ſaid to have been ſo well beloved by *Diana*, that ſhe her ſelf taught him how to ſhoot with the bow: *Nicoſtratus*, that had conquer'd a giant that vomited fire in the rocks of mount *Garganus*: *Eleanthus*, who was to marry the young *Pholoe*, daughter of the river *Lyris*; her father had promis'd her to the man that ſhould deliver her from a winged ſerpent, that was bred on the banks of the river, and was to have devour'd her in a few days, according to the oracle's prediction. This young man, out of an exceſs of love, made a vow either to kill this monſter, or die in the attempt: he was proſperous, but could not taſte the fruit of his victory; for while *Pholoe* was preparing herſelf for the ceremonies of a happy marriage, and impatiently expected *Eleanthus*, ſhe was inform'd that he had follow'd *Adraſtus* to the war, and that the Deſtinies had cruelly cut him off. She fill'd with her lamentations the woods and mountains near the river; ſhe drown'd her eyes with tears, tore off her lovely hair, forgot the garlands of flowers which ſhe uſed to gather, and accuſed the heavens of injuſtice. As ſhe wept inceſſantly night and day, the Gods, mov'd with her complaints, and the requeſt of the river, put an end to her ſorrow; for ſhe pour'd forth ſuch abundance of tears, that ſhe was preſently changed into

into a fountain, which, gliding into the middle of the river, ſeeks to join her waters to thoſe of the God her father: but the water of this fountain is ſtill bitter; the graſs on its banks never brings forth flowers; nor does it afford any ſhady tree but the ſad *Cypreſs*.

Mean while, *Adraſtus*, underſtanding that *Telemachus* ſpread terror all around him, ſought him out with the greateſt eagerneſs, hoping to make an eaſy conqueſt of ſo raw a youth. He was ſurrounded with thirty *Daunians* of uncommon ſtrength, dexterity, and boldneſs, to whom he promis'd very large rewards if they could deſtroy *Telemachus* by any manner of means; and had they met him in this nice moment, doubtleſs theſe thirty men, by ſurrounding *Telemachus*'s chariot, while *Adraſtus* had fallen upon him in front, would have found no difficulty to have diſpatch'd him; but *Minerva* turn'd them another way.

Adraſtus thought he ſaw and heard *Telemachus* lower down in the plain at the foot of a hill, where there was a croud of combatants in cloſe engagement; he runs, he flies, he reſolves to ſatiate himſelf with blood; but inſtead of *Telemachus* he finds the aged *Neſtor*, who with his trembling hand was throwing at a venture ſome faint harmleſs darts. *Adraſtus*, in his rage, would have run him through,

through, but a band of *Pylians* flew about *Neſtor*.

Hereupon a thick cloud of darts and arrows darken'd the air, and cover'd all the combatants: nothing could be heard but the doleful cries of the dying, and the clattering of arms of thoſe who fell in the fray; the earth groan'd beneath large heaps of dead bodies; ſtreams of blood ran on every ſide; *Bellona* and *Mars*, together with the infernal furies cloath'd in robes reeking with gore, glutted their mercileſs eyes with this ſpectacle, and inceſſantly renew'd the drooping rage of the combatants. Theſe Deities, who are enemies of mankind, chaſed far away from both parties generous pity, moderate valour, ſoft humanity: there appear'd no longer among this confus'd medley any thing but ſlaughter, revenge, deſpair, and brutal fury. The wiſe and invincible *Pallas* herſelf trembled at the ſight, and ſtarted back with horror.

Mean while, *Philoctetes*, with a ſlow pace, and holding the arrows of *Hercules* in his hand, endeavours to come up to the relief of *Neſtor*. *Adraſtus*, not being able to reach the divine old man, had lanced his darts on ſeveral *Pylians*, and made them bite the duſt. He had already overthrown *Euſilas*, who was ſo ſwift-footed that he ſcarce left the print of his feet on the ſand, and who in his own country

country left the rapid ſtreams of *Eurotas* and *Alpheus* far behind: At his feet fell *Eutiphron*, who was more beautiful than *Hylas*, and as keen a hunter as *Hippolytius*: *Pterilas*, who had follow'd *Neſtor* to the ſiege of *Troy*, and who was belov'd by *Achilles* on account of his courage and ſtrength: *Ariſtogyton*, who, by bathing in the waters of the river *Achelous*, had ſecretly receiv'd from that God the power of transforming himſelf into all ſorts of ſhapes; and indeed ſo ſlippery and nimble was he in all his motions, that he ſlipt away from the ſtrongeſt hands: But *Adraſtus*, with one thruſt of his ſpear, render'd him motionleſs, and his ſoul immediately guſh'd out with his blood.

Neſtor ſeeing his braveſt captains fall thus beneath the blows of the cruel *Adraſtus*, juſt as the gilded ears of corn in harveſt-time fall under the ſharp-edg'd ſickle of the unweary'd reaper, forgot what danger he in vain expos'd himſelf to. He ſhook off his old age, and thought of nothing but to follow with his eye his ſon *Piſiſtratus*, who, on his ſide, was warmly engag'd to keep off danger from his father; but the fatal moment was come, wherein *Piſiſtratus* was to make *Neſtor* feel, how unfortunate a thing it ſometimes proves for a Man to live to a great age.

Piſiſtratus ſtruck his ſpear with that violence againſt *Adraſtus*, that the *Daunian* prince muſt needs have fallen, had he not avoided the ſtroke, and whilſt *Piſiſtratus*, who was diſadvantag'd by making a falſe thruſt, was recovering his ſpear, *Adraſtus* pierc'd him with a javelin in the middle of his belly. His bowels began immediately to iſſue out with a torrent of blood; his complexion faded like a flower that the hand of ſome nymph has cropt in the meadows: His eyes were now almoſt extinguiſh'd, and his ſpeech began to falter. *Alceus*, his governor, who was near him, receiv'd him in his arms juſt as he was falling, and had only time to carry him to his father. There he would fain have ſpoken, but as he open'd his mouth, he expir'd.

While *Philoctetes* was dealing round him ſlaughter and deſtruction, and repelling the efforts of *Adraſtus*, *Neſtor* graſp'd his ſon's body in his arms; he fill'd the air with his cries, and began to hate the light: Unfortunate wretch that I am, ſaid he, to have been a father, and to live to ſee this: alas! ye cruel Deſtinies, why did you not put a period to my life, when I was in chaſe of the *Calydonian* Boar, or in the Voyage to *Colchus*, or at the firſt ſiege of *Troy*? then I had dy'd with glory, and without bitterneſs and ſorrow; now I drag a miſerable, deſpis'd, impotent old age: I now live only to ſuffer affliction,

affliction, nor have I any other ſenſe left, but that of ſorrow. O my ſon, my ſon, my dear ſon *Piſiſtratus!* when I loſt thy brother *Antilochus*, I ſtill had thee to comfort me; but now thou art gone, nothing can comfort me; all is at an end with me. Hope, the ſole aſſwager of human pains, is a bleſſing which no longer concerns me. *Antilochus*, *Piſiſtratus*, O my dear children, methinks I loſe you both at once, in one and the ſame day; the death of the one makes the old wound, which the other had caus'd, to bleed afreſh within my heart! I am never more to ſee either of you! who will cloſe my eyes? who will gather up my aſhes? O my dear *Piſiſtratus*, thou, as well as thy brother, dyedſt like a valiant man; 'tis only I that cannot dye.

At this he was going to pierce himſelf with a dart; but thoſe about him ſtaid his hand, and afterwards forc'd him from his ſon's body; and this unfortunate old man falling into a ſwoon, they carry'd him into his tent, where, after he had a little recover'd himſelf, he would needs return to the battle, but they with-held him by force.

And now *Adraſtus* and *Philoctetes* were hunting out each other: their eyes flaſh'd fire, like thoſe of a lyon and a leopard going to tear each other to pieces in thoſe fields which *Cayrus* waters. Menaces, martial rage, and cruel revenge ſparkle in their fierce eyes. They

carry certain death whitherſoever they flin
their darts. All the combatants look upo
them with terror and affright: and now the
come within ſight of each other, *Philoctete*
bears in his hand one of thoſe dreadful ar
rows, which never miſs'd their aim, an
whoſe wounds were incurable: But *Mar*
favouring the cruel and intrepid *Adraſtu*
would not ſuffer him to periſh ſo ſoon, bu
was willing to make uſe of him as an inſtru
ment to lengthen out the horrors of th
war, and multiply blood-ſhed and ſlaughte
Adraſtus was yet due to the juſtice of th
Gods for a puniſhment of mankind.

The very moment *Philoctetes* deſign'd to a
tack him, he himſelf receives a wound fro
the ſpear of *Amphimachus*, a young *Lucania*
who was handſomer than the fam'd *Nireu*
whoſe beauty was inferior to none of all th
Greeks that fought at the ſiege of *Troy*, e
cept *Achilles*. Scarce did *Philoctetes* feel th
wound, but he ſhot an arrow at *Amphim*
chus, and pierc'd him to the heart. In an i
ſtant his fine black eyes loſt their luſtre, a
were clouded with the ſhades of death; h
lips, more ruddy than the roſes with whi
Aurora ſtrews the hemiſphere at her riſin
turn'd pale, and a frightful wanneſs tarniſh
his cheeks; his tender and delicate face wa
on a ſudden, disfigur'd. *Philoctetes* himſ
was mov'd with pity towards him; and t

oldiers fetch'd deep ſighs at ſeeing this young
an welt'ring in his own blood, and his fine
ead of hair, as beauteous as that of *Apollo*, all
iſorder'd and trailing in the duſt. *Philoctetes*,
aving overcome *Amphimachus*, was forc'd
o retire from the fight: He had loſt a great
eal of blood and ſtrength; and even his
ld wound, in the heat of action, was going
o open again, and renew his pains; for the
ons of *Æſculapius*, with their divine skill,
ould not entirely heal it. And now he was
ſt ready to fall among a heap of bleeding
odies that were round about him, when
rchidamas, the boldeſt and moſt dextrous of
ll the *Oebalians*, whom he had brought with
im to lay the foundation of *Petilia*, carries
m out of the battel, in the very moment
at *Adraſtus* might with the greateſt eaſe
ave laid him ſprawling at his feet. And now
draſtus meets with nothing that either dares
ppoſe him or retard his victory. All either
ll or fly before him; and he is like a tor-
nt, which having overflow'd its banks,
eeps away with its outragious waves the
rn, the cattel, the ſhepherds, and their
hole villages.

Telemachus hears at a diſtance the conque-
r's ſhouts, and ſees the diſorder of his
en flying before *Adraſtus*, as a herd of ti-
orous deer travelling the vaſt plains, the
oods, the mountains, and even the moſt

rapid rivers, when purſu'd by the huntſmen *Telemachus* groans; indignation ſparkles in his eyes; he quits the place where he has long been fighting with ſo much danger and glory; he runs to the ſupport of his ſhatter'd troops; he advances, beſmear'd all over with the blood of a multitude of his enemies, whom he had extended on the duſt. He gives a ſhout at a diſtance that was heard by both armies.

Minerva had infus'd ſomething dreadful in his voice, with which the neighbouring mountains reſounded. *Mars* never makes his own harſh voice ſound louder in *Thrace* when he calls together the infernal furies, death and war, to attend him. This ſhout of *Telemachus* fills his ſoldiers hearts with courage and boldneſs, and chills his enemies ſouls with fear. Even *Adraſtus* ſelf is aſham'd to find himſelf diſorder'd. A world of fatal preſages fill him with terror, and that which animates him, is rather deſpair than a ſedate valour: thrice did his trembling knees begin to ſlip from under him; thrice he ſtarted back without knowing what he did. A fainting paleneſs and a cold damp ſweat ſpread all over his limbs; his hoarſe and faltering voice could not make an end of any word; his eyes ſparkling with a gloomy fire, look'd as if they were going to ſtart out of his head; he was like *Oreſtes* agitated by

by the furies; all his motions were convulsive. And now he begins to believe that there are Gods: he thought he saw them angry, and that he heard a hollow voice from hell calling him to dark *Tartarus*. Every thing made him sensible there was a celestial and invisible hand hovering over his head, which was going to sink him down by its intolerable weight. All hope was extinguish'd in his heart; his courage and resolution vanish'd, and disappear'd like the day-light, when *Phœbus*, sinking down to the bosom of *Thetis*, leaves the earth mantled in the shades of night.

The impious *Adrastus*, who was too long suffer'd to live, but that mankind stood in need of so dreadful a scourge; the impious *Adrastus* does at length draw near his last hour: Like one distracted he runs to meet his inevitable fate; horror, gnawing remorse, consternation, fury, rage, despair, accompany him in his march. No sooner does he set eye on *Telemachus*, but he fansy'd he saw *Avernus* open its jaws, and whirling flames issuing from the black *Phlegeton*, ready to swallow him up: He cries out, and his mouth continues open, without being able to utter a word: like a man asleep, who in a frightful dream opens his mouth, and strives to speak; but still utterance fails him, and he attempts it in vain. With a trembling

and impatient hand *Adraſtus* flings his dart at *Telemachus*, while the latter undaunted and calm, like one that is befriended by the Gods, defends himſelf with his buckler. It ſeem'd as if victory, covering him with her wings, did already hold a crown over his head; a gentle and undiſturb'd courage ſparkled in his eyes; one would have taken him for *Minerva* herſelf, ſo compoſed aad unconcern'd was he in the midſt of the greateſt dangers. *Adraſtus*'s dart being repell'd by *Telemachus*'s buckler, he haſtens to draw his ſword, to deprive the ſon of *Ulyſſes* of the advantage of throwing his dart in his turn. *Telemachus*, ſeeing *Adraſtus*'s ſword in his hand, immediately draws his own, and relinquiſhes his dart.

When they were ſeen thus fighting hand to hand, all the other combatants, in ſilence, laid down their arms to gaze on them, and waited for the iſſue of the war from their ſingle engagement. The two bright ſwords, like the flaſhes of lightning that bring on claps of thunder, croſs each other ſeveral times, and deal fruitleſs blows on the burniſh'd armour, which reſounds with their heavy ſtrokes. The two combatants ſtretch themſelves out, contract themſelves, bow themſelves down, ſtart up in an inſtant, and after a while grapple together. The ivy that grows at the foot of an elm, does not more

more cloſely graſp the hard and knotty trunk with its wreathing branches, till it reaches the higheſt boughs, than theſe two combatants claſp and lock one another. *Adraſtus* had not yet loſt any thing of his native ſtrength; and *Telemachus* was not yet arriv'd to the full increaſe of his. *Adraſtus* made ſeveral attempts to ſurprize his enemy, and overſet him; he endeavours to ſeize the ſword of the young *Greek*, but in vain; while he offers at this, *Telemachus* catches him up from the ground, and throws him proſtrate on the ſand. Then did that impious wretch, who always contemn'd the Gods, betray a vile fear of death; he is aſham'd to beg his life, and yet cannot help manifeſting that he deſires it; he endeavours to move *Telemachus*'s compaſſion: O thou ſon of *Ulyſſes*, ſaid he to him, I now at laſt acknowledge that the Gods are juſt; they puniſh me as I have deſerv'd; nothing but diſtreſs can open the eyes of men to ſee the truth; I ſee it, and ſtand condemn'd by it; but let an unfortunate king put you in mind of your father, who is remote from *Ithaca*, and let the thoughts of this affect your heart!

Telemachus, who held him faſt under him, and had already lifted up his ſword to pierce his throat, inſtantly made this anſwer; I had no other aim but victory, and the peace of the nation to whoſe ſuccour I am come; I

delight not in bloodſhed; live therefore, O *Adraſtus*, but live to repair your faults; reſtore all that you have uſurp'd; re-eſtabliſh tranquillity and juſtice on the coaſt of the great *Heſperia*, which you have ſullied with ſo many maſſacres and treacheries; live, and become a new man; let your fall teach you that the Gods are juſt; that wicked men are miſerable; that they deceive themſelves in ſeeking happineſs by violence, inhumanity, and guile; in ſhort, that nothing is ſo happy or delightful, as a plain and ſteddy virtue. Give us for hoſtages your ſon *Metrodorus*, with twelve of your prime nobility.

At theſe words *Telemachus* ſuffers *Adraſtus* to riſe, and lends him his hand, without in the leaſt diſtruſting his villainy; but *Adraſtus* immediately threw at him a ſecond ſhort dart which he had kept concealed. It was ſo ſharp-pointed, and flung with ſo great dexterity, that had not *Telemachus*'s armour been of a ſupernatural make, it had certainly pierc'd it. At the ſame time *Adraſtus* runs behind a tree to avoid the purſuit of *Telemachus*, who cry'd out, You ſee, O ye *Daunians*, the victory is ours; this wicked man ſaves himſelf only by his treachery. He who fears not the Gods, is afraid of death: on the contrary, he who fears the Gods, has nothing elſe to fear. Speaking theſe words, he moves towards the *Daunians*, and gives a ſign to his men,

men, who were on the other ſide of the tree, to cut off the retreat of the perfidious *Adraſtus*. *Adraſtus* fearing he ſhould be taken, makes as if he would return the ſame way he came, and reſolves to break through the *Cretans*, who ſtood to oppoſe his paſſage; but on a ſudden, *Telemachus*, ſwift as the thunder which is hurl'd by the father of the Gods upon guilty mortals, flies upon his enemy; he ſeizes him with his victorious hand, lays him proſtrate on the ground, as the bleak north-wind beats down the tender ears of corn, and will now hear no more, though the impious wretch attempts again to abuſe his generous temper: He buries his ſword in his heart, and precipitates him to the flames of dark *Tartarus*; a juſt puniſhment of his demerits.



THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XXI.

The ARGUMENT.

Adraſtus *being kill'd, the* Daunians *lift up their hands to the allies, in token of Peace, and demand of them a king of their own nation.* Neſtor *being inconſolable for the death of his ſon, keeps from the aſſembly of the chiefs, ſome of whom give their opinions for dividing the country of the vanquiſh'd, and giving to* Telemachus *the territory of* Arpi. *Far from accepting this offer,* Telemachus *ſhews, that 'tis the common intereſt of the confederates to chuſe* Polydamas *King of the* Daunians, *and to leave them their lands. He afterwards perſuades that people to beſtow the country of* Arpi *on* Diomedes, *who happen'd to come there. The troubles being thus at an end, they ſeparate in order to return to their reſpective countries.*

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Telemachus's *Counsel follow'd by ye Confederate Princes.*

NO ſooner was *Adraſtus* dead, than all the *Daunians*, inſtead of deploring their defeat, and the loſs of their king, rejoyc'd for their deliverance, and ſtretch'd out their hands to the allies, in token of peace and reconciliation. *Metrodorus*, the ſon of *Adraſtus*, whom his father had brought up in maxims of diſſimulation, injuſtice, and inhumanity, betook himſelf to flight like a coward; but a ſlave, that was an accomplice in all his cruelties and infamous actions, whom he had made free, and loaded with favours, and to whoſe fidelity alone he committed his flight, caſt about how he might betray him, for his own advantage: he kill'd him as he fled, by giving him a wound in his back; then, cutting off his head, brought it to the camp of the confederates, in expectation of ſome mighty reward for a crime that put an end to the war. But the confederates abhorr'd the villain, and cauſed him to be put to death. *Telemachus* ſeeing the head of *Metrodorus*, who was a youth of marvellous beauty, of an excellent diſpoſition, which had been ſpoil'd by pleaſures and bad examples, could not reſtrain his tears. Alas! ſaid he, here are the effects of the bane of proſperity in a young prince! the higher his condition is,

and

and the more ſprightly his temper, the more he wanders out of the true way, and departs from the ſentiments of virtue; I my ſelf might perhaps have done the ſame, had not the misfortunes in which I was train'd up (thanks to the Gods and *Mentor*'s inſtructions) taught me moderation.

The *Daunians* being aſſembled, demanded, as the only condition of peace, that they might be permitted to ſet up a king of their own nation, who might, by his virtues, wipe out the reproach which the impious *Adraſtus* had brought upon their crown. They thank'd the Gods for having deſtroy'd the tyrant, and crouded to kiſs the hand of *Telemachus*, who was the inſtrument in cutting off that monſter; ſo that their defeat was to them in the nature of a triumph. Thus in a moment fell, beyond retrieve, that power which threaten'd all others in *Heſperia*, and which made ſo many nations tremble; like thoſe huge banks of earth that ſeem firm and immoveable, but which are by little and little ſapp'd and undermin'd. For a great while the feeble toil, us'd in attacking the foundations of them, is derided; they ſeem not in the leaſt weaken'd, all is ſmooth and plain, nothing ſo much as ſhakes; mean while, all the ſubterranean props are gradually deſtroy'd down to the foundation, and then at once the mound ſinks, and opens a

a prodigious gap. Thus an unjuſt and tricking power, whatever proſperity it may ſeem to acquire through its violences, is all the while digging a precipice under its own feet. Guile and inhumanity do, by degrees, ſap the moſt ſolid foundations of legal authority; men admire it, fear it, tremble before it till the moment it vaniſhes; it ſinks under its own weight, and nothing can raiſe it again, becauſe it has with its own hands deſtroy'd the true ſupports of ſincerity and juſtice, which alone beget love and confidence.

The commanders of the army met the next day, to grant the *Daunians* a king. It was a delightful thing to ſee the two camps confounded together by ſo unlook'd-for a friendſhip, ſo that the two armies now made but one. The wiſe *Neſtor* could not be preſent in council, becauſe grief of mind, added to his great age, had wither'd his heart juſt as a ſhower of rain beats down a flower, and makes it droop in the evening; which in the morning, while *Aurora* was riſing, was the glory and ornament of the verdant fields. His eyes were become two fountains of tears that could not be dry'd up; kindly ſleep, that charms the acuteſt pains, fled far away from him: hope, the life of a man's heart, was extinct in him; all food was bitter to this unfortunate old man; even the ſight

was

was odious to him; his ſoul wiſh'd for nothing but to part from his body, and to ſink into the everlaſting night of *Pluto*'s empire: in vain did his friends talk to him; his diſtemper'd mind neauſeated all friendſhip, as a ſick man diſreliſhes the moſt wholeſome meats. To all that they could ſay to move him, he return'd nothing but ſighs and groans. From time to time he was heard to ſay, O *Piſiſtratus*, *Piſiſtratus*, *Piſiſtratus*, my Son, thou calleſt me hence, I will follow thee, thou wilt render death ſweet to me! O my dear ſon, all the happineſs I now deſire, is to ſee thee again on the banks of *Styx*. Then would he continue whole hours without ſpeaking the leaſt word; but would lament, and lift up his hands, and his eyes, drown'd in tears, to heaven. In the mean time, the princes being aſſembled, were expecting *Telemachus*, who remain'd by *Piſiſtratus*'s body, on which he ſtrew'd handfuls of flowers, with exquiſite perfumes, and ſhed a flood of bitter tears. O my dear companion, ſaid he, I ſhall never forget how I ſaw thee at *Pylos*, follow'd thee to *Sparta*, and found thee again on the coaſt of the great *Heſperia*: I owe thee a thouſand and a thouſand kind offices; I lov'd thee, and was belov'd by thee: I was acquainted with thy valour; which would have ſurpaſſed that of many renown'd *Greeks*. Alas! it has made thee die honourably;

ably; but it has robb'd the world of a blooming virtue, which would have equall'd that of thy father! Yes; thy wiſdom and thy eloquence, in a riper age, would have come up to the perfections of that hero who was admir'd by all *Greece!* Thou waſt already maſter of that ſweet inſinuation which was irreſiſtible when thou ſpakeſt; thoſe natural and ingenuous ways of recounting a ſtory, that ſage moderation which is a prevailing charm to pacify angry ſpirits; that authority which flows from prudence and the energy of good counſels: When thou ſpakeſt, every ear was attentive; all were prepoſſeſs'd in thy favour, all were deſirous to find thee in the right. Thy ſpeech, that was plain and without flouriſhes, gently ſtole into mens hearts, like dew upon the ſpringing graſs. But, alas! all thoſe bleſſings, which we enjoy'd but a few hours ago, are now ſnatch'd from us for ever; *Piſiſtratus*, whom I hugg'd in my arms this morning, is now no more; we have nothing left but a ſad remembrance of him: Ah! if thou hadſt clos'd the eyes of *Neſtor*, and not we thine, then had he not ſeen what he is now forc'd to ſee, nor would he have been the moſt unhappy father in the world!

After this, *Telemachus* cauſed the bloody wound in *Piſiſtratus*'s ſide, to be waſh'd; he order'd him to be laid out upon a bed of purple, where,

where, with his head leaning upon his ſhoulder, o'erſpread with the paleneſs of death, he reſembled a young tree, which having cover'd the earth with its ſhade, and ſhot its flouriſhing boughs to heaven, is wounded by the ſharp edge of a woodman's axe; it no longer holds by its own root, nor by the earth, that fruitful mother who nouriſhes her plants in her boſom; it ſickens, it droops, it loſes its verdure, it can no longer ſupport it ſelf, and down it falls: Its branches, that us'd to hide the ſky from mens eyes, are dragg'd in the duſt, all wither'd and dry; it is now a bare trunk, deſpoil'd of all its ornament.

Thus *Piſiſtratus*, now a prey to death, was carry'd away by thoſe who were to lay him on the fatal pile. Already the flame mounts up to heaven. A band of *Pylians* attended him with dejected watry eyes, arms reverſed and trailing, and with a ſlow pace. The body is ſoon conſumed; the aſhes are put into a golden urn: and *Telemachus*, who took upon him the care of the whole ceremony, commits this urn, as a moſt valuable treaſure to *Callimachus*, who had been *Piſiſtratus*'s governor: Take, ſaid he, theſe aſhes, the ſad but precious remains of him whom you ſo much lov'd; keep them for his father, but wait till he has recover'd ſtrength enough to ask for them, and then, and not

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till then, deliver them: that which excites ſorrow at one time, allays it at another.

After this, *Telemachus* repairs to the aſſembly of the confederate kings. As ſoon as they eſpy'd him, they were all huſh'd, in expectation to hear him diſcourſe: This made him bluſh, and he could not be prevail'd upon to ſpeak. The praiſes that were given him by publick acclamations, on account of his late action, added to his baſhfulneſs; ſo that he would gladly have hid himſelf: this was the firſt time he appeared confuſed and irreſolute. At length, he deſired, as a favour, that they would deſiſt from commending him: Not but that I am a lover of praiſe, ſaid he, eſpecially when it comes from ſuch good judges of virtue; but I am afraid of loving it too much. Praiſes are apt to corrupt men; they fill them full of themſelves, and render them vain and preſumptuous: We ought equally to merit and decline them: there is no great unlikeneſs between the juſteſt and the falſeſt praiſes. The wickedeſt of all men, namely tyrants, are thoſe who have procured themſelves to be moſt praiſed by their flatterers: What pleaſure is there in being commended like them? Juſt praiſes are ſuch as you will give me in my abſence, if I am ſo happy as to deſerve them. If you believe me to be really good, you ought alſo to believe that I am willing to be modeſt, and

would

would fear vanity: Spare me therefore, if you have any eſteem for me, and do not praiſe me as if I were a man fond of ſuch things.

After *Telemachus* had thus expreſs'd himſelf, he return'd not a word more to thoſe who continued extolling him to the ſky: and by an air of indifference, he cut ſhort the encomiums that were made upon him. They began to be afraid they ſhould diſpleaſe him in good earneſt by praiſing him; but their admiration ſtill encreaſed; every one knowing the tenderneſs he had ſhewn to *Piſiſtratus*, and the care he took to pay him the laſt offices. The whole army was more affected with theſe marks of his good nature, than with all thoſe prodigies of wiſdom and valour which lately ſhone in him. He is wiſe, he is valiant, whiſper'd they one to another; he is the favourite of the Gods, and the true hero of our age. He is more than human: But all this is only matter of wonder; it does nothing more than fill us with amazement; he has humanity and goodneſs; he is a faithful, tender-hearted friend; he is compaſſionate and ſympathizing, generous, beneficent, and wholly at the ſervice of them whom he ought to love; he is the delight of them who live with him; he has laid aſide all his former haughtineſs, indifference, and fierceneſs. This is what makes him

him uſeful in life; this is what comes home to each man's heart; this is what endears him to us, and makes us ſenſible of all his virtues: this is what makes us all ready to ſacrifice our lives for him.

Theſe diſcourſes were ſcarce finiſh'd, when they proceeded to the point in hand, namely, the buſineſs of giving a king to the *Daunians*. Moſt of the princes were of opinion, that it was beſt to divide that country among the confederates, as a conquer'd land; and offered to *Telemachus*, for his ſhare, the fertile country of *Arpi*, which twice a year bears the rich gifts of *Ceres*, the bounteous bleſſings of *Bacchus*, and the ever-green fruits of the olive tree, ſacred to *Minerva*. This land, ſaid they to him, ought to make you forget the poor cottages of *Ithaca*, the frightful rocks of *Dulichium*, and the wild foreſts of *Zacynthus*. Give over the ſearch of your father, who muſt have periſh'd in the waves, near the promontory of *Caphareus*, thro' the revenge of *Nauplius*, and the wrath of *Neptune*. Think no more of your mother, who is long ſince in the poſſeſſion of her lovers; nor of your country, whoſe ſoil is not favour'd by heaven, like this we now offer you. He patiently heard all this; but the rocks of *Thrace* and *Theſſaly* are not more deaf and inſenſible of the complaints of deſpairing lovers, than *Telemachus* of theſe propoſals.

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For my part, ſays he, I am not fond either of riches or pleaſures: what ſignifies the poſſeſſing a great compaſs of land, and commanding a great number of men? it occaſions but the more perplexity, and the leſs liberty to the maſter. Life is full enough of miſeries, even to the wiſeſt and moſt moderate ſort of men, without the additional trouble of governing others, who are untractable, reſtleſs, unjuſt, deceitful, and ungrateful. If a man aims at the maſtery over others for his own ſake alone, with an eye to nothing but his own authority, pleaſure, and glory, he is impious, he is a tyrant, he is the ſcourge of mankind: if, on the contrary, his deſign in aiming at the dominion over them, be to conduct them aright, for their own good, he is not ſo much their maſter as their guardian; he has nothing but the trouble of it, which is endleſs, and he is far from having any thoughts or deſires to enlarge the bounds of his authority. The ſhepherd, who devours not his flock, but, with the hazard of his own life, guards it againſt the wolves, and watches over it night and day, and takes care to lead it into fat paſtures, has no mind to encreaſe the number of his ſheep by ſeizing upon thoſe of his neighbours, becauſe it would but encreaſe his trouble. Altho' I never ſway'd a ſcepter, added *Telemachus*, yet do I underſtand, from

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the laws, and from thoſe wiſe men who made them, how painful and laborious a thing it is to ſteer the government of cities and kingdoms: I am therefore content with my poor *Ithaca*. As little, and as poor as it is, I ſhall have glory enough, provided I reign there with juſtice, piety, and courage: And indeed, I ſhall reign there but too ſoon. Heaven grant that my father, ſafe from the fury of the waves, may govern there to an extream old age, and that I may long learn under him how to overcome my own paſſions, and thereby to regulate thoſe of a whole nation.

Afterwards he thus proceeded: Hear, O ye princes, who are here aſſembled, what I think my ſelf obliged to ſay to you for your own intereſt: If you give the *Daunians* a juſt king, he will rule them with juſtice, he will ſhew them how much it is for their advantage to adhere to good faith and ſincerity, and never to encroach upon their neighbours: and this is what they could never underſtand while they were govern'd by the impious *Adraſtus*. As long as they ſhall be under the ſway of a wiſe and moderate prince, you will have nothing to fear from them; they will be beholden to you for this good king, whom you ſhall have beſtow'd on them; they will be indebted to you for the peace and proſperity they ſhall enjoy under him. They will be ſo far from

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attacking you, that they will inceſſantly bleſs you, and both king and people will be, as it were, the work of your own hands. If, on the contrary, you proceed to divide their country among you, pray obſerve the miſchiefs which I foretel you; Theſe people, driven by deſpair, will begin a new war; they will have juſtice on their ſide in contending for their liberty; the Gods, who are enemies of tyranny, will fight for them: and if the gods take their part, you will certainly, ſooner or later, be confounded, and all your proſperity vaniſh like ſmoke. Wiſdom and counſel will be taken away from your commanders, courage from your ſoldiers, and fertility from your lands: you will flatter your ſelves with vain expectations; you will be raſh and unadviſed in your undertakings; you will ſilence honeſt men that ſhall offer to tell you the truth; your fall will be ſudden, and it will be ſaid of you, Are theſe the flouriſhing nations that were to give laws to all the world? See how they fly before their enemies, and are the ſport of others who trample them under their feet! This is the work of the Gods, this is what ſuch unjuſt, proud, inhuman people deſerve! Again conſider, that if you offer to divide this conqueſt among you, you unite all the neighbouring nations againſt you: your league form'd to defend the common liberty of *He-*

ſperia

ſperia againſt the uſurper *Adraſtus*, will become hateful; and 'tis you that all the world will, with good reaſon, accuſe of aiming at a univerſal tyranny. But admitting you prove victorious both over the *Daunians*, and all others, even that will be your deſtruction; I'll tell you how:

Conſider that this attempt will diſunite you all, becauſe, not being founded upon juſtice, you will have no rule among ou to ſquare out each other's pretenſions by; every one will urge that his ſhare of the conqueſt ſhould be proportionate to his power; none of you will have authority enough over the nations to make the partition peaceably, and this will be the ſource of a war, which your great-grand-children will never ſee an end of. Is it not much better to be juſt and moderate, than to follow one's ambition with ſo much danger and through ſo many inevitable miſchiefs? Are not profound peace, the calm and innocent pleaſures, that accompany it, the bleſſings of plenty, the friendſhip of one's neighbours, the glory that is inſeparable from juſtice, the authority that is acquir'd in rendering one's ſelf, by one's ſincerity, the arbiter of all foreign nations; are not theſe, I ſay, much more deſirable things than the foliſh vanity of an unwarrantable conqueſt? princes, O kings, you ſee I ſpeak to you without any byaſs or ſelf-intereſt; hearken

therefore to one who loves you ſo well as to contradict you, nay even to diſpleaſe you by ſetting the truth before your eyes.

While *Telemachus* deliver'd himſelf thus with an air of authority which they had never ſeen in any other, and while all the princes with aſtoniſhment and rapture attended to the wiſdom of his counſels, there was heard a confus'd noiſe which ſpread throughout the camp, and reach'd to the very place where the Aſſembly was held. A ſtranger, ſaid they, is landed on theſe coaſts with a company of arm'd men. This unknown perſon is of a lofty mien; every thing in him appears heroick; it is eaſy to diſcern that he has been long under the frowns of fortune, and that his high courage has made him ſuperior to all his calamities. At firſt the people of the country, who guard the coaſt, would have repulſed him as an enemy that was coming to make an invaſion; but after having drawn his ſword, with an air of intrepidity, he told them, That he knew how to defend himſelf, if he were attack'd; but that all he deſir'd of them was peace and hoſpitality. He immediately held forth an olive-branch as a ſupplicant: upon this he is heard; he deſires to be brought to those who govern in this part of *Heſperia*, and he is conducted hither, to ſpeak to the aſſembled kings.

Scarce was this diſcourſe finiſh'd, when this ſtranger was ſeen entering with a majeſty that ſurpriz'd the whole aſſembly: One might eaſily have taken him for *Mars*, when he aſſembles, in the mountains of *Thrace*, his blood-thirſty troops. He beſpeaks the aſſembly in theſe terms.

O ye ſhepherds of the people, who are doubtleſs met together here to defend your country againſt its enemies, or to enact the moſt righteous laws; hearken to a man that has been perſecuted by fortune: heaven grant you never feel the like calamities! I am *Diomedes*, king of *Ætolia*, who wounded *Venus* at the ſiege of *Troy*: the revenge of that Goddeſs purſues me throughout the univerſe. *Neptune*, who can refuſe nothing to the divine daughter of the ſea, has deliver'd me up to the fury of the winds and waves, which have ſeveral times daſh'd my ſhips in pieces againſt rocks. The inexorable *Venus* has taken from me all hope of ever ſeeing again my kingdom, my family, and the delicious light of that country where I firſt ſaw the day at my birth: no, I ſhall never more ſee what I hold moſt dear in the world. I now am come, after numerous ſhipwrecks, to ſeek on this unknown ſhore a little repoſe, and a ſecure retreat. If you fear the Gods, eſpecially *Jupiter*, who has the care of ſtrangers; if you have any ſenſe

of pity, do not refuſe me, in theſe vaſt regions, ſome corner, though it be of barren ground, ſome diſmal deſart, or ſome ſharp craggy rock, that I, with my companions, may found a city there, which may be at leaſt a melancholy image of our loſt country. We ask but a ſmall tract in ſome waſte place: we will live peaceably with you in a ſtrict alliance: your enemies ſhall be ours; we will eſpouſe all your intereſts; we only deſire the liberty of living according to our own laws.

All the while *Diomedes* was ſpeaking this, *Telemachus*, with his eyes fix'd on him, ſhew'd in his own countenance all the different paſſions which the human ſoul is capable of. When *Diomedes* firſt ſpoke of his tedious misfortunes, he was in hopes it might be his father. As ſoon as he had declared himſelf to be *Diomedes*, *Telemachus*'s countenance languiſh'd like a beauteous flower which the cruel north-wind had juſt blaſted with its pernicious breath. Afterwards, *Diomedes*, complaining of the implacable anger of a Deity, begot in him a compaſſionate and tender remembrance of the like misfortunes ſuffer'd by his father and himſelf: his cheeks ran down with tears mix'd with grief and joy, and he inſtantly flew to *Diomedes* to embrace him.

I am, ſaid he, the ſon of *Ulyſſes*, whom you

once knew, and who was not unuſeful to you, when you took the famous horſes of *Rheſus*: the Gods have treated him, as well as you, unmercifully: if there be any truth in the oracles of *Eurebus*, he is ſtill alive: but, alas! he is not alive to me: I left *Ithaca* to ſeek him, and now I can neither ſee him nor *Ithaca* again: judge by my misfortunes what compaſſion I have for others. The advantage that misfortunes bring along with them, is to teach us to ſympathize with others in their troubles: though I am but a ſtranger here, yet am I able, O great *Diomedes* (for notwithſtanding the miſery that overwhelm'd my country when I was a child, I have not been ſo ill educated, as to be ignorant of your glorious feats in war) I am able, O moſt invincible of all the *Greeks* next *Achilles*, to procure you ſome relief. Theſe princes, whom you ſee here, are perſons of humanity, without which they very well know there is neither virtue, nor true courage, nor ſolid glory. Misfortunes add a new luſtre to the glory of great men. There is ſomething wanting in them, before they have been in adverſity. There muſt be in their lives examples of patience and firmneſs of mind; diſtreſs'd virtue melts all hearts that have any reliſh for virtue; leave to us, therefore, the care of comforting you; ſince the Gods have ſent you to us, we look upon you as a

preſent they intended us, and ought to eſteem ourſelves happy that we are able to mitigate your ſorrows.

While he was thus ſpeaking, *Diomedes* look'd on him with wonder and amazement, and felt his heart leap within him. They hugg'd one another as if they had long been united in the cloſeſt bands of friendſhip. O worthy ſon of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, ſaid *Diomedes*, I find in you the ſweetneſs of his countenance, the gracefulneſs of his diſcourſe, his commanding eloquence, his noble ſentiments, and his wiſe thoughts.

Mean while, *Philoctetes* likewiſe embrac'd the ſon of *Tydeus*: they related to each other their melancholy adventures: Then ſaid *Philoctetes* to him, I doubt not but you will be glad to ſee the wiſe *Neſtor*; he has juſt loſt *Piſiſtratus*, the laſt of his children, and now there remains nothing for him but a way moiſten'd with tears, that loads him to his tomb. Come then and try to comfort him; a friend under affliction is fitter than another to eaſe his troubled heart. They immediately repair'd to the tent of *Neſtor*, who ſcarce knew *Diomedes* again; grief had ſo depreſs'd his ſpirit, and diſorder'd his ſenſes. At firſt they wept with him, and this interview encreas'd the old man's ſorrow; but after a while, the preſence of this friend aſſwag'd his heart; and one might eaſily

eaſily diſcern, that his affliction was, in ſome meaſure ſuſpended by the ſecret pleaſure of relating what he himſelf had ſuffer'd, and of hearing on the other ſide, what had befallen *Diomedes*.

Whilſt they were thus converſing, the kings, together with *Telemachus*, were debating what courſe to take; *Telemachus* adviſed them to give *Diomedes* the country of *Arpi*, and to chuſe *Polydamas* for king of the *Daunians*, he being of their own nation. This man was a famous captain, whom *Adraſtus*, through jealouſy, would never employ, leſt the world ſhould aſcribe to that able commander the ſucceſs, of which he hop'd to reap himſelf all the glory. *Polydamas* had often, in private, repreſented to him, that he too much expoſed his own life and the welfare of his country in this war, againſt ſo many confederate nations: he would often have adviſ'd him to have obſerv'd a more upright and moderate conduct towards his neighbours: But thoſe who hate truth, do alſo hate ſuch as are ſo bold as to declare it to them: they make no manner of account either of their ſincerity, or their zeal, or their diſintereſtedneſs: A bewitching proſperity harden'd *Adraſtus*'s heart againſt the moſt wholeſome advice, and yet, notwithſtanding all this, he ſtill obtain'd the victory over his enemies. Haughtineſs, fraud,

and violence, were ſtill the inſtruments of triumph to him. None of the misfortunes which *Polydamas* ſo often threaten'd him with, befel him: *Adraſtus* laugh'd at that timorous prudence which is always foreſeeing inconveniencies. He could no longer endure the ſight of *Polydamas*; he remov'd him from all employments of honour and truſt, and left him to languiſh in ſolitude and indigence.

Polydamas was at firſt deeply affected with this diſgrace, but it ſoon procur'd him what he wanted, in opening his eyes to ſee the vanity of high fortunes; he became wiſe at his own coſt; he began to rejoyce that he had been unfortunate; he by degrees learnt how to ſuffer; to be ſatisfy'd with a little; calmly to feed his ſoul with truth; to cheriſh and entertain within him ſecret virtues, which are far more valuable than the noiſy and glittering ones: In fine, to know how to live without the ſociety of men. He dwelt at the foot of mount *Garganus* in a deſart, where a half-arch'd rock ſerv'd him for a houſe; a brook that ran from the mountain allay'd his thirſt, and ſome adjoining trees afforded him their fruits for food. He had two ſlaves that cultivated a little ſpot of ground for him, in which he wrought likewiſe with his own hands; the ground repaid his toil with great increaſe, not ſuffering him to want any thing: he had not only

fruit

fruit and pulſe in abundance, but all ſorts of fragrant flowers beſides. There he bewail'd the unhappineſs of thoſe people who are hurried on to their deſtruction by the ſenſeleſs ambition of a tyrannical prince; there he every day expected that the juſt Gods, though patient for a while, would at length cruſh *Adraſtus*. The more his proſperity gain'd ground, the more irrecoverable he thought his fall would prove; for imprudence, when it is ſucceſsful in its errors; and power, when ſcrew'd up to the higheſt pitch of abſolute authority, are the fore-runners of the downfal of kings and kingdoms. When he was inform'd of the overthrow and death of *Adraſtus*, he ſhew'd no ſigns of joy, either for having foreſeen it, or for being reſcu'd from tyranny: he only ſigh'd for fear of ſeeing the *Daunians* in a ſtate of ſlavery.

This is the man *Telemachus* propos'd for their king: he had for ſome time known his courage and valour; for *Telemachus*, according to *Mentor*'s advice, was inceſſantly making enquiry of the good and bad qualities of all who were in any conſiderable employment, not only among the confederate nations who ſerv'd in this war, but even among the enemy. He made it his principal care every where to find out and examine, what men had any particular talent or virtue.

The confederate princes made, at firſt, ſome difficulty of placing *Polydamas* on the throne. We have experienc'd, ſaid they, how much a king of the *Daunians* is to be dreaded by his neighbours, when he is a lover of war, and knows how to manage it. *Polydamas* is a great captain, and may be very dangerous to us. But *Telemachus* reply'd; 'Tis true, *Polydamas* underſtands war, but then he loves peace; and theſe are the two things that are moſt to be deſired in a prince. A man who is acquainted with the calamities, the hazards and difficulties of war, is much more capable of avoiding it, than another, who has no experience of them: *Polydamas* has learn'd to reliſh the pleaſure of a quiet life; he condemn'd the enterprizes of *Adraſtus*, he foreſaw their diſmal conſequences. A weak and ignorant prince ought more to be dreaded by you, than a man who will look into affairs, and determine every thing himſelf; a weak and ignorant prince will ſee nothing but by the eyes of a giddy favourite, or of a flattering, turbulent and ambitious miniſter; ſo that a prince thus blinded, will engage himſelf in a war, even though he has no mind to it; and you can never be ſure of him, becauſe he cannot be ſure of himſelf; he will falſify his word to you; he will ſoon reduce you to ſuch extremities, that you muſt either ruin him,

or

or he you. Is it not more advantageous, more ſafe, and at the ſame time more juſt and generous, to make a faithful return to the confidence the *Daunians* place in you, and to give them a king worthy to command them?

This ſpeech convinc'd the whole aſſembly; thereupon a meſſage was ſent to propoſe *Polydamas* to the *Daunians*, who were impatiently waiting for an anſwer. When they heard the name of *Polydamas*, they reply'd, We are now ſatisfied that the confederate princes will act ſincerely by us, and perpetuate the peace with us, ſince they are willing to grant us a man ſo virtuous, and ſo capable of governing us, to be our king. If they had propoſed to us a cowardly, effeminate, and ignorant perſon, we ſhould have thought they aim'd only at depreſſing us, and corrupting the form of our government: we ſhould have ſecretly harbour'd in our breaſts a deep reſentment of ſo ill-natur'd and fraudulent a piece of conduct; but their choice of *Polydamas* is a ſure indication of real candour. The confederates, without doubt, expect nothing from us but what is juſt and honourable, ſince they grant us a king, who is incapable of doing any thing againſt the liberty and glory of our nation; and we, in like manner, do proteſt, in preſence of the juſt Gods, that rivers ſhall ſooner run back to their fountain-heads,

than we will ceaſe to love ſo beneficent a people. May our lateſt poſterity remember the benefit we this day receive, and may they never forget to renew, from generation to generation, the peace of the golden age in all the borders of *Heſperia*.

Telemachus, after this, propoſed to them to beſtow on *Diomedes* the fields of *Arpi*, to plant a colony there. This new people, ſaid he to them, will be oblig'd to you for their ſettlement in a country which you don't cultivate: remember that all men owe each other reciprocal love; that the earth is too large for them; that they can't be without neighbours; and that 'tis beſt to have ſuch as are indebted to us for their eſtabliſhment: compaſſionate the misfortunes of a king who cannot return into his own country. *Polydamas* and he, being united together by the bands of juſtice and virtue, which are the only durable ones, will preſerve you in profound peace, and render you formidable to all the neighbouring nations that might entertain thoughts of aggrandizing themſelves. You ſee, O ye *Daunians*, that we have beſtow'd on you a king capable of raiſing your glory to the skies; do you, therefore, on your part, give up a piece of ground that is uſeleſs to you, ſince we ask it of you for a king who deſerves all manner of relief.

The *Daunians* reply'd, That they could deny

deny *Telemachus* nothing, ſince it was he that procur'd them *Polydamas* for their king. They immediately went to fetch him from his ſolitude, and to place him upon the throne. But before they parted, they granted the fertile plains of *Arpi* to *Diomedes*, to found a new kingdom there. The confederates were over-joy'd at this conceſſion, becauſe *Diomedes*'s colony of *Greeks* would add a conſiderable weight to the confederate forces, if ever the *Daunians* ſhould renew their uſurpations, of which *Adraſtus* had ſet ſo ill an example.

All the princes had no other thoughts than to ſeparate. *Telemachus*, with tears in his eyes, departs with his men, after having tenderly embrac'd the valiant *Diomedes*, the wiſe and inconſolable *Neſtor*, and the fam'd *Philoctetes*, the worthy heir of *Hercules*'s arrows.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XXII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *arriving at* Salentum *is surpriz'd to see the country round it so well cultivated, and to find so little magnificence in the city.* Mentor *acquaints him with the reasons of that change; makes him sensible of the faults which usually hinder a state from flourishing; and proposes to him the conduct and government of* Idomeneus, *as a pattern for his imitation. After this* Telemachus *opens his breast to* Mentor, *and lets him see his inclination to marry* Antiope, *that king's daughter.* Mentor *joins with him, in commending her good qualities; assures him that the Gods design her for him; but that, for the present, he ought to think on nothing but to depart for* Ithaca, *in order to deliver* Penelope *from the pursuits of her lovers.*

THE

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Telemachus *returns to* Salentum. B. Cole sc.

THE young ſon of *Ulyſſes* burn'd with impatience to ſee *Mentor* again at *Salentum*, and to take ſhipping with him for *Ithaca*, where he hop'd his father might e'er this be arriv'd. As he drew near to *Salentum*, he was fill'd with amazement to ſee all the neighbouring country, which he had left little better than a deſart, cultivated and improv'd like a fine garden, and full of diligent labourers. He concluded this muſt be the work of *Mentor*: Afterwards, entering the city, he obſerv'd that there were fewer artificers for luxury and the pleaſures of life, and a much leſs appearance of pomp and magnificence. *Telemachus* was ſhock'd at this, for he was naturally fond of every thing that look'd gay and fine; but his mind was ſoon poſſeſs'd with other thoughts. He at a diſtance ſees *Idomeneus* making towards him with *Mentor*: this inſtantly fill'd his heart with joy and tenderneſs; yet, notwithſtanding he had been ſucceſsful in the war againſt *Adraſtus*, he was afraid leſt *Mentor* ſhould not be well-pleas'd with him; and as he came forward, he conſulted *Mentor*'s eyes, to ſee if they intimated any thing that might give him occaſion to upbraid himſelf.

First *Idomeneus* embrac'd *Telemachus* as his own ſon; afterwards *Telemachus* threw himſelf about *Mentor*'s neck, and bedew'd him with his tears. Says *Mentor* to him, I am well pleaſed with you; you have been guilty of great overſights; but they have ſerv'd to make you know yourſelf, and to be hereafter diffident of your own abilities. Men often reap more fruit from their errors than from their nobleſt atchievements. Great actions are apt to puff up the heart, and to inſpire a dangerous preſumption; whereas a man's miſcarriages and defects make him recollect himſelf, and reſtore him the prudence which he loſt during the run of his good fortune. What remains for you to do, is to praiſe the Gods, and not to court the praiſes of men: Your performances have been great; but pray ſpeak the truth, you had but little ſhare in the doing of them. Did they not happen like ſomething adventitious, and foreign, that was infuſed into you? And were you not like to have ſpoil'd them by your eagerneſs and imprudence? Did it not ſeem to you as if *Minerva* had chang'd you into another man beyond yourſelf, in order to make you the inſtrument of her atchievements? She held all your infirmities in ſuſpence, as *Neptune* when he quells ſtorms, and ſuſpends the angry waves.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Idomeneus* was asking queſtions of the *Cretans*, who return'd from the war, *Telemachus* gave attentive ear to the ſage counſels of *Mentor*: After which he caſt his eyes on every ſide with wonder, and ſaid, What a change do I ſee? It paſſes my underſtanding: has any calamity befallen this place while I was abſent? What is become of that magnificence which reign'd in every part of it at my departure? I ſee neither gold nor ſilver, nor precious ſtones: the people are meanly habited; the buildings that are carrying on, are much inferior to the reſt, both for dimenſions and ornament; the arts droop, and the city is become a deſart.

To this *Mentor* reply'd ſmiling, Did you take notice of the condition of the country round the city? Yes, anſwer'd *Telemachus*, I ſaw husbandry thriving every where, and the fields cultivated and manur'd. Which is beſt, added *Mentor*, a city pompous with marble, gold or ſilver, with a country neglected and barren, or a manured fertile country, with a city ordinary in ſhew, and moderate in its manners? A great city overſtock'd with artificers employ'd in emaſculating mens minds with the luxuries of life, when it is ſurrounded with a kingdom poor and ill-cultivated, is like a monſter who has a head of exorbitant bigneſs,

neſs, but whoſe body is extremely thin and depriv'd of nouriſhment, ſo as to bear no proportion to the head. 'Tis the number of people, and the plenty of proviſions, which makes the true ſtrength and true riches of a kingdom. *Idomeneus* has now a people innumerable, and indefatigable in labour, who fill every corner of his country; ſo that his whole country is as it were but one entire city, and *Salentum* but the center of it. We have ſent into the country the men that were wanting there, and needleſs in the city; and have beſides invited great numbers of ſtrangers into this country. The more theſe people increaſe and multiply, the more do the fruits of the earth increaſe and multiply by their labour. And this ſo ſweet and peaceable a multiplication enlarges his kingdom more than a conqueſt would do. We have rejected ſuch ſuperfluous arts only, as divert the poor from applying themſelves to things that are really wanting, and which corrupt the rich, by occaſioning pride and effeminacy: but we have not, in the leaſt, wrong'd either the liberal arts, or ſuch men as have a true genius to cultivate them. Thus *Idomeneus* is much more powerful than he was when you admir'd his magnificence: that dazzling ſplendor hid under it a weakneſs and a miſery, which would ſoon have undermin'd his empire: Now he has a greater

number

number of men, and ſubſiſts them more eaſily: theſe men, who are accuſtom'd to toil, pain, and a contempt of life, through the love they bear to good laws, are always in a readineſs to fight in the defence of thoſe lands, which they with their own hands have improv'd. This ſtate, which you think decay'd, will ſoon become the wonder of *Heſperia*.

Remember, O *Telemachus*, that there are in the government of a nation, two pernicious things, which are ſcarce ever remedy'd; the firſt is an unjuſt and too violent authority in kings; the ſecond is luxury, which vitiates the manners of the people. When kings have accuſtom'd themſelves to know no laws but their own abſolute will, and to give no check to their paſſions, they may do any thing; but by this very power of doing any thing, they ſap the foundation of their authority; they go by no certain rules, nor have they any fix'd maxims of government; all vye who ſhall flatter them moſt; they loſe their people, and have nothing left them but ſlaves. Who ſhall tell them the truth? Who ſhall ſet bounds to this torrent? Every thing falls before it; the wiſeſt fly away, hide themſelves, and groan in ſecret; nothing, but a ſudden and violent revolution can bring back this exorbitant power into its natural channel; nay, oftentimes the

the means made uſe of to regulate it, irre-coverably deſtroy it. Nothing ſo much threatens a great fall, as an authority that is ſcrew'd up too high; it is like a bow too much bent, which at laſt breaks on a ſudden, if the ſtring be not ſlacken'd; but who is he that will dare to ſlacken it? *Idomeneus* was corrupted to the very bottom of his heart; it was this bewitching authority that tumbled him from his throne; but even after that, his eyes continued hood-wink'd. There was a neceſſity for the Gods to ſend us hither to undeceive him, and to open his eyes that he might ſee, that overſtrain'd, extravagant power, which does not befit the ſtate of man; nay, they were forc'd to uſe ſupernatural means, and work miracles to recover him from his deluſion. The other almoſt incurable miſchief is luxury. As too great an authority intoxicates and poiſons kings; ſo luxury poiſons a whole nation: 'tis commonly urg'd, that luxury ſerves to feed the poor at the expence of the rich; as if the poor could not more profitably provide for themſelves, by increaſing the fruits of the earth, than by unmanning the rich by the refinements of voluptuouſneſs. Thus a whole nation habituates itſelf to look upon the moſt ſuperfluous things, as the neceſſaries of life; and thus every day brings forth ſome new neceſſity of the ſame kind, and men

can

can no longer live without things which but thirty years ago were utterly unknown to them. This luxury is call'd, forſooth, the *Bon Goût*, the perfection of arts, and the politeneſs of a nation. This vice, which carries in its womb a thouſand more, is commended for its virtue; it ſpreads its contagion down to the very dregs of the people; thoſe of the royal blood are willing to imitate the king's magnificence; the men of quality mimick the king's relations; and the middle ſort ſtrive to equal thoſe of quality; for who is it that thinks amiſs of himſelf? The loweſt rank of men would paſs for a middle ſort, and every one lives above his condition, ſome for oſtentation, and to make a ſhew of their wealth, others thro' a miſtaken ſhame, and to cloak their poverty. Even thoſe who are ſo wiſe as to condemn ſo great a diſorder, are not ſo wiſe as to dare to be the firſt to ſtem the tide, or ſet contrary examples. Thus a whole nation falls to ruin; all conditions and ranks of men are confounded; an eager deſire of acquiring wealth to ſupport an idle expence, corrupts the pureſt minds, and when poverty is accounted infamous, nothing is minded but how to grow rich. Let a man be a good ſcholar, skilful, and virtuous; let him inſtruct mankind, win battles, and ſave his country; let him ſacrifice all his private intereſt, and yet he will be deſpiſed, unleſs his

his talents be heighten'd by pomp and luxury. Even thoſe who have no fortune will appear, and ſpend as if they had: and ſo they fall to borrowing, cheating, and uſing a thouſand mean arts to get money: But who ſhall remedy thoſe evils? the reliſh and habits of a whole nation muſt be changed, new laws muſt be given them; and who ſhall attempt this, unleſs the king ſhould prove to be ſo much of a philoſopher, as to ſet an example of moderation himſelf, and ſo put out of countenance thoſe who love a pompous expence, and, at the ſame time, to encourage the wiſe, who will be glad to be authorized in a decent frugality?

Telemachus, hearing this diſcourſe, was juſt like a man who comes out of a profound ſleep: he felt the truth of theſe words, and they were deeply engraven in his heart, juſt as a skilful ſtatuary imprints what lineaments he pleaſes on a piece of marble, and gives it tenderneſs, life, and motion. *Telemachus* made no anſwer, but revolving in his mind all that he had been hearing, he attentively ſurvey'd the ſeveral changes and alterations that had been made in the city, and after a while he thus expreſs'd himſelf to *Mentor*:

You have made *Idomeneus* the wiſeſt of all kings; both he and his people are become new creatures; and it muſt be granted, that what you have done here is infinitely greater

than

than all the victories we have won: for chance and ſtrength have a great ſhare in the ſucceſſes of war. We muſt ſhare with our ſoldiers the glory of a victory; but all your work is the reſult of a ſingle head; and you alone had to deal againſt a king and all his people, in order to correct them. The ſucceſſes in war are always fatal and odious: whereas all I ſee here, is the work of a celeſtial wiſdom; all is ſweet, all is pure, all is amiable, all beſpeaks an authority that is more than human. When men are fondly ambitious of glory, why do they not look for it in thus applying themſelves to do good? How ignorant are they of the true nature of glory, who hope to acquire it in ravaging the earth, and ſpilling human blood! *Mentor* diſplay'd a ſenſible joy in his face, to ſee *Telemachus* have ſuch right notions about victories and conqueſts, at an age when it was ſo natural for him to be intoxicated with the glory he had gain'd.

After this, *Mentor* added: 'Tis true, all you ſee here is good and laudable; but know, that it is poſſible to do yet better things than theſe. *Idomeneus* checks his paſſions, and applies himſelf to the governing of his people; yet for all this, he commits a great many faults, which are the unhappy conſequences of his former errors: When men ſet about ſhaking off an evil, this evil ſeems ſtill to hang about

about them for a long time; there ſtill remains within them ſome of their old leaven, a weaken'd diſpoſition, inveterate errors, and almoſt incurable prejudices. Happy are they who never wander'd out of the right path! For they may be able to do good, in a much greater perfection. The Gods, O *Telemachus*, will expect more from you than from *Idomeneus*; becauſe you have been acquainted with the truth from your infancy, and have never been abandon'd to the inchantments of too great proſperity.

Idomeneus, continu'd *Mentor*, is wiſe and knows a great deal; but he applies himſelf too much to little minute things, and does not enough meditate on the bulk of his affairs, to form ſchemes. The excellency of a king who is ſet over other men, does not conſiſt in doing all himſelf: it is a groſs piece of vanity to think to do any ſuch thing, or to go about to perſuade the world that one can do it. A king ought to govern by chuſing and conducting thoſe who govern under him: he is not to meddle with *details* or particulars; for that is doing the buſineſs of thoſe who are under him: he ought only to call them to an account, and to know enough to be able to enter into, and diſcern the material circumſtances of ſuch an account. Supreme and perfect government conſiſts in chuſing, and governing thoſe that govern, and in applying

plying them according to their ſeveral talents. You muſt obſerve them, try them, check them, encourage them, raiſe them, depreſs them, remove them from one place to another, and keep them always in ure. For a prince to examine every thing himſelf argues diffidence, narrowneſs of mind, and a jealouſy about mean matters, which conſumes that time and freedom of ſpirit which is neceſſary for great things. To form grand deſigns requires a free and ſedate mind, that can think at its eaſe, in an entire diſengagement from all diſpatches of perplexing affairs. A mind exhauſted by *details* and particulars, is like the lees of wine, which have neither ſtrength nor flavour: They who govern by details are always determined by what is before them, without extending their views to a remote futurity; they are always ſway'd by the affair of the preſent day, and that affair being the only one that takes up their thoughts, they are too much affected by it; it contracts their minds: for no man can paſs a ſound judgment on things, without comparing them all together, and marſhalling them in a certain order, that thereby they may be reduc'd to a proper connexion and proportion. To fail in this rule of government, is to be like a muſician, who, thinking it enough that he has hit upon harmonious ſounds, never trou-

bles himſelf to unite and accord them toge-
ther, in order to compoſe a ſweet and ra-
viſhing piece of muſick; or, like an archi-
tect, that thinks his buſineſs done, provided
he heap together mighty columns, and abun-
dance of well-cut ſtones, without thinking
of the order and proportion of the ſevera
ornaments of his building. When the parlour
is building, he thinks not of making a ſuita-
ble ſtair-caſe; when the body of the build-
ing is in hand, he dreams not either of the
court-yard or the gate; his work is nothing
but a confus'd medly of pompous parts
which are not made to fit one another. This
work, inſtead of doing him credit, will ra-
ther be an eternal monument of his ſhame;
for it ſhews, that it was done by a workman
who had not a ſufficient compaſs of thought
to take in at once the general deſign of his
whole work, which is the character of a li-
mited and a ſubaltern mind: When a man is
born with a genius confin'd to particulars, he
is only fit to act under another. Depend up-
on it, O my dear *Telemachus*, the govern-
ment of a kingdom requires a certain har-
mony like muſick, and juſt proportions like
architecture.

If you will give me leave to uſe once more
the compariſon of theſe arts, I'll make you
conceive what ordinary underſtandings thoſe
men have who govern by the detail. He
wh

who in a conſort of muſick ſings only ſome certain parts, tho' he ſings them perfectly well, is no more than a ſinger; he alone is the maſter of muſick who governs the whole conſort, and at once regulates all the parts of it. In like manner, he that cuts the columns, or raiſes one ſide of a building, is but a maſon; but he who contrives the whole edifice, and has all the proportions in his head, is the only architect. So thoſe who take moſt pains, and expedite moſt buſineſs, are ſuch as have the leaſt ſhare in the governing part; they are no more than underworkmen. The true genius that conducts a ſtate, is he, who doing nothing himſelf, cauſes every thing to be done; he contrives, he invents, he foreſees the future, he reflects on what is paſt, he diſtributes and proportions things, he makes early preparations, he inceſſantly arms himſelf to ſtruggle againſt fortune, as a ſwimmer againſt a rapid ſtream of water; he is attentive night and day, that he may leave nothing to chance.

Do you think, O *Telemachus*, that a great painter labours from morning till night that he may diſpatch his work the ſooner? No; ſuch a conſtraint and drudgery would damp the brightneſs of his fancy; he would no longer work with ſpirit; all muſt be done irregularly and by ſallies, according as his guſto moves him, and his genius ſtimulates

him. Think you that he ſpends his time in mixing of colours, and preparing of pencils? No, that's the buſineſs of his apprentices. His province is *thought* and *contrivance*; he ſtudies nothing but to make bold ſtrokes, that may give a noble air, life and paſſion to his figures; his head runs upon the ſentiments and thoughts of thoſe heroes he is about to repreſent; he tranſports himſelf into the ages wherein they lived, and enters into all the circumſtances that ever attended them: to this kind of enthuſiaſm he muſt joyn a judgment that muſt reſtrain his luxuriant fancy, that the whole may be true, correct, and proportionable in all its parts. Do you think, *Telemachus*, that leſs elevation of mind, and effort of thought is required to make a great king, than a good painter? Conclude then, that the buſineſs of a king is to *think*, to form great projects, and to make choice of men to execute them under him.

Telemachus reply'd; Methinks I apprehend every thing you have been ſaying; but at this rate, a king would be often impoſed upon, for not entering himſelf into particulars. No, 'tis you that impoſe upon yourſelf, reply'd *Mentor:* That which hinders a prince from being impoſed upon, is a general knowledge of government: thoſe who have no principles to go by in buſineſs, and have no

no true knowledge and diſcernment of men, are always, as it were, groping in the dark, and 'tis mere chance if they don't miſtake their way. They don't ſo much as know what it is they are looking for, nor which way they ought to ſteer their courſe; they only know how to be diſtruſtful, and they ſooner diſtruſt honeſt men that contradict them, than knaves that flatter them. On the contrary, they that have true maxims of government, and who are well skill'd in men, know what they ought to look for in them, and the means to find it. They perceive, at leaſt in groſs, whether the perſons they make uſe of are inſtruments proper for their purpoſe, and whether they enter ſo far into their views, as to be able to hit the mark they aim it. Beſides, as they don't concern themſelves with tedious particulars, they have their minds more at liberty to ſurvey at once the body of the work, and to obſerve whether it advances towards its principal end: If they are impoſed upon, it ſcarce ever happens to be in eſſential matters. Beſides, they are above thoſe little jealouſies, that argue a narrow ſpirit, and a groveling ſoul: they very well know that there's no avoiding being deceiv'd ſometimes in great affairs, becauſe they muſt make uſe of men for their inſtruments, and that men are often deceitful. More may be loſt by the irreſo-

luteneſs attending diffidence, than would be loſt by ſuffering one's ſelf to be in ſome meaſure impoſed upon. He is very happy who is deceiv'd only in inconſiderable things; great ones will not fail to take their own courſe: and this is the only thing that a great man ſhould be concern'd for. A prince ought ſeverely to puniſh deceit when it is diſcover'd; but a man that will not be really deceiv'd, muſt reckon upon meeting with ſome deceit. An artificer in his ſhop ſees all with his own eyes, and does every thing with his own hands: but a king in a great ſtate, can neither do, nor ſee every thing. He ought to do thoſe things only which no body elſe can do under him; and ought to ſee nothing but what makes for the deciſion of important matters.

In fine, ſays *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, you are beloved by the Gods, who are preparing for you a reign that ſhall be repleniſh'd with wiſdom; all that you ſee here is intended, not ſo much for *Idomeneus*'s glory, as for your inſtruction. All theſe prudent eſtabliſhments, which you admire in *Salentum*, are but the ſhadow of what you ſhall do, one day, in *Ithaca*, if by your virtues you anſwer the purpoſes of your high deſtiny. 'Tis time we ſhould think of going hence; *Idomeneus* keeps a ſhip ready for our return.

Hereupon *Telemachus*, though not without ſome

ſome reluctance and uneaſineſs, unboſom'd himſelf to his friend, and acquainted him with an inclination which made him loth to depart from *Salentum*. You will blame me, perhaps, ſaid he, for too eaſily entering into engagements in the places through which I paſs: but my heart would continually upbraid me, if I ſhould conceal from you, that I love *Antiope*, the daughter of *Idomeneus*. It is not, O my dear *Mentor*, ſuch a blind paſſion as you cur'd me of in the iſland of *Calypſo*: I well know the depth of the wound love made in my ſoul when I was with *Eucharis*: I cannot yet pronounce her name without concern. Time and abſence have not yet been able to efface it from my heart; this ſad experience teaches me to be diſtruſtful of myſelf: But as for *Antiope*, what I feel on her account is nothing like the other: it is not an extravagant paſſion; it is judgment, it is eſteem, it is perſuaſion: O how happy ſhould I be in paſſing my life with her! If ever the Gods reſtore my father to me, and permit me to chuſe a wife, *Antiope* ſhall be the perſon. What charms me in her, is her ſilence, her modeſty, her reſervedneſs, her aſſiduous induſtry in tapeſtry-work and imbroidery, her application in managing her father's houſe ſince her mother's death, her contempt of gawdy apparel, her over-looking and even ignorance of her own beauty. When *Idome-*

neus commands her to lead up the dances of the young *Cretan* maidens to the warbling flutes, one would take her for ſmiling *Venus*, ſhe is attended with ſo many graces: When he carries her to hunting with him in the foreſt, ſhe looks as majeſtick, and is as dextrous at handling the bow, as *Diana* amidſt her nymphs; herſelf alone does not know it, while all the world admire it. When ſhe enters into the temple of the Gods, and bears the ſacred offerings on her head in baskets, one would think ſhe were the very deity that inhabits the temple. With what awe, with what devotion have we ſeen her offer ſacrifices and avert the anger of the Gods, when ſome crime was to be expiated, or ſome dreadful omen to be deprecated? In fine, when one ſees her with a company of her maids, holding in her hand a golden needle, one would think *Minerva*'s ſelf were deſcended to earth in a human form to teach men the liberal arts: ſhe chears up others to work; ſhe renders labour pleaſant to them by the ſweetneſs of her voice, when ſhe ſings the miraculous ſtories of the Gods; ſhe ſurpaſſes the moſt exquiſite painting by her delicate embroideries. Happy the man whom kindly *Hymen* ſhall unite to her! He will have nothing to fear but to loſe and ſurvive her.

My dear *Mentor*, I call the Gods to witneſs, that I am ready to be gone: I ſhall love

Antiope

Antiope as long as I live; but ſhe ſhall not retard my return to *Ithaca* one moment. If another was to enjoy her, I ſhould paſs the reſt of my days in ſorrow and bitterneſs: But in ſhort, I am reſolved to leave her, tho' I know my abſence may endanger me to loſe her. I am unwilling to diſcover my paſſion either to her, or to her father; for I think I ought not to make a declaration of it to any but you, 'till *Ulyſſes*, reinſtated on his throne, gives me his conſent. You may know by all this, my dear *Mentor*, how vaſtly different this preſent inclination of mine is from that blind paſſion I had for *Eucharis*.

Mentor reply'd; O *Telemachus*, I allow there is a difference; *Antiope* is gentle, plain and wiſe; her hands deſpiſe not labour; ſhe foreſees things at a great diſtance; ſhe provides againſt all contingencies; ſhe knows how to be ſilent; ſhe acts regularly without a hurry; ſhe is always employ'd, but never embarraſs'd, becauſe ſhe does every thing in its due ſeaſon; the good order of her father's houſe is her glory; it adds a greater luſtre to her than her very beauty. Though the care of all lies upon her, and ſhe is charg'd with the burthen of reproving, refuſing, ſparing (things that make all other women hated) ſhe has acquir'd the love of all the houſhold; and this, becauſe they find not in her either paſſion, or conceited-

neſs, or levity, or humour, as in other women. With a ſingle glance of her eye they know her meaning, and are afraid to diſpleaſe her: The orders ſhe gives are plain; ſhe commands nothing but what may be perform'd; ſhe reproves with kindneſs, and her reproofs are incentives to do better: her father's heart repoſes itſelf upon her, as a traveller, fainting under the ſun's ſultry rays, repoſes himſelf upon the tender graſs under a ſhady tree. You are in the right, *O Telemachus*; *Antiope* is a treaſure worthy to be ſought for, even in the moſt remote regions; her mind, any more than her perſon, is never trim'd with vain gaudy ornaments; her fancy, though ſprightly, is yet diſcreet; ſhe never ſpeaks but when there is an abſolute occaſion, and, when ſhe opens her mouth, ſoft perſuaſion and genuine graces flow from her lips. The moment ſhe begins to ſpeak, every body elſe is ſilent, which throws a baſhful confuſion into her face; ſhe could find in her heart to ſuppreſs what ſhe was about to ſay, when ſhe perceives ſhe is ſo attentively liſten'd to; for my part, I have ſcarce ever heard her ſpeak.

Do you remember, O *Telemachus*, when her father, one day, ſent for her? She appear'd with her eyes caſt down, cover'd with a large veil, and ſpoke no more than juſt enough to moderate the anger of *Idomeneus*, who was going to

to inflict a rigorous puniſhment upon one of his ſlaves. At firſt, ſhe took part with him in his trouble, then ſhe calm'd him, at laſt ſhe urg'd to him what might be alledg'd in excuſe of the poor wretch, and without letting the king know that he was tranſported beyond due bounds, ſhe inſpir'd into him ſentiments of juſtice and compaſſion. *Thetis*, when ſhe ſooths old *Nereus*, does not appeaſe with more ſweetneſs the raging billows. Thus *Antiope*, without aſſuming any authority, and without taking advantage of her charms, will one day manage the heart of a husband, as ſhe now touches her lyre, when ſhe would draw from it the moſt melting ſounds. Once again I tell you, *Telemachus*, your love for her is well-grounded; the Gods deſign her for you; you love her with a rational affection, but you muſt wait till *Ulyſſes* grant her to you. I commend you for not having diſcover'd your ſentiments to her; but know, that if you had taken any indirect methods to let her know your deſigns, ſhe would have rejected them, and ceaſed to have a value for you; ſhe will never promiſe herſelf to any one, but will leave herſelf to be diſpos'd of by her father: She will never take for her conſort a man that does not fear the Gods, and who does not acquit himſelf of all the duties that are incumbent upon him. Have you not obſerv'd, as well as I, that ſhe ap-

pears leſs in ſight than ſhe us'd to do, and caſts her eyes more to the ground ſince your return? She knows all the ſucceſſes that have attended you in the war; ſhe is not ignorant either of your birth, or of your adventures, or of any thing that the Gods have beſtow'd upon you; and 'tis this that renders her ſo ſhy and ſo reſerv'd. Come, let us go, *Telemachus*, let us go to *Ithaca*; there remains now nothing more for me to do, but to bring you to your father, and to put you in a condition to obtain a bride worthy of the golden age. Were ſhe a ſhepherdeſs on the frosty mount *Algidus*, as ſhe is a daughter of the king of *Salentum*, you would be the happieſt of men in the enjoyment of her.



THE



B. Cole Sc.

Telemachus *delivers* Antiope *from a* (wild) *Boar.*

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XXIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus *fearing the departure of his two guests, proposes to* Mentor *several intricate and puzzling affairs; assuring him that he could not settle them without his assistance.* Mentor *tells him how he ought to behave himself, and persists in his resolution to conduct home* Telemachus. Idomeneus *endeavours still to detain them, by inflaming the latter's passion for* Antiope, *and engages them in a hunting-match, in which he orders his daughter to be. She is in danger of being torn in pieces by a wild-boar, but* Telemachus *rescues her. He afterwards shews a great reluctance to leave her, and to take his leave of the king her father: but being encourag'd by* Mentor, *he conquers his passion, and embarks to return home.*

IDO-

IDOMENEUS, who fear'd the departure of *Telemachus* and *Mentor*, had no other thoughts than how to put it off. In the firſt place he repreſented to *Mentor*, that he could not, without him, adjuſt a difference that had ariſen between *Diophanes*, prieſt of *Jupiter Conſervator*, and *Heliodorus*, prieſt of *Apollo*, about the preſages and omens drawn from the flight of birds, and the entrails of victims. Why, ſaid *Mentor* to him, will you meddle with holy things? Leave them to the deciſion of the *Etrurians*, who have the tradition of the moſt ancient oracles, and are divinely inſpir'd to be the interpreters of the Gods. Do but interpoſe your authority to ſtifle theſe diſputes in their birth: ſhew neither partiality, nor prepoſſeſſion; and content yourſelf with ſupporting the determination when made. Remember, that a king ought to be ſubject to religion, and never to take upon him to ſettle it: Religion comes from the Gods, and is above kings. If kings meddle with religion, inſtead of defending it, they bring it under ſlavery. Kings are ſo powerful, and other men are ſo weak, that every thing will be in danger of being alter'd according to the fancy of princes, if they be allow'd to concern themſelves with queſtions relating

relating to holy matters. Therefore let the friends of the Gods decide thoſe things in full liberty, and confine yourſelf to the repreſſing of thoſe who ſhall be refractory to their judgment, when pronounc'd.

In the next place *Idomeneus* complain'd how much he was puzzled about a great many law-ſuits, between divers private perſons, which he was ſolicited to determine. Determine, anſwer'd *Mentor*, all new queſtions that tend to eſtabliſh general maxims of right and juſtice, and to make precedents for expounding the laws; but do not take upon you to judge private cauſes; which would all come crouding upon you; you would be the only judge of your people, and all the other judges, who are under you, would become uſeleſs. You would be overwhelm'd and tired out, and minute buſineſs would take you off from great affairs, without allowing you time to ſettle the detail of the ſmall. Beware therefore of throwing yourſelf into ſuch a perplexity. Refer private cauſes to the ordinary judges; do nothing but what no other can do to eaſe you; and ſo you'll diſcharge the true functions of a king.

I am ſolicited likewiſe, ſaid *Idomeneus*, to make certain matches. The perſons of a diſtinguiſh'd birth, who have follow'd me in all the wars, and who have loſt very great eſtates

eſtates on that account, would be glad to be, in ſome meaſure, recompenc'd by it, by marrying ſome great fortunes; and I need but ſay one word to procure them their wiſhes. True, anſwer'd *Mentor*, that may coſt you but one word; but even that one word would coſt you too much. Would you rob parents of the liberty and comfort of chuſing their ſons-in-law, and conſequently their heirs? This were reducing all families to the ſevereſt ſervitude; and you would render yourſelf accountable for all the domeſtick misfortunes of your people. Marriages are in themſelves full enough of thorns, without this additional bitterneſs. If you have faithful ſervants to reward, give them lands that are uncultivated; add to them titles and honours proportionable to their condition and ſervices; and, if need be, ſmall ſums of money, out of what you may have ſpared from the funds deſtin'd for your ordinary expences: but never pay your own debts by ſacrificing rich maidens, in ſpight of their parents and relations.

Idomeneus ſoon paſſed on to another queſtion. The *Sibarites*, ſaid he, complain of our encroaching upon ſome lands that belong to them, and giving them as waſtes to be grubbed up, to the foreigners, whom we have lately invited over. Shall I yield to theſe people? If I do, every body will think they may

may lay claim to what we have. It is not reaſonable, reply'd *Mentor*, to let the *Sibarites* be judges in their own cauſe, nor is it juſt you ſhould be judge in yours. Who ſhall then be judge, return'd *Idomeneus*? Neither of the two parties, continu'd *Mentor*: but you muſt chuſe for an umpire a neighbouring people, obnoxious to neither ſide, ſuch as are the *Sipentines*, who have no intereſt oppoſite to yours. But, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, am I oblig'd to ſtand to the umpirage of any body? Am I not a king? Muſt a ſovereign ſubmit to ſtrangers about the extent of his dominions? *Mentor* reply'd in this manner: Since you reſolve to ſtand it out, you muſt needs judge that you have right on your ſide; on the other hand, the *Sibarites* will not abate of their pretenſions, but maintain that their claim is indiſputable. In this contrariety of opinions, either an umpire, choſen by both parties, muſt make up the controverſy, or the cauſe muſt be decided by the ſword: there's no other medium. If you ſhould come into a republick, where there were neither magiſtrates nor judges, and where every family ſhould claim a right to do its ſelf juſtice by violence in all its demands upon its neighbours, you would, undoubtedly, deplore the miſerable ſtate of ſuch a nation, and be ſeiz'd with horror at the ſight of ſo diſmal a diſorder, wherein all

families

families ſhould be together by the ears, and worrying one another. Now do you think that the Gods ſhould look with leſs horror, upon the whole world, which is the univerſal commonwealth, if every nation, who is no more in it than as it were a large family, ſhould think they have a full right to do themſelves juſtice by force of arms, in all they claim from the other neighbouring nations? A private man who poſſeſſes a field, as an inheritance from his anceſtors, cannot yet maintain himſelf in the poſſeſſion of it, but by the authority of the laws, and the decree of the magiſtrate; and he would be ſeverely puniſh'd as a ſeditious perſon, if he ſhould go about to preſerve by open force, what he has a right to. Do you think that kings may employ violent means to maintain their pretenſions, without having firſt try'd all poſſible methods of gentleneſs and humanity? Ought not juſtice to be far more ſacred and inviolable to kings, with regard to whole countries, than to private families, with reſpect to ſome plough'd lands? Shall a man be accounted unjuſt, and a plunderer, for ſeizing a few acres of ground, and another man eſteem'd juſt, and paſs for a hero, for uſurping whole provinces? If men are apt to be prepoſſeſs'd, over-weening, and blind in ſmall concerns of private perſons, ought they not to be more afraid of flattering them-

themſelves, and being blindly partial in great intereſts of ſtate? Shall a man depend upon his own judgment in a matter wherein he has ſo much reaſon to diſtruſt himſelf; and ſhall he not be cautious of being deceiv'd in a caſe wherein one ſingle error may be attended with dreadful conſequences? The error of a king who flatters himſelf in his pretenſions, oftentimes occaſions ravages, famines, maſſacres, depredations, and depravations of manners, whoſe fatal effects reach to the remoteſt poſterity. Shall a king, who gathers ſo many flatterers about him, not be afraid of being flatter'd on ſuch occaſions? if he agrees upon an umpire for determining the difference, he ſhews his equity, upright dealing, and moderation; he acquaints the publick with the reaſons on which his cauſe is grounded; the umpire who is choſen, is only an amicable mediator, and not a ſevere judge; his deciſions are not blindly ſubmitted to, but a great deference is paid to him. He does not pronounce ſentence as ſupreme judge; but makes propoſals to both parties, who through his councels, ſacrifice ſomething for the ſake of peace. If a war happens, notwithſtanding all the care a prince takes for the preſervation of peace, he has then, at leaſt, for him, the teſtimony of a good conſcience, the eſteem of his neighbours, and the juſt protection of the Gods. *Idomeneus*, moved

moved with this diſcourſe, conſented that the *Sipentines* ſhould be mediators between him and the *Sibarites*.

The king finding that all the means he had uſed to detain the two ſtrangers had proved ineffectual, endeavour'd to ſtay them by a ſtronger tie. He had taken notice, that *Telemachus* was in love with *Antiope*, and ſo he hoped to hold him by his paſſion. In order to that, he caus'd her ſeveral times to ſing at feaſts and entertainments, which ſhe did in compliance with her father's commands; but with ſuch a modeſt and melancholy air, that it was eaſy to pereeive what pain and reluctance ſhe ſuffer'd in obeying. *Idomeneus* went ſo far as to deſire, that ſhe ſhould ſing the victory gain'd over the *Daunians* and *Adraſtus*; but ſhe could not be prevail'd with to ſing the praiſes of *Telemachus*: ſhe modeſtly and reſpectfully excuſed herſelf, and her father did not think fit to lay a conſtraint upon her. Her ſoft and moving voice penetrated the heart of the young ſon of *Ulyſſes*, ſo that he was all in a rapture. *Idomeneus*, who kept his eyes fix'd upon him, had the pleaſure to obſerve the diſorder he was in; but *Telemachus* made as if he did not perceive the king's deſign. He could not, on ſuch occaſions, forbear being extremely moved; but reaſon in him was ſuperior to ſenſe, and he was now no longer the ſame

Tele-

Telemachus, who had formerly been captivated by a tyrannical paſſion in the iſland of *Calypſo*. Whilſt *Antiope* was ſinging, he kept a deep ſilence; as ſoon as ſhe had done ſinging, he inſtantly turn'd the diſcourſe to other matters.

The king, not being able to compaſs his deſign that way, reſolv'd at laſt, to have a great hunting-match, and to make his daughter ſhare the diverſion of it. *Antiope*, being unwilling to go, fell a weeping; but her father's commands muſt be obey'd. Hereupon, ſhe mounts a foaming, fiery horſe, like one of thoſe which *Caſtor* tam'd for battle; ſhe manages him with eaſe: A ſhining troop of young virgins cheerfully attend her; and ſhe appears among them like *Diana* with her nymphs in the foreſt. The king ſaw her, and his eyes could never be ſatiated with the ſight of her, which made him forget all his paſt misfortunes. *Telemachus* ſaw her likewiſe, and was more affected with *Antiope*'s modeſty, than with her addreſs, and all her graces. And now the dogs are upon the chace of a wild-boar of a vaſt bigneſs, and fierce like that of *Calydon*; his long hair was hard and briſtling, like pointed darts; his eyes ſparkled with blood and fire; his blowing was heard afar off, like the hollow ſound of rebellious winds, when, in order to lay the ſtorm, *Æolus* calls them back

back into his deep cavern; and his long tuſhes, crooked like the reaper's keen ſickle, were able to cut off the trunk of a tree. All the dogs that durſt come near him were wor-ry'd. The boldeſt huntſmen, who purſu'd him, were yet ſhy of coming up with him: But *Antiope*, who rode as ſwiftly as the winds, was not afraid to attack him near. She flings at him a dart that pierces him above the ſhoulder; the blood of the fierce beaſt ſtreams out and renders him more furious; and ſo he turns towards her who gave the wound. At this *Antiope*'s ſteed, in ſpight of his courage and mettle, ſhudders and ſtarts back; the monſtrous wild-boar ruſhes to-wards him, like thoſe heavy machines that ſhake the walls of the ſtrongeſt towns. The courſer ſtaggers, and is born down, and *An-tiope* finds herſelf on the ground, unable to avoid the fatal tuſh of the beaſt animated againſt her. But *Telemachus*, attentive to the danger *Antiope* was in, had already diſmount-ed, ſwifter than lightning; he runs between the horſe and the wild-boar, who turns back to revenge his blood; he brandiſhes his ſpear, and plunges it deep into the flank of the tremendous animal, which tumbles enrag'd to the ground.

Telemachus inſtantly ſevers his head, which yet looks frightful at cloſe view, and aſto-niſhes all the huntſmen. He preſents it to

Antiope;

Antiope; ſhe bluſhes upon it, and, with her eyes, conſults her father, who having recover'd his fright, is now tranſported with joy to ſee her out of danger, and beckons to her to accept the preſent. As ſhe receiv'd it, ſhe ſaid to *Telemachus*, I thankfully receive from you a greater gift, ſince I owe you my life. She had ſcarce utter'd theſe words, but ſhe was afraid of having ſaid too much; ſhe caſt her eyes down; and *Telemachus*, who took notice of her diſorder, durſt not tell her more than this: Happy the ſon of *Ulyſſes* in having preſerv'd ſo precious a life! But more happy ſtill, if he could paſs with you the remainder of his! *Antiope*, without anſwering him, ran to her young companions, where ſhe mounted again.

Idomeneus would that very moment have promiſed his daughter to *Telemachus*: but he hop'd to inflame his paſſion yet the more, by leaving him in ſuſpence; and even thought to detain him ſtill at *Salentum* by the deſire of ſecuring his marriage. Thus *Idomeneus* reaſon'd with himſelf; but the Gods mock the wiſdom of men: for what he thought would ſtay *Telemachus*, prov'd the very motive that preſs'd him to depart. What he began to feel, gave him a juſt diſtruſt of himſelf: *Mentor*, on the other hand, doubled his care to inſpire him with an impatient deſire of returning to *Ithaca*, and the ſhip being ready,

ready, he preſs'd *Idomeneus* to let him go. Thus *Mentor*, who over-rul'd all the ſteps of *Telemachus*, and regulated every moment of his life, in order to raiſe him to the higheſt pitch of glory, ſtaid him no where but juſt ſo long as was neceſſary to exerciſe his virtue, and make him acquire experience. *Mentor* had taken care to provide the veſſel, immediately after *Telemachus*'s arrival; but *Idomeneus*, who could not without great reluctancy ſee them prepare for their voyage, fell into a mortal ſorrow, and a moſt deplorable melancholy, when he ſaw his two gueſts, who had been ſo helpful to him, ready to forſake him. He ſhut himſelf up in the moſt retir'd apartments of his houſe; there he eas'd his heart in ſighing, and pouring out floods of tears: he forgot to eat; ſleep no longer charm'd his piercing ſorrows; he pin'd away, he wither'd in this uneaſy condition, like a well-grown tree which covers the ground with the ſhade of its thick boughs, when a worm begins to gnaw the ſtock of it in thoſe refin'd chanels, through which the ſap is convey'd to nouriſh it: This tree, which the winds were never able to looſen; which the fruitful earth took delight to nouriſh in her boſom; and which the woodman's axe never durſt to wound, yet now languiſhes and droops, and all the while the cauſe of its decay lies undiſcover'd; it fades and ſheds its leaves

leaves that were its glory and ornament; it has nothing to ſhew but its trunk, cover'd with a bark that gapes with frequent flaws, together with dry and ſapleſs branches. Thus fared it with *Idomeneus* in his grief.

Telemachus was melted, but durſt not ſpeak to him; he dreaded the day of departure: he ſought pretexts to retard it, and had continu'd a long time in this uncertainty, if *Mentor* had not thus ſpoke to him: I am glad to ſee this change in you; you were naturally rugged and haughty, not ſuffering yourſelf to be moved by any thing but your own conveniencies and advantage; but you are at length become a man, and by the experience of your own misfortunes, you begin to compaſſionate thoſe of others. Without this fellow-feeling, a man has neither goodneſs, nor virtue, nor capacity to govern others; but you muſt not carry it too far, nor fall into a weak unmanly affection. I would willingly ſpeak to *Idomeneus*, to get his conſent for your departure, and would ſave you the trouble of ſo melancholy a converſation; but I would not have either an unbecoming ſhame or timidity over-rule your heart. You muſt accuſtom yourſelf to blend courage and firmneſs of mind with a tender and ſenſible friendſhip: you ſhould fear to afflict men without an unavoidable neceſſity; you ſhould take part in their troubles when you cannot

avoid making them uneaſie, and ſoften as much as you can the ſeverity of the blow, which it is impoſſible for you entirely to with-hold. It is for that very reaſon anſwers *Telemachus*, that I would rather *Idomeneus* knew the time of our departure from your mouth than mine.

To this *Mentor* immediately reply'd; You are deceiv'd, my dear *Telemachus*, you are like the children of kings, who are tenderly brought up in purple; they expect every thing to be done their own way, and would have the whole ſyſtem of nature pay obedience to their humours; and yet have not reſolution enough to oppoſe any one to his face. Not that they care ſo much for mankind, or that they are tender of grieving them, out of a principle of goodneſs; but they do it with an eye to their own conveniency; they are not willing to ſee any ſorrowful diſſatisfy'd faces about them; they are under no concern for the troubles and miſeries of men, provided they are not before their eyes, or ſounding in their ears; diſcourſes on ſuch ſubjects are offenſive to them, and damp their pleaſure. To pleaſe them, they muſt be continually told that all things go well, and, while they are wallowing in delights, they are unwilling to hear or ſee any thing that may interrupt their mirth. If there is occaſion to reprehend correct, or undeceive

undeceive any one, to oppoſe the pretenſions and paſſions of an unjuſt and troubleſome man, they always employ ſome other to do it, rather than ſpeak themſelves with a gentle firmneſs of mind. Upon ſuch occaſions, they are ready to ſuffer the moſt unjuſt favours to be extorted from them, and ſpoil the moſt important affairs, for want of reſolution to act againſt the ſentiment of thoſe with whom they have to do every day. This weakneſs, which every body perceives in them, puts each one upon caſting about how to make their advantage of it; they teaze them, they importune them, they tire them out, and by thus worrying them, they gain their ends. They begin with flattering them, and extolling them to the skies, to inſinuate themſelves the better; but as ſoon as ever they have ſcru'd themſelves into their confidence, and are plac'd near their perſons in ſome conſiderable authority, they lead them whither they pleaſe; they impoſe the yoke upon them, under which they groan, and are often inclin'd to ſhake it off, but ſtill they wear it as long as they live. They cannot endure to be thought to be govern'd by others, but yet are continually govern'd; nor can they tell how to do without it; for they are like thoſe feeble vines, which, not being able to ſupport themſelves, creep round about the trunk of ſome large tree.

I cannot ſuffer you, O *Telemachus*, to fall into this fault, which renders a man ſo unapt for government: you, who are ſo tender as not to dare to ſpeak to *Idomeneus*, will be no longer touch'd with his ſorrows when once you are got out of *Salentum*: it is not ſo much his trouble that ſoftens you; 'tis his preſence that embarraſſes you; go, ſpeak to *Idomeneus*, learn on this occaſion to be tender-hearted and ſteddy at the ſame time; let him know the concern you feel in parting from him, but let him know too, with a reſolv'd air, and poſitive tone, the neceſſity of your departure.

Telemachus durſt neither oppoſe *Mentor*, nor go to *Idomeneus*; he was aſham'd of his fear, and yet had not the courage to overcome it. He paus'd, then made a ſtep or two, then immediately return'd to alledge to *Mentor* ſome new reaſon of delay: But *Mentor*'s look alone depriv'd him of ſpeech, and put to flight all his fair pretences. Is this, ſaid *Mentor* ſmiling, the mighty conqueror of the *Daunians*, the deliverer of the great *Heſperia*, the ſon of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, who is to be, after him, the oracle of *Greece*? He dares not tell *Idomeneus* that he can no longer put off his return into his country to ſee his father! O ye people of *Ithaca*, how unhappy will you one day be, if you have a king who is overrul'd by an indecent ſhame, and who ſacri-

fices

ſices his greateſt intereſt to his weakneſs, in the moſt inconſiderable matters? See, *Telemachus*, what a difference there is between valour in the field, and courage in buſineſs: you did not fear the arms of *Adraſtus*, and yet now you are afraid of the ſorrows of *Idomeneus*: it is this that diſhonours princes who have perform'd the greateſt actions: after they have appear'd to be heroes in war, they ſhew themſelves the meaneſt of men upon common occaſions, wherein others ſupport themſelves with vigour.

Telemachus, convinced of the truth of theſe words, and ſtimulated with this reproach, went hurrying out, and would no longer give ear to his affections; but he was ſcarce enter'd into the room where *Idomeneus* was ſitting with down-caſt eyes, languiſhing and overwhelm'd with ſorrow, but they were both afraid of each other. They durſt not look one upon another; they underſtood one another without ſaying any thing, and each dreaded the other's breaking ſilence: They both of them fell a weeping. After a while *Idomeneus*, preſſed with exceſs of ſorrow, cry'd out, To what purpoſe is virtue courted, if ſhe ſo ill requites thoſe who love her? After my weakneſs has been remonſtrated to me, I am forſaken: Well! I muſt relapſe into all my misfortunes; ſpeak no more to me of governing well; no, I am not able to do it;

I am weary of mankind. Whither would you go, *Telemachus?* Your father is no longer among the living; in vain you ſeek for him; *Ithaca* is become a prey to your enemies; they will deſtroy you if you return thither. One or other of them has marry'd your mother; therefore continue here; you ſhall be my ſon-in-law and my heir, and reign after me. Even during my life you ſhall have here an abſolute power; and my confidence in you ſhall have no bounds. If you are not moved by all theſe advantages, at leaſt leave *Mentor* with me, who is my only reſource. Speak, anſwer me, harden not your heart, take pity on the moſt miſerable man in the world. What! are you ſilent? Ah! too plainly I ſee how cruel the Gods are to me; I felt it leſs ſeverely, even in *Crete*, where I was ſo unhappy as to ſlay my only ſon.

At laſt, *Telemachus* reply'd, with a diſorder'd and timorous voice, I am not at my own diſpoſal; the deſtinies recall me into my country; *Mentor*, who is indu'd with the wiſdom of the Gods, commands me in their name to be gone. What would you have me do? Shall I renounce my father, my mother, and my country, which ought to be much dearer to me than they? Being born to royalty, I am not deſtin'd to a ſedate life, nor to follow my own inclinations. Your

kingdom

kingdom is more wealthy and more powerful than that of my father: but I ought to prefer what the Gods deſign for me, before what you are ſo generous to offer. I ſhould think myſelf too happy in having *Antiope* for my conſort; but in order to deſerve her, I muſt go whither my duty calls; and 'tis my father who muſt demand her of you for me. Did you not promiſe to ſend me back to *Ithaca*? Was it not upon this promiſe that I, with the confederates, fought for you againſt *Adraſtus*? 'Tis time for me to think of redreſſing my domeſtick misfortunes: The Gods, who have given me to *Mentor*, have alſo given *Mentor* to the ſon of *Ulyſſes*, to make him fulfil the decrees of fate. Would you have me loſe *Mentor*, after having loſt all things beſides? I have now neither eſtate, nor retreat, nor father, nor mother, nor any certain country to fly to; I have only a wiſe virtuous man left me, who is the moſt precious gift of *Jupiter*: judge you whether I can forego ſuch a treaſure, and conſent to be abandon'd by him? No, I would ſooner dye; take, take my life, that's a trifle, but take not *Mentor* from me.

As *Telemachus* proceeded in his diſcourſe, his voice grew ſtronger, and his timorouſneſs went off. *Idomeneus* knew not what to anſwer, and could not find in his heart to grant what the ſon of *Ulyſſes* ask'd of him.

When he could no longer ſpeak to him, he endeavour'd, at leaſt by his looks and geſtures, to move his compaſſion. At the ſame moment he ſaw *Mentor* appear, who gravely addreſs'd himſelf to him in theſe terms: Do not afflict yourſelf: we indeed leave you; but wiſdom, which preſides in the council of the Gods, will always continue with you: Do but believe yourſelf happy that *Jupiter* has ſent us hither to ſave your kingdom, and to make you retrieve your errors. *Philocles*, whom we have reſtor'd to you, will ſerve you faithfully. The fear of the Gods, the reliſh of virtue, the love of the people, and compaſſion for the unhappy, will always prevail in his heart: hearken to him, and make uſe of him without diſtruſt or jealouſy. The greateſt piece of ſervice you can engage him to do you, is to oblige him to tell you your faults freely, and without any varniſhing. The greateſt courage of a good king conſiſts in ſeeking true friends who may ſhew him his miſtakes. Provided you are indu'd with this kind of courage, our abſence cannot hurt you, and you will live happy; but if jealouſy, which inſinuates like a ſerpent, ſhould again find a way to your heart, to make you diſtruſt the moſt diſintereſted counſels, you are undone. Don't ſuffer yourſelf to be overcome with ſorrow, but reſolutely yield to the guidance of virtue. I have told

told *Philocles* all that he ought to do for your aſſiſtance, and have caution'd him never to make a wrong uſe of your confidence in him: I can take upon me to anſwer for him; the Gods have given him to you, as they have given me to *Telemachus*; every one ought couragiouſly to follow his deſtiny; 'tis of no uſe to wail and lament. If ever you have occaſion for my help, after I have reſtor'd *Telemachus* to his father and his country, I will come and viſit you again; and, indeed, what can I do that can give me a greater pleaſure? I neither ſeek riches nor authority upon earth; I am only deſirous to aſſiſt thoſe that ſeek juſtice and virtue. Can I ever forget thoſe inſtances of confidence and friendſhip you have ſhewn me?

At theſe words *Idomeneus* was of a ſudden quite alter'd: he felt his mind grow calm like the ſea, when *Neptune* with his trident quells the tumultuous waves, and the moſt lowring tempeſts. There only remain'd in him a quiet and peaceable ſort of regret, which was rather a ſentiment of tenderneſs, than an acute ſorrow. Courage, confidence, virtue, and the hope of the aſſiſtance of the Gods began to revive within him.

Well then, ſaid he, my dear *Mentor*, I find I muſt loſe every thing, and not be diſcouraged: At leaſt, remember *Idomeneus* when you are arriv'd at *Ithaca*, where your wiſdom

will crown you with proſperity: forget not that *Salentum* was the work of your hands, and that you have left there an unfortunate king, who has no hope but in you. Go, O worthy ſon of *Ulyſſes*, I will retard you no longer; far be it from me to reſiſt the Gods, who lent me ſo great a treaſure; and farewel *Mentor*, the greateſt and wiſeſt of all men, if humanity is able to do what I have ſeen in you, and if you are not ſome deity under a borrow'd form, to inſtruct weak and ignorant men; go, and conduct the ſon of *Ulyſſes*, who is more happy in having you with him, than in having been the conqueror of *Adraſtus*: Farewel both of you, I dare ſpeak no more; forgive my ſighs; go, live, and be happy: all I have left me is, the remembrance that I once poſſeſs'd you. O glorious days! too happy days! Days which I knew not how ſufficiently to value! Days that have too ſwiftly paſt away! You will never more return, never will my eyes again ſee what they now behold!

Mentor took this moment for their parting; he embrac'd *Philocles*, who bath'd him with his tears, without being able to ſpeak a word. *Telemachus* would have taken *Mentor* by the hand, in order to get away from *Idomeneus*; but *Idomeneus*, making towards the haven, plac'd himſelf between *Mentor* and *Telemachus*: he gaz'd upon them; fetch'd deep

deep ſighs; he began to ſpeak, but his words were cut off by frequent ſobbings, ſo that he could not pronounce one word diſtinctly.

In the mean time, confuſed murmurs are heard upon the ſhore, which is cover'd with mariners; the ropes are pull'd, the ſails are hoiſted, and a favourable wind begins to blow: *Telemachus* and *Mentor* take their leaves of the king, who hugs them a long while in his arms, and ſtill follows them with his eyes as far as he can.



THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK XXIV.

The ARGUMENT.

While they are at ſea, Telemachus *engages* Mentor *to explain to him ſeveral difficulties about government; particularly how to know and diſcriminate men, in order to employ none but the good, and avoid being impoſed upon by the wicked. Towards the end of their diſcourſe, being becalm'd, they are oblig'd to put into an iſland where* Ulyſſes *was juſt landed.* Telemachus *ſees and ſpeaks with him there, without knowing him. But after he had ſeen him embark'd again, he feels within himſelf a ſecret uneaſineſs, of which he cannot apprehend the cauſe.* Mentor *acquaints him with it, comforts him, aſſures him, that he will ſoon rejoyn his father, and tries his piety and patience, by retarding his departure to make a ſacrifice to* Minerva.

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Telemachus *finds again his Father* Ulysses.

Minerva. *At laſt the goddeſs* Minerva, *conceal'd under the figure of* Mentor, *reſumes her natural form, and makes her ſelf known. She gives* Telemachus *her laſt inſtructions, and diſappears: After which,* Telemachus *arrives at* Ithaca, *and meets again with* Ulyſſes *his father, at the faithful* Eumeus's *houſe.*

BY this time the winds fill the ſpreading ſails, they weigh anchor, and the lands ſeem to fly from them; already the experienced pilot ſees at a diſtance the *Lucatian* mountains, whoſe head buries itſelf in a whirling cloud of freezing ſleet: he likewiſe beholds the *Acroceraunian* hills, which ſtill rear up their haughty brow to heaven, tho' they have been ſo often ſhatter'd by thunder.

As they ſail'd, *Telemachus* ſaid to *Mentor*, Methinks I now conceive the maxims of government which you have explain'd to me. At firſt they had the appearance of a dream; but by degrees they unravel themſelves in my mind, and preſent themſelves clearly to me; as all objects ſeem dark at the firſt glimmerings of *Aurora*, and afterwards look as if they were coming out of a chaos, when the day, inſenſibly gaining ſtrength, diſtinguiſhes them, and reſtores them, as it were, to their natural figures and colours. I am fully per-

perſuaded that the eſſential point of government is to diſcern well the different characters and inclinations of men, in order to make a prudent choice, and to apply them according to their ſeveral talents; but I want to know how to acquire this skill in men.

To this *Mentor* anſwer'd: You muſt ſtudy men, if you would know them: and for that purpoſe, you muſt converſe, and have dealing with them. Kings ought to have frequent commerce with their ſubjects, to make them talk, to conſult them, to make tryal of them by ſmall employments, that they may thereby know whether they are capable of higher functions. How, my dear *Telemachus*, did you come by your knowledge of horſes in *Ithaca*? It was by often ſeeing them, and obſerving their faults and their perfections, in company with men that had experience in them. Juſt ſo you ſhould be often talking of the good and bad qualities of men, and make this the ſubject of your diſcourſe, with other wiſe and virtuous perſons who have long ſtudy'd their characters; you will inſenſibly learn what they are fit for, and what you may expect from them. Who is it that taught you how to know good and bad poets? It was frequent reading and reflection with ſuch perſons as had a true taſte of poetry. Who is it that procur'd you that judgment in muſick?

ſick? It was the ſame application of mind in obſerving good muſicians. How can any one hope to govern men well, if he does not know them? And how ſhould he know them, if he does not converſe with them? To ſee them in publick, is not converſing with them; for on ſuch occaſions there is nothing ſaid on either ſide, but things indifferent and prepar'd with art. The buſineſs is to converſe with them in private, to draw from the bottom of their ſoul all the ſecret reſources that lie lurking there, to ſound them on every ſide, and to cauſe them to diſcover their maxims. But in order to judge well of men, you muſt firſt apply your ſelf to know what they ought to be: You ſhould know what true and ſolid merit is, that you may diſtinguiſh ſuch as have it from ſuch as have it not. People are ever talking of virtue and merit, without knowing preciſely what merit and virtue are. Theſe are only fair names, and looſe, inſignificant terms, in the mouths of ſome men, who pride themſelves in talking of them, ever and anon. A man muſt be furniſh'd with certain principles of juſtice, reaſon, and virtue, whereby to know them who are reaſonable and virtuous: He muſt be acquainted with the maxims of a good and wiſe government, that he may diſcern the men who act by theſe maxims, and thoſe who depart from them through a falſe ſubtilty:

tilty: In a word, to take the dimenſions of many bodies, one ought to have a ſtanding meaſure; and in like manner, to form a right judgment, a man ought to have certain principles, to which all be reducible. He ought to know exactly what is the deſign of human life, and what end ought to be in view in governing men. This ſole and eſſential aim is for a man never to deſire authority and grandeur for his own ſake, (which ambitious deſires only tend to gratify a tyrannical pride (but to ſacrifice himſelf to the infinite cares of government, in order to render men good and happy; otherwiſe he walks and gropes in the dark all the whole courſe of his life: He goes like a ſhip adrift in the open ſea without a pilot, without conſulting the ſtars, and without knowing any of the neighbouring coaſts, and therefore cannot avoid being wreck'd.

Oftentimes princes, for want of knowing wherein true virtue conſiſts, are ignorant of what they ought to look for in men: True virtue, they think, has ſomething in it that is rough, auſtere, and independent, which both affrights and ſours them, and ſo they turn themſelves towards flattery, and from that time they can no longer find either ſincerity or virtue. From that time they run after a vain phantom of falſe glory, which renders them unworthy of the true. They

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ſoon get a cuſtom of believing, that there is no true virtue upon earth; for though good men very well know ill men, yet ill men cannot diſcern the good, nor bring themſelves to believe there are any ſuch in the world. Princes of this character can but diſtruſt every body alike; they hide themſelves, lock themſelves up, are jealous upon the leaſt triſle, they are afraid of mankind, and make mankind afraid of them. They fly the light, and dare not appear in their natural condition; though they deſire not to be known, they can't help being ſo, for the malicious curioſity of their ſubjects dives into every thing; but they themſelves know no body. The ſelfiſh crew that beſieges them, are overjoy'd to ſee them inacceſſible to others: for a king inacceſſible to men, is likewiſe inacceſſible to virtue. They blacken by infamous ſlanders, and ſhuffle from the court all ſuch as are capable of opening the prince's eyes. Such kings paſs their lives in a ſavage unhuman kind of grandeur; and being inceſſantly afraid of impoſture, they are always ſure to be inevitably impoſed upon, and deſerve to be ſo. When a man ſpeaks only to a ſmall number of people, he engages to receive all their prejudices and their paſſions: even good men are not without defects and prepoſſeſſions. Beſides, a prince is at the mercy of tale-bears, a vile and malignant

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tribe of men, whoſe food is venom, who poyſon the moſt innocent things; who make mountains of mole-hills; they will invent miſchief, if none is ready made to their hands; and who, for their own intereſt, play with the diffidence and unbecoming curioſity of a weak and jealous prince.

Therefore, O my dear *Telemachus*, ſtudy men; examine them, make them talk one of another, try them gradually; be not blindly govern'd by any; be wiſe by your own experience, when you happen to be deceiv'd in your judgments; for deceiv'd you will be ſometimes. Let that be a leſſon to you, not to judge too haſtily of any one, either well or ill: The wicked are too ſubtle and deep, not to ſurpriſe the good by their ſpecious pretences: But your paſt errors will afford you very uſeful inſtructions. When you find any man has a peculiar talent, and is withal virtuous, make uſe of him without reſerve; for men of honour love to have their integrity taken notice of; they are fonder of eſteem and confidence than riches; but take care you do not ſpoil them by giving them an unbounded power. Many a one has loſt his virtue, becauſe his maſter heap'd on him too much authority and wealth. He who is ſo much belov'd of the Gods, as to find in a whole kingdom two or three true friends, men of ſolid wiſdom, and ſtanch virtue,

virtue, will ſoon, by their means, find other perſons that reſemble them, to fill up inferior places. Thus a prince may, by a few good men in whom he confides, learn what he cannot of himſelf diſcern in other men.

But is it adviſeable, ſaid *Telemachus*, to employ ill men that have abilities, as I have often heard ſay it is? There is, ſaid *Mentor*, oftentimes a neceſſity to make uſe of them. When a nation is in a ferment and diſorder, there are often found crafty knaves in authority: They are poſſeſs'd of conſiderable poſts, which they cannot eaſily be put out of; they have gain'd the confidence of certain powerful perſons, who muſt be humour'd: Nay, theſe very wicked men themſelves, muſt be humour'd; becauſe they are to be fear'd, and may turn every thing topſy-turvy. It is proper therefore to employ them for a time, but ſtill with a deſign to render them uſeleſs by degrees. As for real and intimate confidence, beware of ever repoſing it in them, for they may abuſe it, and hold you faſt by the ſecrets you have committed to them, in ſpite of all you can do; a chain more hard to be broken than any made of iron! make uſe of them in trivial negotiations; treat them well; engage them by their own paſſions to be faithful to you; for you will never hold them by any other handle; but do not admit them into your moſt ſecret conſultations.

ſultations. Have ſome engine always ready to move them at your pleaſure, but never commit to them the key either of your heart or of your affairs. When your kingdom comes to be ſettled, and is under the conduct of wiſe and good men whom you may depend upon, thoſe ill men that you were forced to employ, will, by degrees, become uſeleſs. When that happens, you muſt not diſcontinue to treat them well; for ingratitude is never allowable, even with reſpect to ill men: But at the ſame time that you ſhew them civilities, you ſhould, however, endeavour to make them good. It is neceſſary to connive at ſome of their faults, as human frailties; but nevertheleſs you ought by degrees to exert your authority, and repreſs the evils they would openly commit, if they were let alone. After all, there is an evil in the very good that is done by ill men, and tho' this evil often becomes inevitable, you ſhould, however, endeavour to put a ſtop to it. A wiſe prince, who aims at good order and juſtice in all his views, will in time be able to lay aſide corrupt and knaviſh men, and do his buſineſs without them: He will find a ſufficient number of good men able to ſerve him.

But it is not enough for him to find good ſubjects in a nation, he ſhould form ſuch himſelf. This, anſwer'd *Telemachus*, muſt be attended with great difficulties. Far otherwiſe,

wiſe, reply'd *Mentor*: Your application and diligence in looking out for men of abilities and virtues, in order to prefer them, excites and animates all ſuch as have a talent and a ſpirit; ſo that they will all ſtrive to recommend themſelves to your notice. How many men are there that languiſh in an obſcure and unactive life, who would become great men, were they excited by emulation and hope of ſucceſs, to exert themſelves in buſineſs? How many men are there whoſe miſery and an incapacity to raiſe themſelves by their virtue, tempt them to do it by criminal methods? If therefore you annex rewards and honours to induſtry and virtue, how many men will exert their abilities and produce to publick view their ſeveral merits? But how many will you form, in making them aſcend ſtep by ſtep from the loweſt to the higheſt employments? You will hereby exerciſe their genius, you will fathom the depth of their underſtanding, and diſcover the ſincerity of their virtue: Thoſe that ſhall riſe to the higheſt places, will be ſuch as have been brought up under your own eye. And as you have obſerv'd them all your life-time in their ſeveral employments, you will be able to judge of them, not by their words, but by the whole courſe of their actions.

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While *Mentor* was reaſoning thus with *Telemachus*, they perceiv'd a *Pheacian* ſhip that had put in at a ſmall iſland, that was deſolate and wild, and ſurrounded with frightful rocks. And now the winds were huſh'd; even the gentle *Zephyrs* ſeem'd to hold their breath; the whole ſea became ſmooth like a looking-glaſs; the flagging ſails could no longer give life to the veſſel; and the rowers were ſo fatigu'd, they could hardly ply their oars any longer, ſo that they were under a neceſſity of landing in this iſland, which was indeed rather a prodigious rock than a habitable place. In other weather, leſs calm, there would be no approaching it without the greateſt danger. Thoſe *Pheacians*, who waited for the wind, appear'd no leſs impatient than the *Salentines* to proſecute their voyage. *Telemachus* advances towards them upon this craggy ſhore; he asks the firſt he meets, whether he had not ſeen *Ulyſſes*, king of *Ithaca*, in the palace of king *Alcinous*?

The perſon he thus accidentally accoſted, was not a *Pheacian*, but an unknown ſtranger, who had a majeſtick air, but withal ſad and diſconſolate: He ſeem'd to be full of thought, and ſcarce heard *Telemachus*'s queſtion at firſt; but at length he made this reply: You are not miſtaken, *Ulyſſes* has been entertain'd by king *Alcinous*, as being in a place where *Jupiter* is fear'd, and hoſpitality exercis'd, but he is not

not there now, and therefore it would be in vain for you to look for him; he is gone to ſeek *Ithaca* again, if the appeas'd deities will at laſt ſuffer him once again to ſalute his domeſtick Gods. Scarce had the ſtranger pronounced theſe words, but he ran into a little thicket that was on the top of the rock, from whence, with a ſad aſpect, he view'd the watry deep, flying from all the men he ſaw, and ſeeming troubled that he could not get away. *Telemachus* look'd wiſtfully on him, and the more he look'd, the more he was mov'd and aſtoniſh'd. This unknown perſon, ſaid he to *Mentor*, anſwer'd me like one that is full of pain and anxiety, and hears with uneaſineſs every thing that is ſaid to him. I pity the unfortunate, ſince I am ſo my ſelf; and I find in my heart a deep concern for this man, though I know not why. He treated me but indifferently; and ſcarce vouchſafed to hear and anſwer me, and yet I can't help wiſhing that his troubles were at an end. *Mentor* with a ſmile reply'd, You ſee what the misfortunes of life are good for; they take down the pride of princes, and render them ſenſible of other mens afflictions. When they have taſted nothing but the ſweet poiſon of proſperity, they fanſy themſelves to be Gods: Mountains muſt become plains to gratify their humour; they look upon men as nothing:

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they are ſporting with the whole frame of nature. When they hear any one ſpeak of ſuffering, they know not what it means, 'tis all a dream to them; they never ſaw the diſtance between good and evil. Nothing but misfortune can give them humanity, and change their hearts of flint into hearts of fleſh. Then they find they are but men themſelves, and are taught to be tender of other men, who are like themſelves. If your heart is mov'd with pity for a ſtranger, becauſe you find him wandering on the ſhore like your ſelf, how much more compaſſion ought you to have for the people of *Ithaca*, if you ſhall hereafter ſee them ſuffer! That people, whom the Gods will commit to you as a flock to a ſhepherd, will perhaps become miſerable through your ambition, or pride, or imprudence: For a nation never ſuffers, but through the errors and miſcarriages of their kings, who ought to watch over them, to ſecure them from miſery.

While *Mentor* was thus ſpeaking, *Telemachus* was overwhelm'd with trouble and grief, but after a while he anſwer'd with a little emotion; If all this be true, the condition of a king is very miſerable: He is a ſlave to all thoſe he ſeems to command; he is not ſo much made to command them, as he is to ſerve them; he owes himſelf entirely to them; he

he is burthen'd with all their cares; he is every man's man; he muſt comply with their weakneſſes, correct them like a father, render them wiſe and happy: The authority he ſeems to have, is not his own: he can do nothing, either for his own glory or pleaſure; his authority is that of the laws, which he muſt obey himſelf, to ſet an example to his ſubjects; properly ſpeaking he is only the defender of the laws to make them reign: He muſt watch and labour to maintain thoſe laws; he has the leaſt liberty and repoſe of any man in his kingdom. He is a ſlave, who ſacrifices his repoſe and liberty for the publick liberty and felicity.

It is very true, reply'd *Mentor*; a king is made a king only to take care of his people, as a ſhepherd does of his flock; or a father of his family. But, my dear *Telemachus*, do you think him unhappy for having ſo much good to do to ſo many people? He reſtrains ill men by puniſhments, encourages the good by rewards; he repreſents the Gods in thus conducting all mankind to virtue. Has he not glory enough in cauſing the laws to be obſerv'd? That of ſetting himſelf above the laws is but a falſe glory, and breeds nothing but horror and contempt: If he is a vicious man, he cannot but be miſerable; for he can find no tranquillity amidſt his paſſions, and in his vanity: If he be a good man, he

taſtes the pureſt and moſt ſubſtantial of all pleaſures in labouring for virtue, and expecting from the Gods an everlaſting recompence.

Telemachus, diſtracted within himſelf by a ſecret pain, ſeem'd never to have underſtood theſe maxims, although he was full of them, and had himſelf taught them to others. A melancholy humour gave him, even againſt his own ſentiments, a ſpirit of contradiction and ſubtilty, and made him reject the truths which *Mentor* expounded.

Telemachus oppos'd to theſe reaſons the ingratitude of men. What! ſaid he, ſhall we take ſo much pains to endear ourſelves to thoſe men, who perhaps will never love us, and ſhew kindneſs to ſuch worthleſs wretches as will make uſe of the very favours they have received, to do us a miſchief! *Mentor* anſwer'd calmly; You muſt reckon upon meeting with ingratitude from men, and yet you muſt do them good; you ought to ſerve them, not ſo much for their own ſake, as out of love to the Gods who command it: The good that is done is never loſt; if men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it. Beſides, if the bulk of mankind is ungrateful, there are always ſome virtuous men, upon whom your virtue will make an impreſſion; nay, the very multitude, as fickle as they are, never fail at one time or other to do

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ſome kind of juſtice to men of real virtue. But would you hinder men from being ungrateful? Do not ſolely apply yourſelf to render them powerful, rich, formidable in arms, happy in pleaſures: ſuch glory, ſuch plenty, ſuch pleaſures corrupt them; they make them but the more wicked, and conſequently the more ungrateful. 'Tis making them a fatal preſent, and giving them a delicious poiſon. But apply yourſelf to reform their manners to inſtil into them juſtice, ſincerity, the fear of the Gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, diſintereſtedneſs; by making them good you will prevent their being ungrateful; you will give them the true good, namely virtue, which, if it be ſolid, will always engage them to him who ſhall have inſpir'd them with it. Thus by giving them the true good, you will do good to yourſelf, and ſhall not fear their ingratitude. Is it matter of wonder, that men ſhould prove ungrateful to ſuch princes, as never led them to any thing but injuſtice, boundleſs ambition, and jealouſy againſt their neighbours, hard-heartedneſs, pride, and inſincerity? A prince ought to expect nothing from them, but what he has taught them to do. But if, on the contrary, he labours by his own example, as well as authority, to render them good; he will find the fruit of his labour in their virtues, or at leaſt he will find in his own, and in

the friendſhip of the Gods, ſufficient matter of comforts for all his miſreckonings.

This diſcourſe was ſcarce ended, but *Telemachus* advanc'd towards the *Pheacians*, whoſe ſhip was ſtopt on the ſhore. He addreſſed himſelf to an old man amongſt them, and ask'd him from whence they came, whither bound, and whether they had ſeen *Ulyſſes*? The old man anſwered; We came from our iſland, which is that of the *Pheacians*; we are going to fetch goods from *Epirus*; *Ulyſſes*, as you have already been told, has paſſed through our iſland, but is gone from thence. Who is, added immediately *Telemachus*, that melancholy man, who ſeeks the moſt deſart places, expecting the going off of your ſhip? He is, anſwer'd the old man, a ſtranger to us unknown; but his name is ſaid to be *Cleomenes*; that he was born in *Phrygia*; that an oracle foretold to his mother, that he would be a king, provided he did not ſtay in his own country; and that if he ſtaid there, the *Phrygians* would feel the anger of the Gods in a dreadful peſtilence. As ſoon as he was born, his parents gave him to ſome mariners who carried him into the iſland of *Lesbos*, where he was privately nurſed at the charge of his country, which was ſo highly concern'd in keeping him out of it. He ſoon grew tall, robuſt, lovely, and dextrous in all bodily exerciſes. He alſo applied himſelf with

with a great deal of reliſh and genius to the ſciences and liberal arts; but he could not be ſuffer'd to live in any country. The prediction concerning him grew ſo famous, that he was ſoon known where-ever he came. In all places kings were afraid he ſhould deſpoil them of their diadems, ſo that he wanders ever ſince his youth, and cannot find any place in the world where he is allow'd to ſettle. He has gone to countries far remote from his own; but he is hardly arriv'd in any city, but his birth, and the oracle concerning him are diſcover'd. 'Tis in vain for him to hide himſelf, and to chuſe in every place ſome kind or other of obſcure life: His abilities and parts, with reſpect to war, letters, and the moſt important affairs, ever break forth, they ſay, in ſpite of himſelf. There ever happens, in all countries, ſome unforeſeen occaſion or other, which ſets him on, and makes him diſcover himſelf to the publick. His merit is his misfortune, for it makes him fear'd, and excludes him from all the places he would inhabit. 'Tis his fate to be every where eſteem'd, belov'd and admir'd, but thrown out of known countries: he is not young, and he has not yet been able to find any coaſt, either on *Aſia* or *Greece*, where he might be permitted to live quietly. He appears to be void of ambition, and to aim at no fortune; ſo that he would

be too happy, if the oracle had never promiſed him a crown. He has no hope left of ſeeing his country again, becauſe he knows that if he did, he would carry grief and mourning into all families. The royal ſtate, for which he ſuffers, does not appear deſirable to him; he runs after it, in ſpite of himſelf, and by a ſad fatality, from kingdom to kingdom, and it ſeems to fly from him, in order to mock that wretch till his old age. A fatal preſent of the Gods which diſquiets all his faireſt days, and brings him but trouble and vexation, at the time when infirm man wants nothing but reſt! He ſays he is going towards *Thrace*, in queſt of ſome ſavage nation or other that has no laws, and whom he may aſſemble, give laws to, and govern for ſome years, after which, the oracle being fulfill'd, no fear of him can be entertain'd in the moſt flouriſhing kingdoms. In ſuch a caſe, he reckons to retire to a village of *Caria*, where he will addict himſelf to agriculture, which he loves paſſionately. He is a wiſe, ſober man, who fears the Gods, is well acquainted with men, and knows how to live peaceably with them, even though he has no eſteem for them. This is the account people give of this ſtranger, whom you enquire about.

While they were thus converſing, *Telemachus* often turn'd his eyes towards the ſea, which began

began to ſtir; the winds heav'd up the waves, which came daſhing againſt the rocks, whitening them with their foam. At that very moment, the old man ſaid to *Telemachus*, I muſt begone, my companions will not ſtay for me. With this, he runs to the ſhore; they imbark; nothing is heard on the ſhore but a confuſed noiſe, occaſion'd by the mariners eagerneſs to put to ſea.

That unknown perſon (of whom *Telemachus* had ſpoken) had been wandering ſome time up and down the iſland, climbing to the top of every rock, and from thence ſurveying the immenſe ſpace of the ſeas, with a profound dejection of mind. *Telemachus* had not loſt ſight of him, but watch'd every ſtep he took. His heart compaſſionated a virtuous, wandering, unhappy man, deſtin'd for the greateſt atchievements, and who was the ſport of adverſe fortune, far from his country. At leaſt, ſaid he to himſelf, I may perhaps ſee *Ithaca* again; but this *Cleomenes* can never return to *Phrygia*. And thus the example of a man, more unfortunate than himſelf, alleviated *Telemachus*'s ſorrow. At laſt, this man, ſeeing his ſhip ready to ſet ſail, deſcended from thoſe ſharp-pointed rocks, with as much ſpeed and agility as *Apollo* in the foreſt of *Lycia*, when having ty'd up his flaxen locks, he ſcours over the precipices in chace of the ſtags and

wild boars. And now this unknown perſon is imbark'd, his ſhip cuts its way thro' the brackiſh waves, and flies from the leſſening ſhore.

And now a ſecret impreſſion of grief ſeizes *Telemachus*'s heart; he is uneaſy without knowing why; tears trickle down his face, and nothing is ſo pleaſant to him as weeping. At the ſame time he ſees all the *Salentine* mariners faſt aſleep on the graſs; they were weary'd and depreſs'd; a ſoft repoſe had gently crept into all their limbs, and all the humid poppies of the night were, by *Minerva*'s power, ſtrew'd upon them in the middle of the day. *Telemachus* is aſtoniſh'd to ſee this univerſal drowſineſs of the *Salentines*, while the *Pheacians* were ſo diligent to improve the favourable wind; but he is yet more mindful to view the *Pheacian* ſhip at a diſtance, than to go to wake the *Salentines*. Some unaccountable attractive, and ſecret uneaſineſs faſten'd his eyes to that ſhip, of which he can now ſee nothing but the ſails, which caſt a glimmering whiteneſs from the azure deep; nay, he is ſo intent, that he does not hear *Mentor* ſpeak; he is in an extaſy, like that of the *Menades*, when they hold the Thyrſus in their hands, and make their frantick ſhouts reſound from the banks of the *Hebrus*, and the mountains of *Rhodope* at *Iſmarus*.

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At laſt, he began a little to recover from this ſort of inchantment; tears trickled down again from his eyes; upon which *Mentor* ſays to him; I do not wonder, my dear *Telemachus*, to ſee you weep; tho' the cauſe of your ſorrow is unknown to you, it is not ſo to *Mentor*; 'tis nature that ſpeaks and acts in you; 'tis ſhe that melts your heart. The ſtranger who gave you ſo lively an emotion, is the great *Ulyſſes*: What an old *Pheacian* has related to you concerning him, under the name of *Cleomenes*, is but a fiction, the better to conceal your father's return to his kingdom. He is going directly to *Ithaca*, and is already very near the harbour, and at laſt ſees again that long deſir'd place. Your eyes have ſeen him, as formerly was foretold you ſhould, but without knowing him: you ſhall ſoon ſee him and know him, and he ſhall know you; but the Gods did not allow that it ſhould be done out of *Ithaca*: his heart felt no leſs perturbation than your's, but he is too wiſe to diſcover himſelf to any mortal in a place where he might be expos'd to treachery, and the inſults of *Penelope*'s cruel lovers. *Ulyſſes*, your father, is the wiſeſt of all men; his heart is like a deep well; his ſecrets are not to be drawn out of him. He loves truth, and never ſpeaks any thing that wounds it; but he never ſpeaks it unleſs there be occaſion.

Wiſdom, like a ſeal, always keeps his lips ſhut from all unneceſſary words. How often was he diſorder'd in ſpeaking to you! How often did he lay a reſtraint upon himſelf, that he might not diſcover himſelf to you! What anguiſh did he not feel in ſeeing you! And this was the cauſe of his melancholy and ſadneſs.

During this diſcourſe, *Telemachus*, melting and diſorder'd, diſſolv'd into tears. Deep ſobs hinder'd him for a while from anſwering; but, at laſt, he cry'd, Alas! my dear *Mentor*, I found ſomething in that ſtranger that ſtrongly engag'd me to him, and made a yearning in all my bowels. But why did you not tell me before he went away, that it was *Ulyſſes*, ſeeing you knew him? Why did you let him go without ſpeaking to him, and without intimating that you knew him? What is the myſtery of this? Am I always to be unhappy! Will the incenſed Gods for ever hold me like thirſty *Tantalus*, whoſe greedy lips are ſtill amus'd by the fugitive deceitful water? O *Ulyſſes*, *Ulyſſes*, have you eſcap'd me for ever? Perhaps I ſhall never ſee him more! He may perhaps fall into the ſnares which *Penelope*'s lovers prepar'd for me: oh! had I follow'd him, then at leaſt I had dy'd with him. O *Ulyſſes*, *Ulyſſes*, even though you eſcape the fury of a freſh ſtorm (for I have every thing to fear from adverſe fortune)

fortune) I tremble, leſt when you arrive at *Ithaca*, you ſhould meet with the ſame fate *Agamemnon* did at *Mycenæ*. But why, dear *Mentor*, did you envy my happineſs? I ſhould by this time embrace him, and be with him in the port of *Ithaca*, and we ſhould fight together, and conquer all our enemies.

Mentor reply'd ſmiling, See, my dear *Telemachus*, how ſtrange men are! You are under the deepeſt affliction becauſe you have ſeen your father without knowing him: what would you have given yeſterday only to be aſſured that he was not dead? Now, to day you are aſſured of it by your own eyes; and yet this aſſurance, which ought to fill you with joy, leaves you in bitterneſs. Thus the diſtemper'd mind of mortals always reckons for nothing what they have moſt paſſionately deſir'd, as ſoon as poſſeſs'd; and they are induſtrious in tormenting themſelves about what they do not poſſeſs! It is to increaſe your patience that the Gods hold you thus in ſuſpence: You look upon this time as loſt, but know that it is the moſt uſeful part of your life; for it exerciſes you in the moſt neceſſary of all virtues, for thoſe that are to command others. You muſt be patient, if you would acquire the maſtery of yourſelf and others. Impatience, which ſeems to be the vivacity and ſtrength of the ſoul, is only its weakneſs, and an impotence to bear pain.

He that cannot wait and ſuffer, is like one that cannot keep a ſecret; both of them want firmneſs of mind to contain themſelves, as a man that runs a race in a chariot, and has not a hand ſtrong enough to ſtop, at proper times, his fiery courſers: they ceaſe to obey the bridle, they gallop headlong down a precipice, and the weak man, with whom they run away, is daſh'd in pieces by the fall. Thus an impatient man, by his wild ungovernable appetites, is flung into an abyſs of misfortunes; the more abſolute his authority is, the more fatal to himſelf is his impatience: he will not wait; he will not give himſelf time to meaſure any thing; he forces all things to gratify his wiſhes; he tears off the boughs to gather the fruit before it is ripe; he breaks down the gates rather than ſtay till they are open'd; he will needs be reaping when the wiſe husbandman is but ſowing; all he does in haſte, and prepoſterouſly, is ill done, and can have no longer duration than his fickle fancy. Such are the mad projects of a man who thinks he is able to do every thing, and who gives the reins to his deſires, in the abuſe of his power. 'Tis to teach you to be patient, my dear *Telemachus*, that the Gods make you undergo theſe ſevere trials; and ſeem to ſport with you, by keeping you ſtill in ſuſpence in a wandering life. The bleſſings you hope for,

juſt

juſt ſhew themſelves to you, and then fly away like an airy dream, which vaniſhes as ſoon as a man awakes: and this is done to inſtruct you that the very things you fancy you hold faſt in your hands, may eſcape from you in an inſtant. The wiſeſt leſſons you can have from the mouth of *Ulyſſes*, will not be ſo uſeful to you as his long abſence, and the ſufferings you have undergone in ſeeking him.

After this, *Mentor* reſolved to put *Telemachus*'s patience to the laſt, and ſevereſt trial. At the very moment that the young man, full of ardour, went to preſs the mariners to haſten to put to ſea, *Mentor* ſtopt him ſhort, and engaged him to make upon the ſhore a great ſacrifice to *Minerva*. *Telemachus* obeys with docility *Mentor*'s commands: two altars of turf are raiſed; the incenſe ſmokes, and the blood of the victims runs. *Telemachus* ſends forth tender ſighs up to heaven, and acknowledges the powerful protection of the Goddeſs. The ſacrifice was ſcarce ended, but he follows *Mentor* into the gloomy paths of a neighbouring grove; where he perceives that, on a ſudden, his friend's face aſſumes a new form: the wrinkles of his forehead diſappeared, as the ſhades of night vaniſh when the roſy-finger'd morn unbars the gates of the eaſt, and inlightens the whole horizon; his hollow and ſevere eyes

were

were turn'd to a celeſtial blue, and fill'd with divine fire; his griſly and uncouth beard was no longer ſeen: noble and majeſtick lineaments, mix'd with ſweetneſs and grace, preſented themſelves to the eyes of the dazzled *Telemachus*: He ſaw a woman's countenance with a complexion finer than that of a tender flower juſt opening to the ſun. Thereon he ſaw the white of lilies mix'd with the red of blooming roſes, and an eternal youth, with a ſimple and unaffected majeſty; an ambroſial odour diffus'd itſelf from her flowing treſſes; her garment gliſter'd like thoſe lively colours with which the ſun, when he riſes, paints the dusky arches of heaven, and the clouds that he has juſt been gilding. This deity did not touch the ground with her foot, but ſhot fleeting through the air, as a bird cleaves it with his wings. In her powerful hand ſhe held a glittering ſpear, capable of ſtriking terror into the moſt warlike cities and nations. *Mars* himſelf would have trembled at it: Her voice was ſweet and mild, but ſtrong and inſinuating; all her words were like darts of fire that pierced *Telemachus*'s ſoul, and made him feel an unaccountable kind of delicious pain: upon her head appear'd the ſolitary bird of *Athens*, and upon her breaſt there glitter'd the formidable Ægis. By theſe badges *Telemachus* knew it was *Minerva*.

O Goddeſs,

O Goddeſs, ſaid he, 'tis you, 'tis you yourſelf who have vouchſafed to conduct the ſon of *Ulyſſes*, for his father's ſake! ——— He would have gone on, but his voice fail'd him; his lips made fruitleſs offers to utter the thoughts that came crouding from the bottom of his heart. The preſence of the deity overcame him, ſo that he was like a man who in a dream is ſo oppreſs'd, as to loſe his reſpiration, and cannot form a word, for all the violent agitation of his lips.

At length *Minerva* pronounced theſe words; O ſon of *Ulyſſes*, hearken to me for this laſt time: I never inſtructed any mortal with ſo much care as I have done you: I have led you by the hand through ſhipwrecks, unknown countries, bloody wars, and all the evils that can try the heart of man: I have ſhewn you, by plain examples, the true and falſe maxims of government: your errors have been no leſs uſeful to you than your misfortunes; for what man can govern wiſely, if he has never ſuffered any hardſhip, or has never made any advantage of the ſufferings into which his faults have precipitated him? You, as well as your father, have fill'd ſea and land with your diſaſtrous adventures: Go, you are now worthy to tread in his ſteps; all that remains for you, is a ſhort and eaſy paſſage to *Ithaca*, where your father is

this

this very moment landing. Go, fight under him, and pay him the ſame obedience as the meaneſt of his ſubjects, to whom be you your ſelf an example. He will procure *Antiope* to be your bride, and you ſhall be happy with her, becauſe you ſought her for her prudence and her virtue more than her beauty. When you come to reign, place your whole glory in renewing the golden age: hear every body, truſt but a few, have a care of truſting your own ſelf too much: fear to deceive your ſelf, but never fear to let others ſee that you have been miſtaken. Love your people, and omit nothing to gain their love. Fear is neceſſary, where love is wanting; but it ſhould always be made uſe of with unwillingneſs, juſt as violent and moſt dangerous remedies are. Ever conſider at a diſtance all the conſequences of what you are about to undertake; endeavour to foreſee the moſt terrible inconveniencies, and know that true courage conſiſts in looking all dangers in the face, and in deſpiſing them when once they become neceſſary. He that is unwilling to ſee them, has not courage enough to bear the ſight of them unconcerned: He that ſees them all, and avoids ſuch of them as are avoidable, and makes head againſt the reſt, without any perturbation of mind, is the only wiſe and magnanimous man. Avoid luxury, pride, and profuſion, place your glory in ſimplicity; let

let your virtue and good deeds be the ornament of your perſon and palace; let them be your life-guards, and let all the world learn from you wherein true happineſs conſiſts: never forget that kings are not kings for their own glory, but for the benefit of their people: The good they do, deſcends to the moſt diſtant ages, and the evil they do multiplies from generation to generation, even to the remoteſt poſterity.

An ill reign often proves the calamity of ſeveral ages. Above all, be upon your guard againſt your own humour, an enemy whom you ſhall ever carry along with you as long as you live, who will intrude into your councils, and who will betray you, if you hearken to him. Humour makes a man loſe the moſt important opportunities; it gives him childiſh likings and averſions to the prejudice of the greateſt concerns; it makes him determine the moſt weighty affairs by the moſt trifling conſiderations; it obſcures and drowns all talents; debaſes courage, renders a man unequal, fickle, weak, abject and unſupportable. Ever diſtruſt ſuch an enemy.

Fear the Gods, O *Telemachus!* This fear is the moſt valuable treaſure of the heart of man; you will find it accompany'd with wiſdom, juſtice, peace, joy, refin'd pleaſure, true liberty, delicious plenty, and unblemiſh'd glory.

I leave

I leave you, O ſon of *Ulyſſes*? But my wiſdom ſhall never leave you, provided you always remain ſenſible that you can do nothing without it. 'Tis time now you learn to go alone. I parted from you in *Egypt* and at *Salentum*, only to uſe you to be without my company, as they wean children, when it is time to give them ſolid food, in exchange for milk.

Scarce had the Goddeſs made an end of her ſpeech, but ſhe ſprung into the air, and mantled herſelf with a cloud of gold and azure, in which ſhe diſappear'd. *Telemachus*, ſighing, aſtoniſh'd and tranſported, proſtrated himſelf on the ground, lifting up his hands to heaven: Afterwards he went and wak'd his companions, haſten'd away, and arriv'd at *Ithaca*, where he found again and knew his father, at the houſe of the faithful *Eumæus*.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

NEXT *to the Adventures of* Telemachus, *you can read nothing more ſoft and paſſionate than thoſe of* Ariſtonous. *It ſeems as if nature herſelf had dictated both thoſe charming pieces: And whereas the ſame ſpirit, and the ſame ſimplicity prevails alike through the whole, you will not be diſpleas'd to find them both joyn'd together: Though they are not of the ſame hand, as ſeveral judges of a good taſte have aſſur'd me. They generally give the preference to* Telemachus, *and it muſt be own'd to be an incomparable*

comparable piece. The author of Ariſtonous *has borrow'd the idea, the ſtile, and the moral from the former. So that if he has not the glory of the firſt invention; yet he has at leaſt thus much to ſay in his own behalf, that he has found out the ſecret of imitating a man who ſeem'd to be inimitable.*



THE



THE ADVENTURES OF *ARISTONOUS.*

SOPHRONIMUS, being depriv'd of the eſtate of his anceſtors, by ſhipwrecks, and other misfortunes, comforted himſelf, as well as he could by his virtue in the iſland of *Delos*. There, upon a golden harp, he warbled forth the wonders of the God that was worſhipp'd in that place: he cultivated the muſes, by whom he was beloved; he was curious in the ſearches he made into all the ſecrets of nature; ſtudy'd the motions of the ſtars and the heavens; the order of the elements; the ſtructure of the univerſe, which he maaſur'd by his compaſs; the virtue of plants, and the formation

tion of animals; above all, he ſtudy'd Himſelf, and endeavour'd to adorn his ſoul with virtue. Thus fortune, by abaſing him, had advanc'd him to true glory, *viz.* that of wiſdom.

Whilſt he liv'd thus happily, without an eſtate, in this ſilent retreat, he one day eſpy'd upon the ſea-ſhore, a venerable old man, a perfect ſtranger to him, who was but juſt landed on that iſland. This old man looked with admiration on the banks of the ſea, wherein he knew that this iſland formerly floated: He caſt his eyes upon that ſide, where the little hills (always cover'd with a green and flouriſhing turf) had rais'd their heads above the ſands and rocks. He thought he could never take a ſufficient view of the cryſtal fountains, and rapid ſtreams that water'd this delicious country: he made towards the ſacred grove, which ſurrounded the temple of the God; he wondered to ſee its verdure not ſo much as tarniſhed with the cold and boiſterous winds, and beheld afar off the temple of *Parian* marble, more white than ſnow, round which were lofty pillars all of jaſper. *Sophronymus* was intent upon viewing this old man; his ſilver beard waved gently over his breaſt, his wrinkled face had nothing in it of deformity; he was ſtill exempt from the injuries of decrepid old age; a ſweet ſort of briſkneſs ſparkled in his eyes; he was tall, and of a majeſtick mien, but ſomewhat ſtooping, and an ivory ſtick ſupported him as he walked. O, ſir, (ſays *Sophronymus* to him) what ſeek you in this iſland, to which you ſeem to be a ſtranger? If it be the temple of the God, you ſee it at a diſtance, and I am ready to conduct you thither; for I reverence the Gods, and have learn'd what 'tis that *Jupiter* requires we ſhould do for ſtrangers.

I accept, reply'd the old man, of the offer which you have ſo frankly and kindly made me. May the Gods reward your love to ſtrangers. Come, let us go towards the temple. In the way thither, he related

elated to *Sophronymus* the occasion of his voy-
ge.

My name, says he, is *Aristonous*, a native of *Clasomene*, a town of *Ionia*, situated on that plea-
ant coast, which runs out into the sea, and seems to
oin with the isle of *Scio*, the fortunate country of
Homer. I was descended of no wealthy, though
noble parentage; my father, named *Polystratus*,
who was already over-burthened by a numerous fa-
mily, was not willing to bring me up, but caus'd me
o be exposed by one of his friends of *Teos*. An an-
cient woman of *Erythrea*, who lived hard by the
place, where I was exposed, took me up, and fed me
with goat's milk in her cottage. But her circum-
stances being low, as soon as I was capable of doing
any service, she sold me to a merchant that dealt in
slaves, who carried me to *Lycia*. This merchant re-
sold me at *Patara*, to a wealthy and virtuous man,
nam'd *Alcinus*; and *Alcinus* took care of me in my
youth. He found me to be tractable, good natur'd,
sincere, hearty, and addicted to whatever useful thing
they were willing to have me instructed in. He de-
voted me to those sciences which *Apollo* favours, and
made me be taught musick, bodily exercises, and
especially the art of chirurgery. I soon attained to
a great perfection in that art, which is so necessary
to human life; and *Apollo*, who inspired me, disco-
vered to me a great many wonderful secrets in that
way.

Alcinus, who loved me more than ever, and was
ravished to see how successful his cares towards me
had proved, enfranchised me, and sent me to *Poly-
crates*, the tyrant of *Samos*, who, amidst that bound-
less prosperity which he enjoyed, never feared that
fortune, which had flattered him so long, would
ever be so cruel as to betray him. He lov'd a life
that could yield him the most delights; he was afraid
of losing it, and was for preventing the very least
appearances of evil; and hence it was, that he had
always

always attending upon him the moſt eminent phyſicians that could be got.

Polycrates was very glad that I would live with him; and to engage me the cloſer to his ſervice, he beſtowed great riches and preferments upon me. I reſided a long time at *Samos*, where I could not but wonder to ſee how fortune ſeemed to take a kind of pleaſure in granting him whatever he deſired. He needed only to begin a war, and victory would be ſure to follow him: It was enough for him to will the moſt difficult things, and they would immediately be effected with all the eaſe imaginable; his heaps of wealth increaſed every day; all his enemies were laid down as it were at his feet; his health was ſo far from being impaired, that it grew ſtronger and ſounder. For forty years paſt had this peaceful and happy prince held his fortune as it were in chains, nor had ſhe made him the leaſt trip, or cauſed him the leaſt diſgrace in any of his deſigns. Such an uninterrupted proſperity, ſo ſeldom heard of among mortals, made me concern'd for him; I loved him heartily, and could not forbear opening to him my jealouſies: I made ſome impreſſion upon his heart; for though he was ſoftened by pleaſures, and puffed up by his grandeur, yet he had ſtill remaining ſome ſentiments of humanity, whenever he was put in mind of the Gods, and of the inconſtancy of human affairs: He permitted me to tell him the truth, and was ſo moved by the fear I had for him, that at laſt he reſolved to interrupt the courſe of his proſperity, by a loſs that he would voluntarily undergo.

I am ſenſible, ſays he to me, that there is no man but what ought once, in his life, to ſuffer ſome diſgrace in his fortune; the more he is favoured by it, the more ought he to fear ſome revolution. As for me, on whom it has heaped ſo many good things for ſo many years together, I muſt expect the extremeſt hardſhips from her, if I do not divert the ſtorm that ſeems to threaten me. I will therefore forthwith

prevent

prevent the treacheries of this flattering fortune.

No ſooner had he ſaid this, but he pluck'd a ring off his finger, of a very great value, for which he had a vaſt eſteem; he threw it, in my preſence, aloft into the ſea, hoping by this loſs, to have anſwer'd the neceſſity of ſuffering, at leaſt once in his life, the frowns of fortune: But this was a miſtake into which he was blindly led by his proſperity: The misfortunes which one makes a matter of choice, and ſubmits voluntarily to, are not real evils; we are only afflicted by the forced and unſeen hardſhips which the Gods in puniſhment inflict upon us.

Polycrates was not ſenſible, that the true way of preventing the caprices of fortune, was, by prudence and moderation, to ſit looſe to all her tranſitory enjoyments. Fortune, to which he ſacrific'd his ring, did not accept of that trifling victim, and *Polycrates*, in ſpight of all, ſeem'd to be more fortunate than ever. A fiſh had ſwallow'd the ring, and the fiſh was taken, brought to the palace of *Polycrates*, dreſs'd up for his table, and the ring, found in the belly of the fiſh by a cook, was reſtored to the tyrant, who turn'd pale when he perceiv'd that fortune was ſo bent upon favouring him: But, alas! the time drew near, when all his proſperity was at one ſtroke to be chang'd into the moſt diſmal adverſity.

The great king of *Perſia*, *Darius* the ſon of *Hyſtaſpes*, enter'd into a war againſt the *Greeks*; he ſoon ſubdued all the *Greek* colonies on the coaſt of *Aſia*, and the neighbouring iſlands, which lie in the *Ægean* ſea: *Samos* was taken, the tyrant conquered, and *Orantes*, who was commander in chief under that great king, having caus'd a high gibbet to be rais'd, ordered the tyrant to be hanged thereon: Thus the man, who had enjoyed ſuch an affluent proſperity, and who could not have imagin'd ever to have met with ſo hard a fate, fell from his glory all of a ſudden, and ſuffered the moſt cruel and moſt ignominious of deaths. No men therefore are more in danger of

the frowns of an adverſe ſtate, than thoſe who are too proud under the ſmiles of a proſperous condition: That ſame capricious fortune which ſo cruelly ſports itſelf over men of the higheſt ſtation, does as often raiſe the moſt miſerable creatures out of the duſt: it had thrown down *Polycrates* from the top of its wheel, and brought me, from the meaneſt of conditions, to the enjoyment of a very plentiful eſtate.

The *Perſians* were ſo far from taking any thing away from me, that on the contrary they made great uſe of my skill in curing their wounded, and highly eſteemed the moderation I was maſter of, during my being in favour with the tyrant. Thoſe perſons who had abuſed his authority, and the truſt he had repos'd in them, were puniſh'd after ſeveral manners; whereas for my part, I never did any man an injury, but on the contrary all the good I could. I was the only perſon whom the conquerors ſpared and treated honourably. Every one rejoyced at my fortune, for I was beloved, and had enjoyed proſperity without envy, becauſe I never ſhew'd the leaſt tokens of cruelty, pride, avarice, or injuſtice.

I lived quietly at *Samos* for ſome years longer; but at laſt I perceived in myſelf a longing deſire of reviſiting *Lycia*, where I ſpent my youth ſo pleaſantly. I was in hopes of meeting there with *Alcinus*, who had brought me up, and was the firſt founder of all my fortune. Upon my arrival in the country, I underſtood that *Alcinus* was dead, after he had loſt his eſtate, and ſuffered the miſeries of old age with the utmoſt conſtancy.

I went and ſtrewed ſome flowers, and ſhed ſome tears over his aſhes; I placed an honourable inſcription on his tomb, and asked, What was become of his children? They told me, the only ſon who ſurvived, named *Orchilochus*, could not tell how to continue without an eſtate in his own country, and where his father had lived with ſo great ſplendor, and therefore went on board a ſtrange veſſel, intending

tending to lead an obſcure life in ſome remote iſland of the ſea. They acquainted me farther, That *Orchilochus* within a ſhort time after ſuffer'd ſhipwreck about the iſland of *Carpathus*, ſo that there was not one remaining of the family of my benefactor *Alcinus*. Immediately I thought of buying the houſe where he had formerly dwelt, and the fertile fields round about that, were in his poſſeſſion. I was very glad to ſee again thoſe places, which recalled to mind the ſweet remembrance of ſo pleaſant an age, and of ſo kind a maſter. Methought I was ſtill in the bloom of my tender years, wherein I ſerv'd *Alcinus*.

I had ſcarce purchaſed his inheritance of his creditors, but I was called away to *Claſomene*. My father *Polyſtratus*, and my mother *Phidilis* were dead, and I had ſeveral brothers, who could not very well agree with one another. As ſoon as I arrived at *Claſomene*, I preſented my ſelf before them in a mean dreſs, as a man ſtript of all he had, and ſhew'd them the marks with which you know they generally take care to expoſe children. They were ſtartled to ſee the number of *Polyſtratus*'s heirs to increaſe, who were to be ſharers in his ſmall inheritance; they were conteſting the legitimacy of my birth, and refuſed to own me as their brother before the judges. To puniſh their inhumanity, I declared, that I was willing to be a ſtranger to them, and demanded that they ſhould be excluded for ever from being my heirs. The judges decreed it ſhould be ſo; and then I ſhewed the treaſures which I had brought along with me in my ſhip. I diſcovered to them that I was that *Ariſtonous*, who had acquired ſo much wealth under *Polycrates* of *Samos*, and that I was yet unmarried.

My brethren ſoon repented of their unjuſt uſage of me, and, in hopes of becoming one day my heirs, uſed their utmoſt endeavours, but to no purpoſe, to inſinuate themſelves again into my favour.

Their quarrelling occaſion'd them to ſell our father's eſtate, I bought it, and they had the mortification to ſee the whole patrimony fall into the hands of one, whom they would not admit into the leaſt ſhare. By this means they fell into extreme poverty; but after they had ſufficiently ſmarted for their folly, I was minded to extend my good nature to them: I par-don'd them, admitted them into my own Houſe, and gave each of them wherewithal to traffick by ſea; I reunited them, they and their children live peaceably together with me, and I am become a common fa-ther to all theſe different families. By their union and induſtry they ſoon got together conſiderable wealth. In the mean time, old age, as you ſee, comes upon me apace; it has ſilver'd my hairs, and furrow'd my face; and admoniſhes me, that I have not long to enjoy ſo perfect a proſperity. I was wil-ling therefore, before I die, to ſee once more that country which is ſo dear to me, and which affects me more than my native ſoil; *Lycia* I mean, where I had learn'd to be good aad wiſe, under the conduct of the virtuous *Alcinus*. As I was upon my voyage thither, I met with a merchant belonging to one of the *Cyclades* iſlands, who aſſured me, that there was ſtill living at *Delos*, a ſon of *Orchilochus*, who imi-tated the prudence and virtue of his grandfather *Al-cinus*: Immediately I quitted my deſign of ſailing to *Lycia*, and haſten'd, by favour of *Apollo*, to ſearch in this iſland after the precious remains of a family, to whom I owe my all. I have but a ſhort time to live; the deſtinies, enemies to that ſweet repoſe, which the Gods ſometimes, tho' rarely, grant to mortals, will ſoon cut off my thread of life; but I ſhall be content to die, provided my eyes, be-fore they are robb'd of this light, can but behold my maſter's grandſon. Speak then, Sir, who live with him in this iſland? Do you know him? Can you tell me where I may find him? If you can ſhew him to me, may the Gods in recompence grant you to ſee your

your childrens children to the fifth generation: May the Gods preſerve all your family in peace and plenty, as the effect of your virtue.

Whilſt *Ariſtonous* ſpake thus, *Sophronymus* ſhed tears that flowed from a mixture of joy and ſorrow. In ſhort, without being able to utter one word, he threw his arms about the neck of the old man, he embrac'd him, he graſp'd him cloſe, and with much ado forc'd out theſe words, that were often interrupted by ſighs.

I am, oh! my father, the perſon whom you ſeek: you ſee *Sophronymus* the grandſon of your friend *Alcinus*; 'tis I my ſelf, and I cannot queſtion in hearing your relation, but that the Gods have ſent you hither to alleviate my misfortunes. Gratitude, which ſeems to be no more on earth, is lodg'd in your ſingle breaſt. I heard indeed, in my childhood, that a certain famous and wealthy man reſiding at *Samos*, had been brought up by my grandfather: But whereas my father *Orchilochus* died young, and left me in the cradle, the knowledge I had of theſe matters has been but confus'd. I would not venture to *Samos* upon an uncertainty, and choſe rather to ſtay in this iſland; comforting my ſelf under my misfortunes by the contempt of vain riches, and by employing my ſelf in cultivating the muſes in the ſacred houſe of *Apollo*. That prudence which accuſtoms men to be content with a little, and to be quiet, has ſerv'd me hitherto inſtead of all other treaſures.

Upon finiſhing theſe words, *Sophronymus* perceiving they were arriv'd at the temple, propos'd to *Ariſtonous* there to offer up his prayers and oblations. They ſacrificed to the God two ſheep as white as ſnow, and a bull which had a creſcent on his forehead between the two horns. Afterwards they ſang in verſe the praiſes of the God, who inlightens the univerſe, who regulates the ſeaſons, who preſides over the ſciences, and who inſpires the choir of the

Nine Muſes. Having left the temple, *Sophronymus* and *Ariſtonous* ſpent the reſt of the day in recounting to each other their adventures. *Sophronymus* receiv'd the old man into his habitation with the ſame tenderneſs and reſpect, as he would have teſtified to *Alcinus* himſelf, had he been alive. The next day they parted both together, and ſet ſail for *Lycia*. *Ariſtonous* led *Sophronymus* into a fruitful champion country upon the banks of another river, in whoſe waves *Apollo* returning from hunting, cover'd with duſt, has often bath'd his body, and waſh'd his flaxen hair. Along this river they met with poplars and willows, whoſe green and tender boughs conceal'd the neſts of a great many birds, who warbled forth their melodious notes both night and day: The river falling from a rock with great noiſe and froth, daſh'd its waves into a current that was full of ſmall pebbles. All the vale was cover'd with a gilded harveſt, the hills that appear'd like an amphitheatre, were ſet with vines and fruit-trees. All nature ſeem'd to be gay and ſmiling, the air was calm and ſerene, and the earth always ready to yield out of its boſom new crops to reward the labours of the husbandman. In going further up the river, *Sophronymus* perceived a plain and homely ſeat, but whoſe architecture was comely, juſt and proportionable; it had neither marble, nor gold, nor ſilver, nor ivory, nor was it furniſhed with purple: but all was neat, agreeable and convenient, without magnificence and pomp: A fountain ſpouted up in the midſt of the court, and made a ſmall canal, with a green border round about it: The gardens were not large, but full of uſeful fruits and plants, proper for the nouriſhment of man. On two ſides of the garden were two groves, whoſe trees were almoſt as ancient as the earth that bare them, and whoſe thick branches caſt ſuch a ſhade as could not be pierc'd by the ſun-beams. They enter'd into a great hall, where they made a ſweet repaſt of ſuch proviſions

viſions as nature furniſh'd them with, out of the gardens, wherein there was nothing to be ſeen, which luxury inclines men to ſend for ſo far and at ſo dear a rate out of the cities. There was milk as ſweet as that which *Apollo* milch'd whilſt he was ſhepherd to king *Admetus*; and honey more rich than that of the bees of *Hybla* in *Sicily*, or of mount *Hymetta* in *Attica*: There were garden pulſe, and fruits freſh-gather'd; with wine more delicious than nectar, running out of large veſſels into carv'd goblets. During this frugal, but pleaſant and quiet repaſt, *Ariſtonous* would not ſit down at table: At firſt he made all the pretences he could imagine to conceal his modeſty; but at laſt, when *Sophronymus* preſs'd him to it, he declared, that he could not find in his heart to ſit down and eat with the grandſon of *Alcinus*, on whom he had waited ſo many years at the ſame table: Here it was, ſaid he, where that wiſe old gentleman was wont to eat; there he entertain'd himſelf with his friend; there he diverted himſelf at ſeveral ſorts of games; there he walk'd out and pleas'd himſelf with reading *Homer* and *Heſiod*; and there he laid himſelf down to reſt. In reciting theſe circumſtances, his heart melted with tenderneſs, and the tears trickled from his eyes. After the repaſt was over, he led forth *Sophronymus* to take a view of the pleaſant meadows, where the large herds of cattle wander'd on the banks of the river; then they ſaw the flocks of ſheep returning from their fat paſtures, the ewes bleating and full of milk, were follow'd by their little skipping lambs. Every where you might perceive the workmen earneſt at their buſineſs, as if they were in love with their labour, whilſt they promoted the intereſt of their kind and gentle maſter, who made himſelf to be belov'd by them, and alleviated the miſery of their ſlavery.

After

After *Ariſtonous* had ſhewed to *Sophronymus* this houſe, theſe ſlaves, theſe flocks, and theſe lands, which were become ſo fertile by careful cultivating, he addreſs'd himſelf to him in theſe words: I am very glad to ſee you in poſſeſſion of the ancient patrimony of your anceſtors; the poſſeſſion of a place where I ſerv'd *Alcinus* ſo long. Do you peaceably enjoy what was his, live happily, but prepare your ſelf by your care for a late but calmer end than his. At the ſame time, he made over to him by deed of gift that eſtate, according to all the neceſſary forms of law; and declared, that he would diſinherit his natural heirs of his own eſtate, if ever they ſhould prove ſo ungrateful as to call in queſtion that deed which he had made to the grandſon of *Alcinus*, his benefactor. But this was not all; before *Ariſtonous* gave away his houſe, he furniſhed it throughout with new furniture, plain and modeſt indeed, but withal neat and ſuitable: He fill'd the barns with the rich preſents of *Ceres*, and the cellar with choice wine of *Scio*, fit to be ſerv'd up by *Ganymede* at the table of great *Jupiter*; he laid up likewiſe ſome *Parmenian* wine, with a great quantity of honey of *Hymetta* and *Hybla*, and *Attick* oyl, almoſt as ſweet as honey itſelf. Laſtly, to all theſe things he added a vaſt many fleeces of fine wooll, as white as the driven ſnow, being the rich ſpoils of the tender ſheep that wander on the mountains of *Arcadia*, and in the fat paſtures of *Sicily*. In this ſtate and condition he beſtow'd the houſe on *Sophronymus*: He gave him over and above fifty talents, and reſerved to his own relations the eſtate which he poſſeſs'd in the peninſula of *Claſomene*, and in the parts that lay about *Smyrna*, *Lebedos* and *Colophon*, which were of a very great value.

When this deed of gift was made, *Ariſtonous* re-embark'd on board his ſhip, for to return to *Ionia*,

nia. *Sophronymus*, ſurpriz'd and mov'd at the greatneſs of thoſe favours, attended him to the ſhip with tears in his eyes, calling him his father all along as he went, and holding him within his arms. *Ariſtonous* ſoon arriv'd at his own home, having had a happy voyage. None of his relations durſt complain of his liberality to *Sophronymus*: I have ordered, ſaid he to them, by my laſt will and teſtament, that all my eſtate ſhall be ſold, and given to the poor of *Ionia*, if ever any one of you ſhould oppoſe the gift I have made to the grandſon of *Alcinus*. The wiſe and aged *Ariſtonous* liv'd in peace, and enjoy'd thoſe good things which the Gods had granted to his virtue. Every year, notwithſtanding his old age, he took a voyage into *Lycia*, to viſit *Sophronymus*, and to offer a ſacrifice on the tomb of *Alcinus*, which he had bedeck'd with ſeveral curious ornaments of architecture and ſculpture. He had order'd, that his own aſhes after his death, ſhould be laid up in the ſame tomb, where they might reſt with thoſe of his dear maſter. Each year in the ſpring, *Sophronymus* waited with impatience for his return; he had always his eyes looking towards the ſea-ſhore, to ſee whether he could diſcover the ſhip of *Ariſtonous*, which uſually arriv'd at that ſeaſon. Each year he had the pleaſure of ſeeing at a diſtance the ſhip which was ſo grateful to him, croſſing the ſalt and briny waves, and its arrival was more pleaſant to him by far, than all the graces which reviving nature in ſpring brings back to adorn the earth, after the ſharpneſs of a rigid and ſevere winter.

One year it happen'd, that this long'd-for ſhip did not arrive as uſual; *Sophronymus* ſigh'd bitterly, ſorrow and fear were painted on his face, ſoft ſleep departed from his eyes; the moſt exquiſite dainties had no reliſh with him; he was uneaſie, diſturb'd even at the leaſt noiſe; was always looking towards the port, and every moment demanding

ing whether there were no ſhip arrived from *Ionia*. At laſt one came to anchor; but, alas! *Ariſtonous* was no more, it only brought his aſhes in a ſilver urn. *Amphicles*, an ancient friend of the deceaſed, and almoſt of the ſame age with him, the truſty executor of his laſt will and commands, was the ſad bearer of this urn. When he drew near to *Sophronymus*, they could neither of them utter a word, but expreſſed their ſentiments in dumb ſighs and moans. *Sophronymus*, kiſſing the urn, and bedewing it with tears, at length gave vent to his grief in theſe words: It is to you, O good old man! that I am indebted for all the happineſs of my life, and now you are the occaſion of my moſt pungent ſorrow; I ſhall never ſee you more! Death would be welcome to me, could I but be with you, and ſerve you in the *Elyſian* fields, where your ſhade enjoys the happy peace which the juſt Gods reſerve as the reward of virtue. You have in our days brought back upon earth, juſtice, piety, and gratitude; you have in this iron age ſhewn the goodneſs and innocence of the golden days. The Gods, before they bleſs'd you with the manſions of the juſt, granted you here below a long, happy and pleaſant life; but, alas! that which ought to laſt for ever, is not always of the longeſt continuance. I have now no pleaſure to enjoy, being robb'd of your preſence. O dear ſhade! When is it that I ſhall follow you? O precious Aſhes! were you but ſenſible of any thing, you would needs be pleas'd to lie with thoſe of *Alcinus*, and mine ſhall one day mix with both! In the mean time, all my comfort will be to preſerve thoſe remains of what I ſo paſſionately lov'd. O *Ariſtonous*! No, you ſhall never die; you ſhall always live within my breaſt; may I ſooner forget my ſelf, than ever forget ſo amiable a man, who lov'd me ſo much, was ſo great a lover of virtue, and to whom I owe my all.

After

After theſe words, often interrupted with deep ſighs, *Sophronymus* put the urn into the tomb of *Alcinus*, he offer'd ſeveral victims, whoſe blood moiſten'd the altars of turf which ſurrounded the tomb; he pour'd out large libations of wine and milk; he burnt rich perfumes that came from the fartheſt part of the eaſt, which caus'd an odoriferous cloud to mount up into the air. *Sophronymus* appointed, that for the future every year at the ſame ſeaſon, funeral ſports ſhould be celebrated in honour of *Alcinus* and *Ariſtonous*. Thither they flock'd from *Caria*, a happy and fertile country; from the charming banks of *Meander*, which ſports its ſelf in ſo many windings and turnings, and ſeems ſo loth to part with the country which it waters; from the ever-green banks of *Cayſter*; from the ſhores of *Pactolus*, which rowls along the golden ſand beneath its waves; from *Pamphylia*, where *Ceres*, *Pomona*, and *Flora* ſtrive who ſhall in greateſt affluence beſtow their golden preſents: Laſtly, from the vaſt plains of *Cilicia*, water'd as a garden, by the ſtreams which fall from mount *Taurus*, always cover'd with ſnow. During this feſtival, the young men and maidens, cloathed with long robes of linnen, whiter than the lilies, ſang hymns in honour of *Alcinus* and *Ariſtonous*, for they could not praiſe one without commending the other, nor ſeparate two men who were ſo cloſely united, even after their deaths.

What was moſt wonderful was, That on the firſt day, whilſt *Sophronymus* made the libations of wine and milk, a green myrtle-tree, of an exquiſite fragrancy, ſprang out of the midſt of the tomb, and all of a ſudden rear'd its buſhy head, to cover the two urns with its overſpreading boughs. Every one cry'd out, that *Ariſtonous*, as a reward of his virtue, was chang'd by the Gods into ſo pleaſant a tree. *Sophronymus* took care to water it himſelf, and to reverence it as a deity. This tree

is

is ſo far from growing old, that it is renewed every ten years: and the Gods by this miracle took pleaſure in teſtifying, that virtue, which caſts ſo ſweet a perfume on the memory of man, is never ſubject to mortality.

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